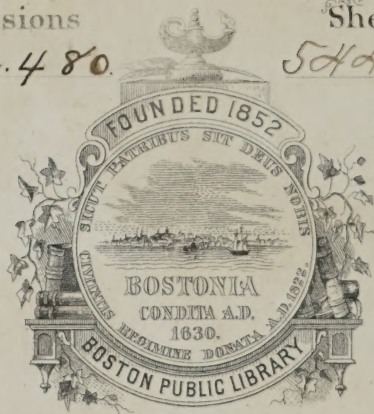


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THE HOTEL OF GOD

AND OTHER

SERMONS.

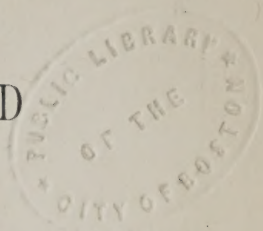
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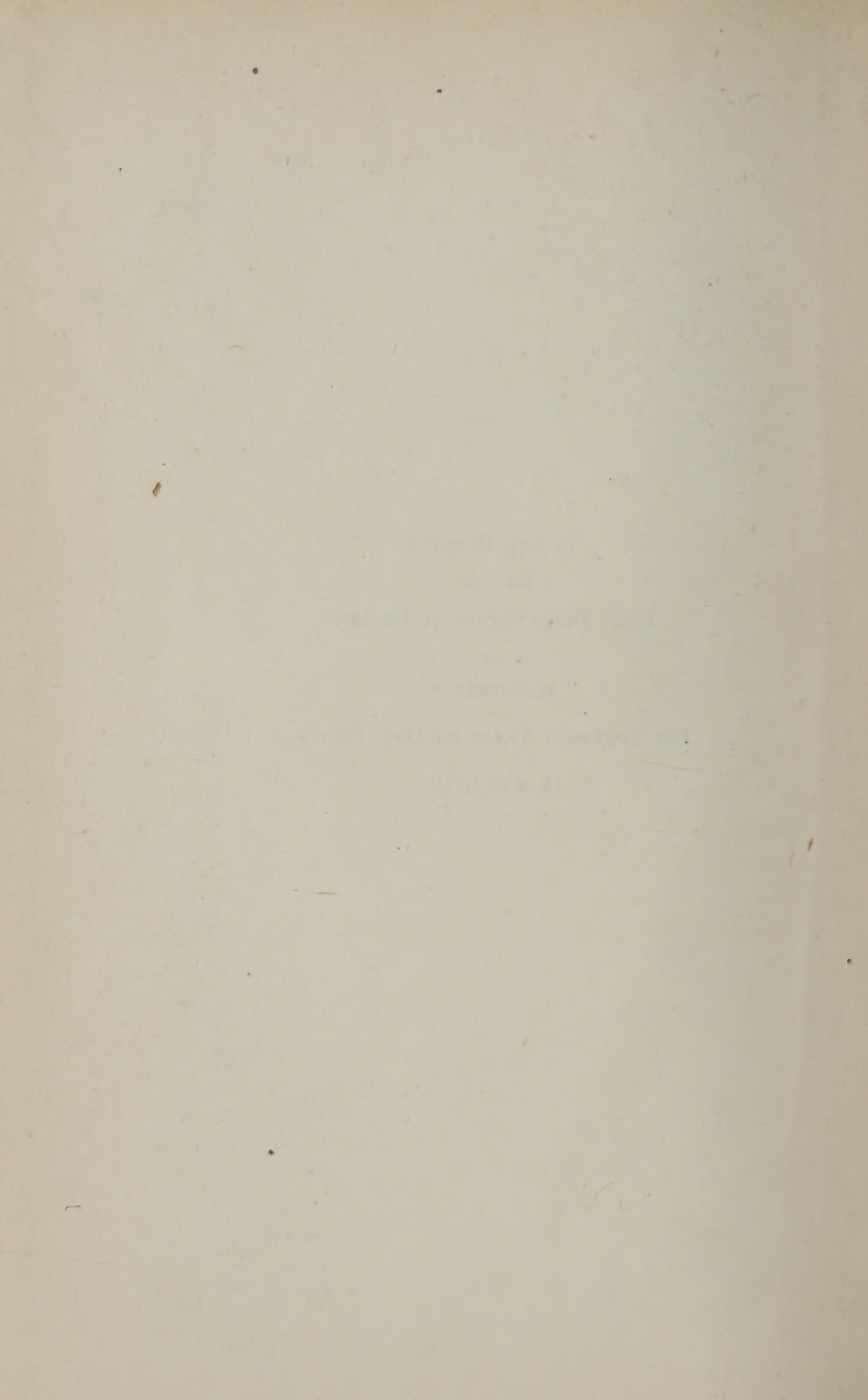
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1884.



TO THE MEMBERS
OF THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
IN
WASHINGTON:
FOR FOURTEEN YEARS MY OWN PEOPLE
IN THE LORD.



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SERMONS.

I.

THE HOTEL OF GOD.

LUKE x: 33-35.—“ But, a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. And he went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.”

What the good Samaritan needed for his patient was a hospital. A hospital is an inn for the sick. The chief hospital of Paris is called The Hotel of God! The Christian churches of the United States are invited to make a public offering to assist in founding in Washington, a new hotel of God, to be called after the name of the late President, The Garfield Memorial Hospital. Inasmuch as hospitals sprang not from paganism, or a paganized infidelity, but from Christianity herself; inasmuch, as up to the time of the Reformation, they were in the hands of the clergy, and attached to monasteries; and inasmuch as our Lord Jesus, the great Physician, came here to take upon Himself our sicknesses, and to counteract these as well as the other results of sin, and inasmuch as this is the true etymological meaning of the word, I have concluded as preliminary to the memorial offering of this church, to discuss this topic:

THE HOSPITAL, THE HOTEL OF GOD.

- I. The Hotel of God should have a personal God in it.

The tendency of scientific discussions, of late, has been toward materialism : toward the theory that mind and matter are one and the same thing ; that what we have been accustomed to call the manifestations and qualities of mind, are really the manifestations and qualities of matter ; that there is nothing of man except his earthly nature ; and that at death this takes everything with it, down to the earth, where it ends ; and that God is no more to man, living or dying, than He is to the brutes.

I suppose that no profession has been more affected by these discussions than the medical. It is natural that it should be so. Men of this profession have to do primarily and directly with matter. It is customary to ask a man, in some form, when he gives his testimony before a Court of Justice, if he believes in a God, and in a Hereafter. This means in God as a Judge, and in a Hereafter as a state of reward and punishment. This is implied in the form in which an oath is administered ; where the Bible, the statutes of God, the Judge of all the earth, and according to which sentence is to be pronounced for the deeds done here in the body, is touched or kissed by the witness, as he swears to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; as he brings into his thought, the sanctions of another life. The other day, a witness in the trial of the assassin Guiteau, when asked if he believed in God declined to answer ; still later, another one says, that "all mind is the result of matter." And I think Christian people would be alarmed, if they knew how many Professors and Teachers in Medical Colleges ; how many regular practitioners in their own homes would be embarrassed by such questions. They would hesitate. They would ask questions. They would want

to explain. While some of the noblest Christian gentlemen whom I have ever known, have been physicians; and while the profession, if prosecuted, as it ought to be, may be one of the most sacred; dealing as it does with the most intimate relations, and the tenderest and holiest interests of humanity; candor compels me to say, that there seems to be something in its methods of study, or its code of ethics, which often makes it very perilous for a young man of Christian principles. I make no attempt now to account for it. I have observed the fact.

When a patient goes to a hospital, he goes there in his threefold nature; body, soul and spirit. Any treatment of him which does not recognize this trichotomy, must of course be superficial. The hospital idea springs from Christianity. God is the great host of this Hotel-Dieu. Every man is our brother-man, and therefore, every man's bodily ailments being the ailments of sin-stricken humanity, awaken our sympathy. We want to be his host, and we want him as our guest; both of which ideas are in the word hospital. We want to see sickness ministered to. We want to see it alleviated. And yet, except when a patient is confessedly near

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns,"

the offices of Christianity are carefully excluded, as though the time had not come for them. This conveys a false impression as to what these offices are. They are not offices of extreme unction. They are curative. The true minister does not come to confess a man, and anoint him with oil. When our noble patient lay at Elberon, he heard stealing in soft melody from an adjoining room, the words,

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.”

“Is that Crete?” said he. “Set the door ajar.” He wanted something which had not been administered to him. He wanted the medicine which that faithful soul who so many years before, holding him by the hand had said, “until death us do part,” was administering to herself, as she waited there without, saying : “It may be that the Lord will be gracious unto me, and that my husband shall live.”

Now, I say, every man, whether he is conscious of it or not, in his sickness, in his sorrows, needs just such ministrations. And where should he have them more than in the Hotel of God? They should be made wisely, tenderly, judiciously. In ordinary circumstances, they ought to be a part of the regimen of the place; not exceptional things. And unless the physician himself will so far rise to the sacred dignity of his office—and many a noble man has done it—as to take upon himself the duty of “speaking a word in season to him that is weary,” no man is more suitable for this, than his own chosen pastor; the man whom he has heard, so many times, speak and pray in the great Congregation. Ministering to the inner man always reacts upon the outer man. David wanted a draught of the water from the well of his childhood. Many an adult in his sickness, is ready for the God of his childhood. I say, that for the healing of this man’s body, whose highest and most imperial part is not body but mind; is not sense, but spirit; ministrations are needful, which are addressed to the spiritual

nature. It is a defective philosophy which thinks anything else. And yet, my observation leads me to say, that the law, the ordinary rule with the medical profession, is to exclude spiritual ministrations, so long as there is any hope of saving the patient from physical death. If I am wrong, I would like to be set right.

Medical men are to-day asking for the help of Christians, in the sanctuary of God, for the founding of a Hospital. For once they must let us speak our mind. I do not know as any one else feels as I do about the way in which the nation's great patient was sequestered from Christian ministrations. He had been a Christian minister. He was a regular communicant in a Christian church. So long as he lay in this city, his pastor called to inquire after him daily. In one instance, a Christian friend of his earlier days, came hundreds of miles to see him. And, yet, I suppose it to be historically true, that during those eighty-two days and nights; days and nights, when he was thrice waited upon by his corps of medical attendants; when his pulse and temperature and respiration were made matter of record; when hour after hour was devoted to probings and cleansings and incisions, it never occurred to these men, who, in the presence of the nation and of the world, held his life in their hands; and for whose life the nation and the world were praying; to suggest, or prepare the way for, a little of the ministry of God's grace, which comes to the human spirit, like rain upon the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth. I should feel a great deal more confident that the great sufferer had had everything done for him that could wisely and safely have been done, had it been true, that instead of making comparative estimates

of the relative value of whiskey and prayer, they had hushed their own hearts as before God, in the presence of their patient, and humbly asked Him to guide them, as they groped about in their bewilderment. I do not know why a surgeon's probe may not be guided of God, as much as anything else.

So far as sickness is the penalty of sin ; so far as it is the chastening of a Father's hand, who would bring the sick back to Himself ; so far as it is His messenger sent to recall the sick one from earth to Heaven, all of which we are taught in the Bible,—every one can see, the intimate relation between it, and the ministrations of Christianity. Right here, by the cot of the sick man may be the gateway of Heaven. It is to be remembered, that in the Hospital, a much larger proportion of patients are sick with a sickness that is unto death, than in private practice. Sir James Simpson, in his paper on "Hospitalism," gives us the average mortality from amputations, in English Hospitals, as ranging from 366 to 473 in the thousand ; while the death-rate in private practice, is only 108 to the thousand. Baron Meydell, chief of the sanitary department of St. Petersburg, has shown that in the great lying-in hospitals of Russia, the highest death-rate, is from 30 to 40 in the thousand ; while in the homes of the poorest and most wretched of the people, only 5 cases in one thousand are fatal. Of course, these facts are variously accounted for. We have to do with them here merely as facts. The larger the proportion of fatal sicknesses, the more the need of spiritual consolation and guidance. If more people die in the hospital than elsewhere, so much the more need of the ministry of religion there.

•

The very method which the Garfield Hospital Committee adopt to secure funds, reminds us that the hospital-idea is the offspring of Christian Charity ; of charity in the name, and for the sake of our common humanity ; of charity in the name, and for the sake, of Him, who took our sicknesses upon Himself ; and who delights to come into personal relations to men, as their great Physician. There is no experience in which the creatures of God are more likely to recognize His voice, who says, " Behold, I stand at the door and knock," than in sickness ; especially when the shadows of the night seem impending. Here is the opportunity to reclaim those who some time have been afar off ; to recover the wanderer ; and to bring a man under the power of the world to come. The whole theory, that the ministrations of religion are needed, only when the physicians can do no more, is false and pagan ! It puts upon Christianity something which she reluctantly undertakes ; when the last threads of life are unraveling ; when the body is wasted, and the mind enfeebled ; to plume the spirit's flight for Heaven ! We believe the late President had long ago made his peace with God. But, if it had been otherwise, how differently would his case have been managed ? Medical men too often regard and treat Christian ministers as a kind of ghostly scarecrow, sure to create consternation in their patients ; sure to suggest the probability of a fatal issue of their disease. And I say, there should be in every hospital, daily religious ministrations. They should be provided for, in the interest of the good cheer of the patients. There should be an hour of prayer. And along the halls and corridors, wafted on the morning or evening air, should go the voice of sacred melody. I remember

the case of a patient, whose life seemed to hang as upon a thread, who found the sweetest comfort in hearing from an adjoining room, the melody and words so aptly joined together :

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.”

Nearer and dearer, and more healing than the form of faithful physician, or mother, or sister, or husband, appeared to her the form of One, who came, walking on the troubled waters, saying, “ It is I, be not afraid !”

II. The Hotel of God should be located where the God of Nature can minister of His healing things to the invalid. We talk about monumental hospitals. In one sense, a monumental hospital, is an abomination. The monumental part is devoted to art and not to use. It is a tomb, instead of a hotel of God ; a Bethesda, a house of Mercy. A hospital ought not to be in mid-city ; where the patient never can see the sunrise and the sunset, which the Great Artist puts freshly upon canvas to comfort His sick creatures ; never can smell the sweet bloom of trees and of clover, and the fragrance of the newly-mown grass. And as to sounds, it is enough to make a well man crazy, to be obliged to listen to sounds, which come up, now from street and then from alley ; of the ash-man and the swill-man, of the oyster-man and the huckster, each one with his distinctive melodious cry. If we had any government here, either civil or sanitary, more of these cries would be stopped. A hospital, a hotel of God, ought to be, not where man speaks of wear, and tear and

excitement, and waste ; but, where God speaks of peace and rest ; of health and strength, and renewal. We have a proverb, that " God made the country, and man made the town." And oh ! the difference between man-made Washington, as it was in mid-summer, and the cooler air, and the lulling sounds of God-made Elberon ! There is no picture sweeter to me, than the scene, when the weary-hearted, eager-eyed patient of the nation, looked off upon the great Ocean, as the possible physician of a diviner school whom he had so long needed ; as if it might bring him healing ministries, as it brought him kind wishes from every quarter of the globe ; and then having looked in vain :

" ——— gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."

With him, it was all too late. But, what weeks of intensified suffering might he have escaped ; ay, what renewed and prolonged powers of resistance might he have laid up, if his place of sickness had been, where, instead of artificial air pumped into his sick chamber, as though he were living in some hostile element, he could have been fanned by Nature's own balmy wings ; he could have had her bring newly-compounded air from her own fresh laboratory.

The White House is a typical monumental hospital ; if it might not be called, like most of the Governmental structures here, a typical monumental tomb. There is scarcely one of them, which might not be inscribed : " He who enters here, leaves health behind !" Add to it, the flats in its vicinity, which during the summer months, the South wind sweeps, to gather up, and waft into its windows seeds of malaria, and the picture of unfavorable

conditions for a man struggling against disease, is very nearly as perfect, as any monumental city hospital can make it.

On the subject of locality and site, I quote the following from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in an article by Dr. F. De Chaumont, Professor of Hygiene, Royal Army Medical School, Netley; my medical authority in this discourse: He says, "Formerly, the greater difficulty of locomotion made it necessary, that hospitals should be actually in the midst of towns and cities; and to some extent, this continues to prevail. Fresh and pure air being a prime necessity, as well as a considerable amount of space of actual area in proportion to population, it would certainly appear to be better to place hospitals as much in the outskirts, as is consistent with considerations of usefulness and convenience. In short, the best site would be open fields. But, if that be impracticable, a large space, a sanitary zone, as it is called by Tollet, should be kept permanently free from between them and surrounding buildings; certainly, never less than double the height of the highest building. The difference between the purchase of land in a town, and in the environs is generally considerable. And this is, therefore, an additional reason for choosing a suburban locality. Even with existing hospitals, it would be, in most cases pecuniarily advantageous to dispose of the present building and site, and retain only a receiving house in town. St. Thomas' in London, the Hotel-Dieu in Paris, the Royal Infirmary in Manchester, are all good examples, where this might have been carried out. In none, however, has this been done: the first two having been rebuilt at enormous outlay, in the cities as before,

although in not exactly the same locality ; while the last is still retained with a few structural alterations. In Edinburg, on the other hand, an open space, of a much more favorable character has been obtained, which although within the limits of the city, is almost rural in character."

This shows us the common-sense drift of modern professional thought upon the sites of hospitals. It is good philosophy as well as common sense. It seems to me, that sanitary science has been more thoroughly applied to the construction of jails and penitentiaries than to hospitals ; that hospitals have been located more with reference to the convenience of getting to them, than with reference to the health of patients confined there for treatment. And I can not conceive of any practical irony upon the subject more severe, than a comparison of the quarters of such a creature as Guiteau, and the quarters that are furnished to patients in some of our city hospitals.

You and I know the difference between city-life and country-life, when we seek the restoration of our wasted energies, in the summer time. And if there is this difference to the well-man how much greater to the sick-man. You go to the State of Massachusetts, and you will find the Penitentiary located in the midst of a sandy, pine-region, in the vicinity of that old Concord, where Hawthorne and Emerson have passed their quiet philosophic lives. I turn back to this article of Dr. Chaumont, and read as follows : " As regards the actual site itself, where circumstances will admit of choice, a dry, gravelly, or sandy soil should be selected." Think of it, for it is no picture of the imagination : while the inmates of

hospitals and asylums in and around our great cities are too many of them sweltering with heat, and tormented by flies and mosquitoes; the inmates of Massachusetts State's Prison are fanned by cooling breezes, which have come laden with the fragrance of pine, and the breath of meadow-lands; or from the summit of Monadnock, where he stands, as Emerson describes him :

“ In his own loom's garment drest,
By God's proper beauty blest ;
Who cools the present's fiery glow ;
Sets the life-pulse strong but slow ;
Bitter winds and fasts austere
His quarantines and grottoes, where
He slowly cures decrepit flesh,
And brings it infantile and fresh.”

The conception of a monumental hospital, is that of putting solid masonry into a useful structure, instead of a massive shaft or mausoleum. The Washington monument, when completed will have material enough for the construction of many monumental hospitals. And the people, who see in Niagara, only so much water-power dashing down in idleness, when it should be turning water-wheels and looms and spindles, will doubtless say of this shaft, when completed : “ Wherefore this waste ? These great blocks of marble might have been put to a better use. They might have formed the walls of some vast eleemosynary institution.” But, it is to be remembered, that in the spirit of the Master, who allowed what Judas called an extravagant outlay to be expended upon His person, because it was an expression of love, there are things which can be expressed only by what can be put to no other use, but expression. Let the world see

that America has that sense of gratitude to the Father of his Country, that she erects the highest shaft in the round world, of the whitest material, which the bosom of earth can yield, not to cover the heads of invalids and imbeciles, noble as this would be, but simply and solely to show her love. Take President Garfield's own words at the dedication of the Soldier's Monument in Painesville, 1880: "This is what your monument means. By the subtle chemistry, that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by your brethren ; all the lives that were devoted ; all the grief that was felt ; at last crystalized itself into granite, rendered immortal the great truth for which they died ; and it stands there, to-day, and that is what it means." One of the elements in such a monument, if I may so speak, is its uselessness for anything else, except to open its stony lips in praise of self-sacrifice and death for one's country's sake. It uplifts its massive front, it bears aloft its proud proportions for this, to speak to the living of the dead, and of that for which they died.

Just so far as the monumental idea in a memorial hospital, predominates, the hygienic and sanitary idea is in danger of being sacrificed. As a monument, the Smithsonian Institution is a success. It cost \$325,000. In itself considered, the structure does very little to "increase and diffuse knowledge among men : " the object of James Smithson's bequest. This illustrates one of the perils of trying to combine the monumental with the utilitarian idea. If the Garfield Memorial Hospital is to be a true hotel of God, in the sense that God's ministries in Nature shall be sacredly sought, it must be located without the city's limits ; it must be made up, not of massive stone or brick structures, whose towering proportions

shall proclaim the name of the illustrious dead, but of pavilion-like structures, through which the kind breezes of Heaven may play, and where the blessed light of the sun can fall. Ventilation is the grand thing needed in a hospital. It can be found, if it is not bricked-out ; if it is not sacrificed to the conceit of some architect, who is thinking more of how the structure he makes will look to the eye, than how it will work for the purposes for which it is designed.

III. This Hotel of God, this structure, this institution, put up in the name of God, and in the love of God, and the love of man, must have in it heroic Christian nurses ; nurses, who are the temple of the Holy Ghost. I come here, to what I regard the most important thought of all. You can get along with irreverent and rough professional men ; they are about only for a time ; you can get along with structures, which seemed fitted, by locality, and ill-construction, to preclude the possibility of recovery ; if you have within, nurses, who are christian heroines ; who know how to be tender and brave and true !

We hear a great deal about the heroine of the battle-field ; of facing death, when he flashes in the sabre-cut, or when he whirls through the air in the rifle-ball ; or when he mutters in the deep thunders of the battery. But, I think there is quite as much heroism in the hospital ; and it is largely woman's heroism. The battle is over ; the surgeon's bloody work is done. Now, comes the fight for life. In this battle it is not, as in the other ; as Horace has it, a rushing together, and then, glorious victory, or speedy death. Here is where death makes another stand. He sends in his white-flag, only that we may retreat to a field, where he has other forces in am-

buscade. And the calendar of this fight extends over days and weeks and months ; days, every hour of which, from early morning till midnight, from midnight till early morning is full of vigils, and cares and patient ministries. When you speak of such women as Flora Nightingale and Sister Dora, you speak of the heroines among women. Says our own Longfellow :

“ Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
 Pass through the glimmering gloom ;
 And flit from room to room.
And, slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless suff’rer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.
As if a door in Heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.
On England’s annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From the portals of the past.
A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.
Nor, even shall be wanting there,
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.”

Sister Dora, whose life has been written and published in the *Seaside Library*, was the daughter of a Devonshire minister ; a Protestant Christian ; who laid a great, noble

nature ; wonderful powers of physical endurance ; wonderful varieties of mental moods and mental gifts ; who laid all her tender affections, all her womanly hopes upon the altar of Hospital Service, among rude men and women ; workers in the foundry and the mine ; outcasts, whose sins had come to blossom in the wreck and ruin of their bodies ; all for Christ's sake, and humanity's sake. The man or the woman, is to be pitied who can read this little ten-cent book, without feeling, that this daughter of a Christian country-minister voluntarily trod pathways of thorns and tears, such as scarcely another mortal ever chose for herself ; and did it so cheerfully and bravely, that her name deserves to be written high among the names that humanity will never let die. Here was no War of the Crimea, or the Rebellion, upon which to expend one's enthusiasm, or through which to win one's fame : but, only the dark, hidden places of England's poverty and sin ; her every-day poverty and sin.

If you would know the kind of woman she was, let me show you how she taught her nurses : "She spoke unreservedly to them upon the absolute necessity of constant private prayer ; and expressed openly her own strong conviction, that no blessing could attend the Hospital, unless those who worked in it fulfilled their duty in this respect." To a friend who was engaging a servant (not a nurse) for her hospital, she said : "tell her this is not an ordinary house, or even a hospital. I want her to understand that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, love for God ; and then, I need not say love for their work. I wish we could use, and really mean, *Maison-Dieu* : " the house of God !

How did she perform her own work ? "It is literally

true," says her biographer, "that she never touched a wound, without lifting up her heart to the Giver of all virtue, and asking that healing might be conveyed through her means; that she never set a fracture, without a prayer, that through her instrumentality, the limb might unite. As she attended upon the surgeons during an operation; the most absorbing and anxious of a nurse's duties; where the patient's life must often, humanly speaking, depend on readiness of eye, and instantaneous comprehension of the slightest sign on the part of the operating surgeon, and in intelligent obedience to his orders; she seemed able to separate her bodily and intellectual, from her spiritual powers; which were engaged in holding communion with that Being in whose hands are the issues of life and of death."

Here was a woman who sought the most dangerous places; who stood in the imminent, deadly breach, where sin and death were threatening humanity; who was a mother to motherless babes; who in her midnight classes was a sister to her forsaken sisters; who was the strong staff of hope and courage, on which leaned disabled manhood; who, when she thought her patients abused, stood for them "like retributive justice personified;" and who, when one of her surgeons laughed at the little superstitious monograms found on the person of an Irish sailor, turned upon him with the question, if he had anything better to give him in exchange; or was his religion, which taught him to scoff at another's, better and more child-like than his own, likely to be of any service to a sick man; who was full of wit and playful irony, which often braced up her patients, like a tonic; and who always waited for the right time to come, and then put in

some tender words for her Master ; who walked among her wards of sick ones, as though they were porches of Bethesda, where the sinful were waiting for the moving of the waters.

This President Garfield of ours, to whom we propose to erect a hospital, was a man, who followed ideals ; who created for himself the highest and best models, and then worked up to them. It will not do for his fellow-citizens who, at the focus of the Nation's Life, are about to put up a memorial to his memory, to stop short of the best ! And, inasmuch as those who have this enterprise in charge ask Christian people, all over the land, to put it among such causes, as Foreign Missions and Home Missions ; to bring their gifts for it to God's altar ; it is nothing more than all Christians should unitedly ask, that there be as little of alcohol and opium treatment as possible ; that not only what is best in the way of professional science be brought to it, but, also, what is best in the way of Christian character. If there be a Sister Dora in America ; ay, if there be a Sister Dora under the light of day, in any land ; if there be a heroic woman, who will work the best years of a high and holy Christian womanhood into this enterprise, and leave upon it her image and superscription, let her be sought and found.

In order to be true to its origin and design, namely, to perpetuate the love of a great, free Christian Republic, for one of her most consummate products, a great, free, Christian statesman ; this Hospital must be founded on the most generous and literal Christian platform. While Christianity should be there in its truest, sweetest spirit ; in the professional gentlemen, who preside over it : in the nurses, who minister as angels of mercy at the bedside,

and who watch out the midnight vigils, and tire out the persistence of disease and invalidism ; and in the very servants, who wait at the gates, and who are swift-footed on their errands of mercy ; still, not denominational Christianity, at all. While the God of Nature should be there ; while this Hospital should be conspicuous for being embosomed amid the most attractive scenery ; looking off from afar on Capitol dome and flowing river, and city towers ; while the fragrance of flowers should go wafted into open windows, and the greenness and bloom of floral life should every where greet the languid eye ; the God of Nature should not be there to the exclusion of the God of Grace : of the God in Christ Jesus, reconciling the world unto Himself.

This Hospital, also, must be on the most kindly and generous medical basis. If Bourbonism in religion will not do in it, no more will Bourbonism in medicine ; or in medical ethics. It is too late in the world's history for a medical school to claim that wisdom will die with it. If it make this claim, wisdom is already dead. It is too late in the world's history for a medical organization to ignore an educated man, because he is colored ; to deny fellowship with skill in treating disease, because it is evinced by a woman. Men, who believe in different schools of practice are invited to bring their offering in the name of President Garfield. If they should ever chance to be treated as patients in this Hospital, let it never be said, that they were compelled to die, or accept treatment against which their tastes and traditions revolted. Let their rights and wishes be respected here. And if this Sister Dora, so much a desideratum, should happen

to be a woman-doctor, as was President Garfield's faithful nurse, then so much the better for the Institution.

There is another suggestion, which Christian people have a right to make. It is that the clinics of the Institution may be upon some other day than Sunday. The patients need the Lord's Day ; the nurses need the Lord's Day ; God blesses the observance of His Day. And, it is a shame to make it impossible for Christian young men to get the advantage of these clinical lectures, without foregoing the custom of regular Lord's Day attendance. I know the plea, that professional gentlemen give their time and services for hospital work, and therefore, they must select the days and hours, which are most convenient to them. Will they give only what costs them nothing ? They do not give the time, which belongs to the Lord, and to the sanctuary, without taking it from Him. And it is worth the while of professional gentlemen, who are really Christians, to consider whether they can afford to widen the breach, which there has come to be, between Religion and Medical Science, as some men teach it, by desecrating holy time ; by devoting to clinical lectures, time which the Lord has set apart for their own spiritual culture ; and for that of their pupils and their patients. If the hospital is the Hotel of God, the House of God, let it appear that there is no schism between the House of God for the sick, and the House of God for the well ; that the bells which call well-people to praise Him, do not call the conductors of hospitals to throw open their wards to the secular study of disease. Let us have compassion upon the souls of men, as well as their bodies ; upon our own souls as well as theirs.

This discussion has led me to traverse ground not

usually trenched upon in the sanctuary. But, I trust I have not departed from the proprieties of the occasion. I could say much more ; I was unwilling to say any less. I should be glad to see the proudest monument, as such, erected to the memory of President Garfield. But the less a monument this Hospital shall be outwardly, the more fitting for its uses ; the more honorable to the memory of the dead. If it shall be true, that such an Institution shall be founded, as shall be worthy of this inscription : "Sacred to the name and memory of the nation's noble, patient, heroic sufferer, President James Abram Garfield ; who went without stain, from the lowest place to the highest ; who died known, honored and lamented of all the world ; a true *Maison-Dieu* : a home for the homeless, who are sick. Here shall they find wise counsel and kind and skillful treatment ; cheerful and cheering words ; pure and sweet air ; the songs of Nature and the songs of Grace. If they live, they shall come forth, as gold tried in the fire, better fitted to live. And if they die, this place shall be to them, as the gate of Heaven."

Assisting to found such an Institution ; and ministering at such a place, and in such a spirit, from highest official to humblest servant, it shall seem that God, the true Founder, is saying : "Take care of them. And when I come again, I will repay you."

II.

THE AUTONOMY OF CHRIST'S CHURCH.

ROM. XII., 4, 5.—“ For, as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office ; so, we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.”

Every institution of God, is perfect after its kind, unless man has marred it. It has its own perfect autonomy ; its own law of being and of growth ; that which determines why it is itself and not something else. It is never the victim of accident, and unexpected emergencies. It is always sufficient for the occasion. Cut off one of its heads of growth, immediately it shoots out another. It has anticipated the emergency, and provided for the succession. When Judas went out and hanged himself, it was not the end of the Apostolate ; of the original Missionary Class. Christ Himself had chosen the Twelve. A vacancy occurs ; who shall fill it ? He has ascended up, on high. He is no longer here. The church, the body of Christ, their ascended Lord ; those who had continued with one accord in prayer and supplication ; the brethren and the women, appealed to God for direction, and then cast lots, or voted, selecting Matthias. It is the first recorded act of church suffrage ; not an act of the Apostles, but an act of the church of Christ at Jerusalem. And this which they bound on earth, was bound in Heaven. Matthias took the bishopric which Judas had deserted ; was henceforth numbered with the Apostles ; had the

same authority as though bestowed by their Master when still among them. Was ever anything simpler, more dignified, more mighty? Here is an institution of God putting out its God-given powers. Here is something, vital in every part, that can not but by annihilating, die. Here is illustrated

THE AUTONOMY OF CHRIST'S CHURCH :

the subject which I shall discuss this morning. By this I mean,

I. That every church of Christ has an autonomy ; has its own independent life ; is an individual by itself ; is perfect in all its parts ; has the power of binding and loosing ; of selecting men for the performance of all its needful functions ; through them of performing these functions.

A church of Christ can live anywhere ; in the midst of surrounding heathenism, as an island in the sea. Its life is not derived from higher functionaries. It is a tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself. Its officers are in a noble sense, its creatures ; made up from its own membership ; having the authority which proceeds from being chosen by those who have sought to choose whom God had chosen. Its pastor does not hold himself aloof from the brethren, as though he belonged to another class ; as though his power came from the laying on of other men's hands ; as though he were not safe with his heart beating against their hearts. But he walks among them, as still of them ; flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone ; put forward by their own choice, to perform certain functions which they need, and which God has ordained ; through them, called of God, to minister unto them in the Gospel.

Talk to me about the dignity and impressiveness of ecclesiastical assemblies, of great ecumenical conferences and councils ; where high religious functionaries figure in elaborate forms and ceremonies ; talk to me about the authority which comes from long lines of church descent, carefully drawn out by church-historians ; talk to me about what Dean Stanley calls clerical election, and imperial election, and ministerial election ; about ordination by breathing, by sacred relics, by elevation of hands, by imposition of hands, by the touch of the dead hand of a man's predecessor. These are the rags and tatters which have been inherited from Judaism, and a Roman, and Greek paganism. The Twelve Apostles had no successors. There was no need of them. They had died in the Lord, and rested from their labors. Had not the institution which had power to make an Apostle, to fill the vacant bishopric of the traitor Judas, power to live without them ? The work of the Apostles was precisely like that of our Foreign Missionaries, always excepting the function of preparing an inspired literature. They translate what the Apostles wrote. The prince of them all was sent to the Gentiles, and the whole known world rang with the notes of his eloquence. St. Peter labored among the scattered Jews wherever he could find them. St. James in Asia Minor ; St. Andrew in Scythia ; St. Philip in Upper Asia ; and so with all of them. It was their work to preach Christ where He was not known ; to gather and organize churches, to confirm, strengthen and comfort them. The Acts of the Apostles are the annals of the first Foreign Missionaries ; a bound volume of the first Missionary Herald.

When I think of dignity and impressiveness, I do not

try to call up vast assemblies of ecclesiastical functionaries, representing a great denomination, with power to appoint officers over God's people; rulers over God's heritage who have never been chosen by them; to deal out all the ambitions and profits of a great political party in power; exhibiting all the competitions and rivalries which come from pressing conflicting personal interests; where there is the clash of arms, and where votes can be bought and sold; and where men part with jealousies and heart-burnings, as though measures had been carried by appeal to the worst passions of our nature. I think of such an assembly as that which gathered at Jerusalem, seeking the wisdom which comes from above; asking not for this man or that man, but for God's man; believing that pastors and teachers, that deacons and Sunday School Superintendents are God's gifts, and that only as men get God's gifts, can they have God's blessings.

We know that the office of deacon was a necessity of the early church; grew out of a want of that church. And the Twelve Apostles called the church at Jerusalem to that selection, just as the Apostle Peter had called them to choose a successor to the Apostle Judas. The office afterwards broadened, so that Stephen and Philip became rather evangelists than deacons; like our own Moody, himself a deacon. The same, doubtless, was true of the office of pastor. When the church needed a pastor, they chose one. The Apostles gave way, as the Foreign Missionaries do, before the progress of the churches. Dean Stanley says that up to the time when the Roman Empire was made Christian, all the pastors were chosen by the people; instancing the election of Damasus, at Rome, of Gregory, at Constantinople, of Ambrose, at

Milan, and of Chrysostom at Constantinople. It is only when man begins to meddle with God's perfect methods, that they are marred ; that the church loses its autonomy ; that officers come to be appointed by bishops, and then by a College of Cardinals, and then by the Emperor, and then by the princes of petty provinces. "But in the beginning it was not so." I remark

II. That every church of Christ has its own independent growth, to which its very autonomy ministers. It grows out of its own pulsating life. The highest kind of government is self-government ; is a government which runs itself ! For, government is not for its own sake, but for the sake of the people. President Garfield in a private letter dated April, 1880, says that : "All free governments are managed by the combined wisdom and folly of the people. Perhaps, as a mere form of government, a good despot would make a better government. But for the education of the people governed, a good despotism is worse than freedom with its admixture of folly." But no government is ever a mere form of government ; least of all, a church of Christ, which is the truest kind of a commonwealth. A church is like a Christian family. It is an institution, ordained of God, to subserve certain important ends ; to conserve certain great interests. The Christian manhood and womanhood which a church develops is its highest end. To fit men and women to be kings and priests unto God, is its greatest interest. Some people think that to bring together a class of excellent, cultivated persons, who have the same grade socially and intellectually ; to get them into a state of mutual admiration of each other, and their church ordinances, including the church edifice, the mu-

sic, the pastor, and all the other appurtenances ; to make for them a nest, well-lined and padded, and hang it like that of the oriole where it can sway back and forth responsive to every breeze, is the chief end of a Christian church. It is a perversion of God's idea. It is a spiritual luxury, which like physical luxury, ends in gout and apoplexy ; ends in incapacitating the soul to enjoy the good things so luxuriously provided. It is like hoarded manna, sure to rot.

Dean Stanley says, that "just as kings, and judges, and soldiers sprang up to suit the wants of civil society, so clerical and ecclesiastical orders sprang up to meet the wants of religious society." But how came religious society to have such wants? We read that God gave the Israelites a king in His anger. They were not satisfied with a theocracy. And I believe that all these different grades of ecclesiastical rank, thronging up its steepes of power, till with the Romish Church, they are topped off with the Pope, originated in a classification of offices and duties never contemplated by the Lord Jesus Christ ; not needful, except as the church loses its true autonomy ; departs from the pattern shown in the Mount. How did the church originally grow? Turn to the first annals of the Christian Church and read for yourselves: "And at that time, there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem. And they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles. And they that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the Gospel." The deacons were evangelists, like Stephen and Philip. They found their way, with the alms of the church, to the hearts of God's poor. Stephen was so zealous, that he was soon

crowned with a martyr's crown. There were deaconesses, district-visitors, lay-helpers ; everybody had a hand in it ; had something to do for his Lord and Master. Just as the people were in the choice of church officers, so were they also in church work. Notice that incidental exception : except the apostles. The apostles did not leave Jerusalem. But Deacon Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. He awakened such an interest there, that finally, the apostles sent down Peter and John to help him. The members of the church at Jerusalem, did not think that the preaching of the apostles was everything. They did not regard preaching the especial function of a class. It was a Christian function. It came from being in Christ Jesus.

One of the happiest illustrations of the growth of a Christian church, according to its own inward law of growth, its own inward autonomy, is the strawberry plant. This plant not only produces delicious fruit, but it sends out runners, which root in the earth, and thus provide for new plants, so that it is constantly necessary to colonize it. Its growth consists in the multiplication of new individual centres of life and growth. There is a similar process of propagating grapes, another vine like the strawberry. A portion of the vine is partially severed from the parent vine, covered with soil, and left to form a new centre of life. Here and there, you find a Christian man or woman, who accepts just this, as the law of the Christian life ; who is not content to do things by proxy ; to pass over Christian offices to pastor and deacons. Here is a godless man, for example, who, unprepared to die, is approaching the confines of eternity ; there is a Christian sister, who is about to leave a little

one an orphan in this cold and dreary world ; or, there again, is a whole household, which is wretched through the desolation of drunkenness. These disciples of Christ, of Him who not only taught in the streets, but who went about doing good, do not content themselves with going to the officers of the church, and laying such cases on the heart of these officials. They do good, as they themselves have opportunity. They preach Christ and Christ's kingdom in a practical way. They break unto men the bread of life, from house to house. Did you know it? There are people who are all the time forming these new life-centres. It was intended by the Lord Jesus Christ to be the common, the ordinary thing. A church full of such people grows just as naturally, as the vine which the Psalmist describes : "She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river."

III. Every church of Christ has the faculty of adapting itself to all possible emergencies. A living, growing thing, is a very different thing from a machine. An organism, with the functions of life and growth in it, is a very different thing from a system that has been set up by a parcel of finite machine-makers. There are certain branches of the church which are always in trouble. They do not like revivals and revivalists. They do not like Gospel hymns. They are determined to sing without the help of a choir or the organ. And as for the Psalms, they want the Scotch version or none.

The church of Christ is flexible, because it is alive. So far as its life is concerned, what cares it, whether it breathe in the vaults of Roman catacombs, or the air of a proud basilica? whether it have an edifice which is octangular or cuniform ; whose steeple is crowned with a

cross, or revolves a chanceler? whether its members are baptized with water, or in water; whether its preachers wear a gown with bands, or society's swallow-tailed livery; whether it chant or sing; whether the Psalms be read responsively, or be read by the minister alone; whether it use the version of King James, or the version of Canterbury; whether it have free pews or rented pews; whether it drawl out its chorals as do the Germans, or hurry irreverently through them, as do some of the Americans? What cares it for any of these things, which are non-essentials, provided it may live? Life is its law, its first law. It is its first necessity. Life, even at the price of martyrdom! But, life granted, liberty granted, growth granted, all the rest is secondary.

There is always demand for room, for caprice, the caprice of life, in any institution which is not dead; that moves. The speeding train has its swing and sway; the planets their aberrations. No two trees grow alike; no two men; why should any two churches? There are a great many people in the world who would rather a church or a Christian would die, than live what they call abnormally. They would rather write his epitaph, than have him stalking about abnormally, when he ought to be lying in a shroud. They take a poor Christian, who has outgrown the regulation standard, as they conceive it, and stretch him upon their Procrustes' bed, and attempt to saw off his head or his legs—they are indifferent which—if they can only reduce his dimensions; get him to be so long or so short! There is no spirit of this kind in the Church of Christ. The life of the church always accepts needful adaptations. I believe, it is the father's function to be the head of the family; to be as a priest

at the family altar. But, rather than have the fires go out, I say, "Let woman offer up the morning and evening sacrifice there!" The religious order of the family is very important. God has anointed and crowned man, let him fit himself to wear the crown. But if man will not be man, will not be the king and priest of God to his own family; or if man dies, then God has crowned woman. Let her wear the crown; let her reign. For, more important than man or woman, is life; more important than the question of precedence and sovereignty of service is it that the service be rendered. I believe, too, that as a law of order in His church, God did not contemplate the public ministry of woman. But, if the question were between the public preaching and praying of woman, and the death of a church, I should not hesitate a moment. I say, Let the law of order die, and the church live. For most women, it is better that they be silent in the churches, and ask their husbands at home. For some women, and some emergencies, God seems to give woman a voice which He has never given to man; and I say, Let her speak, and "let her husband ask her at home." I believe, that to-day, woman understands the moral and religious aspect of the great cause of Temperance Reform, better than man does; that she sees how the traffic in what destroys both soul and body in hell, interferes with the best interests of the home and of the church, better than man does, or will see it; that on this subject, she is nearer in sympathy with Him who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them, than man is; that by His providence, God Himself has given her a dispensation to take the lead, as once did Deborah; did Joan of Arc. And shall the Christian Church stifle

her voice? God forbid. I say, Let her speak to God till He hear. Let her speak to man till he heed.

No doubt there are churches which have been suffered to become extinct, because of the scarcity of male members; or, because the few there were, could not speak and pray to edification; or were backward about maintaining the ordinances of God's House; had so little Christian manhood about them; churches in good old New England, whose white edifices stand vacant to-day amid the graves of the sainted ones who planted them, because of the honest doubt, whether a woman's prayers would be acceptable to God in social meetings where there were none but women to pray; churches established in the distant West, from which the tide of emigration has receded, leaving the members few and faint-hearted; save here and there some Deborah or Miriam. Now, I say, that if true to its own autonomy, the church of Christ will do as the disciples of Jesus did, on the Sabbath day, when because they were a-hungred, they plucked the grain and ate it out of their hands; just as David and his band of free-booters did, when they demanded of the high priest the shew-bread, and ate it, though it was not lawful for them to touch. The church of Christ will live, at any rate. For life is more than any particular mode of life. And any particular rule of life always becomes exceptional, when life itself is at stake. I can not say that I approve of the artifice adopted by some of the ladies of a little church on Deer Isle, Me., who got up a series of dances to provide money for the supply of the pulpit; for it was like going down to Egypt for help against the Egyptians. But, I do approve of the spirit of self-help, which actuated them. There was their

church-edifice vacant, and there were their children without any sanctuary teaching. Was it strange, that some of them should think that it was an artifice by which the great Tempter would be worsted? could be foiled with his own weapons? that if dancing were ever allowable, it would be then? in a word, that it was a time to dance?

IV. The autonomy of every church of Christ requires that its life and growth should be symmetrical. This can not result from the making of one type of piety or of Christian activity prominent to the neglect of another; from one member's being spiritually hungry, and another being over fed; by one's doing all the giving, and another all the praying, or the teaching; but by a general participation of all the members in all the duties and responsibilities of a Christian manhood, and a Christian womanhood; of a Christian service; each being true to himself and to his Master.

Membership suggests office; related office. The members of Christ's Church are all one in Him. Their relation to Him gives them their name, their dignity, their equality. The members of Christ's Church are all diverse in themselves. The individuality of the individual is just as sacred to Christ as the individuality of the church; though it must always be exercised in the Lord. This is what makes the church individual; this aggregate individuality of its members. In this individuality of gifts and graces, of opportunities and offices, these different individuals are related to each other. This relation of unity to Christ, their Head, and of diversity to each other, constitutes them a body, according to the text: "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one (or severally) members one of another."

The different branches of the church of Christ are illustrations of aberration from the one perfect autonomy of life, given it by the Lord Jesus Christ. It is this emphasized individuality which makes them to differ. The church of the future, the church, to which as to the mountain of God's House in prophecy, all nations shall flock; never will be merely an intellectual church, made up of what are called brainy people; that is, which put high-toned thinking first; nor will it be merely an emotional church, made up of those whose religion finds its only expression in prayer and song; nor an esthetic church, which hankers after the classical even in Christianity. It will never be a type of Christianity which devotes itself merely to making and propagating creeds; nor, when men ask for bread which gives them a stone; that is, when men want to see Jesus, gives them a philosophy about Jesus. It never will give itself especially to candles and vestments; the chandlery and millinery of worship. It will aim at the perfecting of the saints; at the work of the ministry, or of ministration; for all Christ's greatest ones are ministers; at the edifying of the body of Christ, till they all come unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the followers of Christ. It will aim at this perfect manhood!

I believe in a diversity of gifts. But I do not believe that it is best for the cause of Christ, nor best for us who are His disciples, to bring to His altar that which costs us least, but that which costs us much; not that which nature, but that which grace makes easy. "Having then gifts, differing according to the grace which is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our minister-

ing ; or he that teacheth on teaching ; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation ; or he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity ; he that ruleth, with diligence ; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." Does the Apostle mean here, that we are to limit ourselves to the exercise of a single gift, and that which costs us least ? that which we take to ? He has taught us elsewhere, to covet earnestly the best gifts. Nor will it do for us to press the analogy he here employs, too rigorously. Each individual man in Christ Jesus is unlike the several members of the body in this : that while each one of them is mainly for a single office ; such as the eye for seeing, and the ear for hearing ; he has all these members in one, in himself ; he can lay them out severally as well as unitedly in the service of his Master ; the eye in seeing, the ear in hearing, the hand in handling, the feet in walking ; and in thus laying them out, he may have in himself, illustration of the truth of that parable of the Saviour respecting His kingdom, where He says, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance ; and from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." The more a man prays, the more he can pray ; the more encouragement he has to pray. The more a man gives, the more he can give ; the more encouragement he has to give. The more a man teaches, the more he can teach ; the more encouragement he has to teach. True the eye sees quicker than the hand. But in the night, the hand sees quicker than the eye. And the ear of the blind is more acute than the eye of the seeing.

You have sometimes taken hold of a tall, large headed young man, very brainy, and found that his upper arm, his *humerus*, as the anatomist would say, which ought to

be full of bundles of muscle, is like a pipe stem. What is the trouble? Does he not eat enough? Does he not study enough? He eats enough; but he studies too much. All the vitality of his nature goes into study, into thought. His muscles are not developed, because he does not use them. There is no proper balance between body and mind. As to the symmetry which his Creator intended him to maintain, between matter and spirit, the equilibrium between them, he is like one deformed; like one with a withered hand. The grace of God is sufficient for the symmetrical development of every child of God. But there is no Christian grace which can grow without exercise. Exercise is the requisition which any member of the body makes upon the physical economy for more nourishment. That young man's brain is too active, because he is all the time making requisition for more brain-nourishment. His arm is too puny, because it puts in no requisition for more muscle-aliment. There is no autonomy of the animal life, which gives to every member its portion in due season, unless that member will assert its claims; will make its requisition! There is none of the spiritual life.

Here is a body of believers, all one in the Lord Jesus Christ, their Head; all alive to becoming daily more like Him; to growing up into His image; to the work which He has for them to do. I do not say that they will be equally gifted in all directions, but I do say their gifts will be constantly growing in all directions, in proportion as they exercise them; that being in this brotherhood, this commonwealth, this community; every one of them will aim at a symmetrical spiritual development; for his own sake, and for the sake of all the rest, will

give all diligence, to add to faith, virtue ; to virtue, knowledge ; to knowledge, temperance ; to temperance, patience ; to patience, godliness ; to godliness, brotherly kindness ; to brotherly kindness, charity. They will not say, one to the other, "Thou hast faith, and I have works ; show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." They will not say, "You look out for the praying, or the teaching, or the exhorting, or visiting of the sick and the dying, or talking with the impenitent, and I will pay my pew rent ; I will attend the annual meeting of the Society ; I will take the stranger by the hand ; I will usher him to a seat in the church." But, they will say with Peter, "Not my head only, but my hands and my feet." Not my voice only, but my income and my purse.

The analogy which the Apostle intended should console Christians for disparity of gifts, should stimulate them to a harmonious exercise of gifts that are various, men have pressed into an excuse for letting some gifts lie idle in a napkin ; lie hid in the earth, instead of being put out to the exchangers. The equality of brotherhood in the church of Christ, is an equality of duties and obligations, as well as rights. Indeed, if we will do our duty and meet our obligations, our rights will take care of themselves. In some directions a man may have five talents, and in other respects he may have but one. He has no business to devote himself to making other five talents alone, if, also, by proper use, from that one talent, he may make one talent more. He thus loses sight of his own highest development ; of his own highest manhood. For God does not employ us, as a General does an army, to get the most out of us ; but to make the

most of us. A man can not cover up his onesidedness, his deficiency in the sight of God, by making activity in one direction stand as a compensation for inactivity in another direction. "Oh! but I thought if I taught in the Sunday School, or Mission School, or attended the prayer meetings, or was in my place in the sanctuary, I did my part." My brother, the work of the Lord is not so distributed. God does not call us servants, but friends. We are not sisters of charity, nor brothers of charity. We do not belong to this order, nor that guild. We are the friends of Jesus; and, one of these days, we are to stand before Him, not as members of any particular church, or society, or order, or circle, but as individuals. And He is to say to us, as individuals: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat!" Not, I was an hungered, and your church gave me a collection? Not, I was an hungered and your minister sent his servant with a basket of provisions. Not, I was an hungered and you helped the Relief Society. But, I was an hungered and ye gave me meat! If you and I think that our fidelity to one department of Christian activity will excuse us for neglecting all others; that because we are developed on the exhorting side, we shall be excused, if we neglect the giving side, or the praying side; that we can sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss, when we do nothing individually, to clothe the naked, or feed the hungry, or save the lost; we are just like an organist who knows how to use but one stop of his organ; who knows nothing about its capacity, its combinations, its symmetry of sound. "Till we all come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ!" This is the standard, the aim, the process. Now, if we judge our-

selves by ourselves, and compare ourselves among ourselves ; if we are fearful lest some one may get the better of us, by maintaining a Christian character, or getting into the New Jerusalem, at less cost ; if we are timid, lest we give offence to the hypocritical ; if we forget, that while God may have given us especial gifts, we are accountable for those which are not especial, and which we may make such, we are not true to the autonomy, to the law of life and growth in Christ's Church. There is something more for us to learn.

Then, on the other side, we can see from this discussion, what preaching is for. It is not to feed and flatter a company of believers, who sit together with all the self-complacency of a club of lotus-eaters ; making the kingdom of Heaven to consist in spiritual meat and drink ; in rolling the truth as a sweet morsel in the mouth ; in tithing mint, anise, and cummin, as they daintily handle God's Word, which is a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. It is to stir them to the depths of their souls, until they feel the downright earnestness of the life of faith ; until they themselves run as not uncertainly, and fight as those who beat not the air ; until they aspire to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ ; and until they look at the lost with a divine compassion, saving them with fear, pulling them out of the fire ; in a word, until as a spiritual body, of which Christ is the Head, they pulsate with His life, and are straitened in heart, to do with their might what their hands find to do, until He shall say to each in his turn, Child, come home !

III.

MELODY IN THE HEART.

EPH. v: 19.—“Making melody in your heart to the Lord.”

If the Lord had His own way here, this world would be full of thanksgiving and the voice of melody. And what He is trying to do, and what He is stirring up those that love Him to try to do, is to teach all humanity, every kindred, and tribe, and nation, creation's first anthem, which the morning stars sang together; and the anthem of the new creation, when again the sons of God shouted for joy. For these are the two anthems that blend in one around His throne, where they sing: “Thou art worthy to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created;” and where they sing also, the new song: “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, forever and ever.” And come this time will.

If you were to judge from the manner in which God has made the earth and its inhabitants; if you were to judge from the prominence given to sacred song in the Bible, and especially in the joys of God's sinless ones and God's ransomed ones in Heaven, you would say that nothing can be more pleasing to Him, whether from the citizens of this world or the next, than the voice of melody; that He is listening to catch this melody in all worlds! And yet there are silences more sacred than

voices. There are utterances of the heart, more sacred than the utterances of the lips. There are unvoiced melodies sweeter than the voiced ones. There are prayers and aspirations, which lie deeper in the soul than the language of expression has ever reached ; deeper than language can reach ! We read, " Likewise, the Spirit, also, helpeth our infirmities ; for, we know not what we should pray for, as we ought. But, the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered." May there not be melodies in the heart, which only God's Spirit can awaken ? to which only God's Spirit can give ear ?

MAKING MELODY UNTO THE LORD IN THE HEART :

this is the subject which I shall discuss this morning.

I. I want to call your attention to the emphasis put in the Bible, upon the duty of Christian joy. Joy is a duty, as well as a privilege.

Melody which is sweet movement in sound, is the expression of joy. And when the sacred writer talks about melody in the heart, he means unuttered joy there ; he means those cadences of the soul which are too subtle for the human ear, but which the ear of God can hear ; he means melodious life there which is constantly bursting into inward song, as the little fountains in the deep places of the earth. And that reminds us that the Bible is full of such exhortations as these : " Rejoice in the Lord, alway ; and again I say, rejoice ! " The captive Israelites in Babylon complained : " How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ? " And this has been too often made the standard and text of Christian experience. As though the Christian, too, since he is still

upon earth, burdened with heavy burdens, and compassed with many infirmities, could not rise up to a higher plane, than the captive Hebrew ; must hang his harp upon the willows.

Just for one moment look at the connection of the passage above quoted. These Babylonians who had borne away the sacred vessels from God's House in Jerusalem ; who had borne away the choice princes of the nation ; wanted to add an exquisite relish, a vindictive relish to their own heathen joys, by hearing from the lips of these Hebrew captives, accompanied by the sound of the harp, those sacred melodies which were associated with their native land ; wanted to hear the songs of Zion to exult over them. We read in Judges, that the Philistines took the blind Samson to the temple of Dagon, to amuse them there, as they offered sacrifices to their god. And there it was, when the house was full of men and of women, and when the roof was covered with three thousand of them, that Samson exhibited his wonderful strength ; and closed by offering to God this last prayer : " O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes." This allusion will illustrate what the Assyrians wanted of these captive Hebrews.

These Hebrew captives were desolate. Their God was blasphemed. Their native land was lying waste. Everywhere around them, was the magnificence of that old Assyrian civilization, which lay embosomed between the Tigris and the Chebar. Herodotus has told us something about it ; and so has the book of Daniel. The spade of the antiquarian has revealed still more. To this Babylon,

Jerusalem in all her glory, was like a little country hamlet when compared with a great metropolis. Think of that city's walls, fifty-six miles in circumference, with its hundreds of buttresses and towers, and its hundred brazen gates, glistening in the sun. Through this Babylon, flowed the majestic river Euphrates; and in the midst of it arose the temple of Belus, and the palace of the Assyrian kings. The river was bridged above and tunneled beneath. There too, were those wonderful hanging gardens terraced upward to the skies. Here were these captives, surrounded by all this proud magnificence; and their conquerors, not satisfied with having stripped their native land, and desolated their beautiful city; not satisfied with drinking libations to their idols out of the cups of gold and of silver, which were once used in Temple service of the living Jehovah, wanted them to sing in their hearing, their sacred melodies. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there, they that carried us away captive, required of us a song; and they that wasted us, required of us mirth; saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!" "It would be sacrilege. It would be desecration. This was their answer: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

But, we are not in Babylon. Our harps are not hung by the rivers of Babylon. Our captivity has been turned like the streams of the South. We do not look back to the Jerusalem of Palestine; we look forward to the Jeru-

saalem which is from above ; which descends out of Heaven from God. The Christian does not live in the past ; he lives in the future. To live in the future, makes one's being thrill with perpetual youth ; and youth is the period of joy. Of course, there is no such thing as galvanizing the soul into religious ecstasy. And when the commandment Rejoice ! comes, the conditions of joy must be within us, or we cannot respond to it. This earth is not a strange land. It is consecrated ground. Emmanuel, God-with-us, has trodden it ; has sanctified it with His blood : has slept man's last sleep in its bosom ; has opened the portals of the tomb Heavenward ; has called out of the generations, which have marched across its surface, an army of living witnesses to the power of His grace ; and the earth is full of this triumphant host to-day. And we have joined that march to glory ; and hitherto, has the Lord helped us. Captivity ! Babylon ! Who utters such words as these ?

It is the unhappiness of man, which so often leads him astray. In his happier moods there is no world like the world he lives in ; there is no home like his home ; there are no children like his. He has everything to live for, and to struggle for. Here is the peril of having an accuser in one's own bosom. And here is the power of the Tempter, who is also an accuser. A man does wrong, and becomes wretched. He cannot escape from his trouble ; for it is a part of himself. It wears upon his physical nature ; it makes him absent-minded in business ; it makes him fretful at home. Just so, it is the unhappy Christian, who is the most easily led astray. He is the Cassius who is dangerous to himself and to others. The Christian, to whom the early morning light comes like

effulgence from his Father's throne ; who opens the Bible, and finds in it the very promise he needs ; the very consolation, the very inspiration ; who goes to his daily task, who takes up his daily burden with a song upon his lips ; who comes home at evening, not fretted and worried, but like a liberated school-boy, to a frolicsome hour with his children ; and who, when he retires at night, composes himself to sleep, as a soldier drawing the curtain of his tent, a day's march nearer home ; that is the Christian who is the safest and the most useful. There is no song so sweet on earth as the Lord's song. And from what lips can it fall more appropriately, than from the lips of one whom the Lord has forgiven ? Why should we not sing the Lord's song ? Why should not the Lord's Redeemed come with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ?

II. Christian joy is unlike all other joy. Christ says "That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Christ's joy is *sui generis*. Other joy depends upon outward circumstances. Other joy comes from forgetting one's troubles and sorrows ; from trying to drown them in the cup of exhilaration and mirth. Christian joy comes from rising above that which we suffer ; from triumphing over it in Christ Jesus, the Lord !

It used to be said of the American bondman who, after his day's work in the cotton-field, took his banjo, and sang, and played and danced ; that his sense of the wrong done him could not be very acute ; that the outrage to his nature could not be very deep. But this was only one aspect of his character. This mirth was largely superficial. Was President Lincoln any less a patriot President because he had the humorous story with which

to while away the weariness of his martyr public-life? There were other moods, when the iron seemed to enter the bondman's soul; when he felt the degradation of his lot, and was ready to do and dare for Freedom's sake. Then was needed the consolation and the steadying influence of his belief in God, and in another world. Longfellow wrote:

"Loud he sang the psalm of David, he a negro and enslaved;
Sang of Israel's victory; sang of Zion, bright and free.
In that hour when night is calmest, sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear, that I could not choose but hear.
And the voice of his devotion, filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad; sweetly solemn, sweetly sad."

The very songs which we hear from The Jubilees* to-day! It was in those night-watches, when the master-class slept, that the troubled spirit looked up to the calm, blue sky, where all was so serene, and asked itself if there could be a God, and so much injustice and wrong upon earth; and if there were a God, why He did not let His voice be heard! Then was the time to determine whether the slave felt the yoke he wore. Then was the time which tested the reality of his Christian character. And, then, often when he had prayed, he stole out from his little hut, leaving his wife and children, if perchance God would lead him by a way he knew not!

It is a singular fact, and a sad fact, that much of what the world calls joy, is only an effort of a man whose soul is restless and joyless, to escape from a consciousness of himself. This is not honest joy; and these are not honest men. They cheat themselves. Christian joy is hon-

*The Fisk Jubilee Singers were on the platform with the Pastor.

est joy. It is joy in something, not which diverts a man from his own wretchedness, like flowers woven around the chains of captives; while the wretchedness comes back again overwhelmingly, like a returning tide, when the diversion is over. It is joy in the Lord. It is joy for a substantial reason; because the wretchedness of his fallen nature has been taken away. The ephemeral joy of the bondman, after his day's work was done, was the joy which came from forgetting his wretchedness; stifling the recollection of it. That simple melody with the accompaniment on the banjo; that dance and laughter made him for a moment forget that he had no legal right to himself, to his wife, to his children; no home, no country, sometimes almost no God. And down deep in his heart there was no melody. There was sighing in his prison-house; there was crying up to the Lord, "How long?" Then came into being the melodies which The Jubilees sing.

The restlessness, the unhappiness of many a Christian, seems inexplicable to himself. The secret is here: He is not willing to find all his joy in the Lord. He adopts earthly expedients to satisfy himself. The world has more to give a Christian, than any one else; if he will only use the world as not abusing it. That is, if he will still rejoice in the Lord and joy in the God of his salvation. If he goes to the world as to his chief good; if he goes to the world and asks for a joy that is deep enough for the depths of his own nature; asks the world to give him such inward rest as he has found in God, he is sure to be disappointed. The world always says "It is not in me!" The world can divert him; but it cannot restore him to himself; cannot give him the joy of God's salvation.

He has been drifting away from God's society, and God's truth, and God's ordinances ; and this is why he is wretched.

Doubtless, we have often thought how much the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of freedom. The Lord Jesus wrote the first emancipation proclamation, in His own blood. It is only His truth that can make free. But did you ever know that Frederick Douglass, whom Nature made an orator, if she ever made one ; the man at whose feet so many Anglo-Saxon orators might well sit, and learn how to use their own language ; how to thrill the soul with majestic utterances ; how to sway vast assemblages ; the man, to whom the friends of negro-emancipation could always point, as an illustration of how clear a head and how brave a heart might throb under a sable skin ; did you ever know that the aspirations of this man for freedom, and for that future, which God intended for him, were awakened by a song, which he himself furnished to The Jubilee Singers ? This is the song :

“ Run to Jesus, shun the danger !

I don't expect to stay much longer here ;

He will be our dearest friend, and will help us to the end.

I don't expect to stay much longer here:

O, I thought I heard them say there were lions in the way ;

I don't expect to stay much longer here ;

Run to Jesus, shun the danger ;

I don't expect to stay much longer here.”

He has told us, in his own inimitable way, how the swift-winged ships, as they went gaily back and forth in front of his master's mansion on Chesapeake Bay, had a gospel of freedom for him ; how he longed to tread their decks, and hide himself under the shadow of their great moving

wings ; and then, when they faded from sight, how this vision of freedom vanished, and he turned to God in his despair, to save him ; and yet, so bewildered and disheartened as he was, how he hardly durst pray ! But, when he stood in New York, a free man ; with his lungs full of the free air of the North, and the blue sky of God above him, he says he lived more in one day than he had ever lived before in a whole year. All his other efforts of joy had been mere make-shifts. Now, he knew what it was.

III. Christian joy is heart-joy. " Making melody in your heart to the Lord."

I believe that material music delights the Lord. We talk about people having an ear for music. Do you know that I sometimes imagine the great Creator Himself listening to that song which all nature sings ? in leaf, in stream, in whirring wings, in the great ocean ? We talk about the grandeur of the organ. We do well. Those masterful productions of human genius, in which, in grandest harmonies, man has tried to reproduce some of the thoughts of God in " The Creation," and in " The Messiah," when they speak to us from the organ are almost overpowering. Think now, of a great composer, lost in the work which allures him on ; awakening thought after thought, first in his own bosom, and then in the soul of the instrument he touches ; it often seems to me, that Creation itself is thus speaking in melody to the listening ear of the Creator ; as it ought to speak to the listening ear of man.

Then, too, there is the material melody which from the dawn of the Christian era, has been the burden of the Church of Christ. Does not God listen to this ? Take

the hymnology of the Church, from the "*Gloria In Excelsis*" of the anonymous Greek writer, first sung "by the river-side," or in "the upper chamber," and then, as the Church was better housed, waking the echoes of the vast cathedrals of Antioch and Constantinople, and coming down to our own day ; to the last hymn of Ray Palmer or Fanny Crosby, or the translated Bliss ; does not this all illustrate the truth, that Christianity is a religion of joy ? that Christian churches have been places not of somber gloom, but of light and blessedness and peace ? The Church has indeed chanted her "*Dies irae, dies illa* ;" her Judgment-Hymn ; but she has moved down the ages, inspiring such hymns as these : "*Jesu, dulcis memoria* ;" "*Ein' Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott* ;" "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood." Wherever Christianity has gone, these, and kindred expressions of the joy of the Church in the God of her salvation, have gone with her.

And, yet, I should not be true to the text, nor true to the truth, if I implied that all song requires or can get vocal utterance. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose Uncle Tom's Cabin was mightier than Webster and Clay in the Senate, or the chains of slavery in the South, has said :

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful silence reigneth evermore.
Far, far beneath, the voice of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieeth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea."

There is this sabbath of a deeper sea in song. When we listen to such wonderful harmonies as those we have heard this morning ; harmonies inspired and caught up in the prison-house of bondage ; we may be sure there is a deeper voice in these singers than the voice which we hear. Their song is the effort of the soul to wreak itself on expression. And they awaken in us something deeper than their own utterance. You have not analyzed their power by describing it. There is something more subtle than what comes from the organs of speech, as God made them ; than what comes from training these organs in the art of expression. There is something answering in us ; as though there were silent chords here within our bosoms responding to the vibrations of their souls. The deepest melody is deeper than expression. What is it, that melts us to tears ? It is the melody of the soul within us, awakened by their melody without. As President Garfield said, " No man can make a speech alone," so we may, also, say, " No singer can sing a song alone." It is soul vibrating under the power of soul, which makes eloquence, whether of speech or of song.

Some people say of such simple melodies as these of The Jubilees : " Well, I have heard them once, and that is all I care to hear them. Now, give me something new." If novelty is what we want, perhaps so. But is it ? Besides, is it not always something new, when the heart is touched again ? Here are songs, which have moved the human heart in America, England, Switzerland, Austria. Why is it ? Where did this heart-melody come from ? Why is it, that the people with the deepest Christian experience ; the people who have been redeemed ; the people who have troubles of their own, which only Jesus knows ; the

people under whom He has put His everlasting arms, to keep them from sinking down ; come, night after night, to hear these songs ? It is because they are heart-melodies, and not head-melodies. " As face answers to face in water, so the heart of man to man." Heads are different ; but hearts are alike. Take your station in some of the great assemblies, which everywhere hang enchanted on these melodies ; watch the effect produced. It is not esthetic. The taste is more than satisfied. There is nothing to criticise. This is the very perfection of song. And, yet, it is infinitely above mere song. You cannot get it by vocal teaching. You cannot find in concert-rooms.

Did you know that the first consideration with Mr. White, in making up this troupe, is that they must be the real, humble disciples and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ ? I met a drunken man in the cars, last week, and he said, " I see you are to have a troupe of negro minstrels in your church." It is this whiskey-civilization which cannot understand that the negro is a man. Talk about these people as negro minstrels. They have washed and made white their robes in the blood of the Lamb. They are content to take His baptism, who could find no room in the inn at Bethlehem ; and who though the Heaven of Heavens was His, yet when here had not where to lay His head. And if you ask me for the power of their song, I tell you that it comes of higher spiritual apprehension, of truer spiritual expression, than falls to the lot of the ordinary singer, to whom singing is only an art ; who tries to make melody with the lips, when there is no melody in the heart ; who comes to the service of song, without prayer and communion with God. Theirs is sacred song, in which the Being who helps men's infirmi-

ties when they are struggling to utter themselves in prayer ; gives the same help, as they make melody with their lips. This is why they move men so. Musicians may seek to know their art. It is high ; they cannot attain to it. It is not admiration which they awaken. It is worship. Ah ! when they sing, they set these vast assemblies to thinking upon themes, which are between them and the God who made them, and the Son of God who died for them, and the Holy Spirit who is seeking to bring them into fellowship with Himself !

In one of her books, Jean Ingelow has a character who expresses herself as "a coward at songs ;" and who says that "were it not for the dear birds, she could wish there were no music in the world." And then the author goes on to quote a similar feeling in an Italian, who thus expresses himself : "I prefer the music of birds to the human voice, or to musical instruments, because after hearing the human voice, there remains a certain sustained agitation, disturbing attention and sleep." This bird-music, these vocal gymnastics, in which only admiration is awakened, are just as unprofitable in worship as the physical gymnastics of which the Apostle speaks, to godliness of life. It is the music that stirs the depths of the soul ; it is the music, that unseals the fountains of spiritual life ; it is the music which comes from heart-melody and awakens heart-melody, which we want in the House of God.

IV. Christian joy is always addressed to God. "Making melody in the heart to the Lord." God must be the object and end of all Christian joy.

You know how it was with Paul and Silas at Philippi, after they had been beaten and were left sore and bruised

with their feet fast in the stocks. They were like instruments just attuned to the Lord's song ! They sang such melodies as Philippi never heard before. And the prisoners heard them ! It is this Christian joy going out into all the world, on the wing of sacred song, which sin's prisoners need to hear. The Saviour said to the Twelve, "And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake." St. Paul preached the Gospel in chains, in the palace of the Cæsars. Is it nothing, that these singers of Fisk University have been permitted to take these melodies of the heart into such royal habitations, as they have entered ? really to tell in sweetest song, what the Lord has done for their souls, before Queens and Emperors and Presidents ? It is a singular thing, and it proves how divine are our best instincts and best aspirations, that these simple melodies come into such confidential relations to us all alike. "These songs, as you sing them," said the Crown Prince of Germany, "go to the heart ; they go through and through one." As you sing them ! There is the secret of it. No one knows what is in the spirit of man, but the Spirit of God. Read the folk-lore of the colored people of the South, as Uncle Remus records it. There is no conscience in it. It is all cunning and craft. The Gospel comes, and turns the heart of this people toward God, and then behold the change ! Their melodies awaken thoughts, that wander through eternity.

"Seldom have I been so moved," said President Arthur, as yesterday The Jubilees sang in his presence, "Steal Away to Jesus," and "The Lord's Prayer." What moved him ? What made that great-hearted man, who heard them for the first time ; and who, when he accepted

their proposal to sing in his presence, as they had sung in presence of his last three predecessors, little knew that the depths of his spiritual nature were to be so searched ; what made this son of a Christian minister tremble about the mouth, then dash away the tears with his fingers, and then, finally, take out his handkerchief and cover his eyes ? “Seldom have I been so moved !” “Ah !” was the reply of the gentlemen to whom he turned with this remark, “One reason why the people so much honor you, is because such things move you !”

The trouble with too much of the melody made on earth is this : It is not melody in the heart ! It does not spring from melody made in the heart to the Lord. It is lip-melody. It is made to reach the ear of man, and not the ear of God. These singers have their Christian altar, where they daily read the Word of God, and unite in prayer. These singers depend upon the Spirit of God to help them in sacred song. They may wander homeless, in the streets of the Capital of their native land. They may not have where to lay their heads. They may be ostracised by the tyranny of that white valor, which has fought so many battles of freedom—for the Anglo-Saxon ! by the tyranny of that type of so-called Christianity that finds the image of God in the outward tint and not in the inward nature ; but, at that Christian altar of daily prayer, they learn again to say, “Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors !” and when they remember that they are redeemed, they are again ready to make melody in the heart unto the Lord.

The visit of The Jubilees to President Arthur would not have been complete, had there not been present a representative of the old regime, when such people as they

were sold at the auction blocks, under the flag of the free ; and when the Chief Justice of the United States, sitting under the same flag, pronounced sentence that they had no rights which white men were bound to respect. There, at the President's right, sat one of the old Master class ; a man who once led the famous Black Legion of South Carolina, when God put this nation to the test, to see if she would still be ashamed of her Declaration of Independence : to see if she would still be ashamed of God's image in her brother-man ; when God walked with the Nation in her furnace of fire ; a man, who in order to reach his seat in the United States Senate had trampled on the rights of tens of thousands which the sword had liberated and whom the Nation had pronounced citizens ; there he sat unmoved ! What was there in all this for him ? Here were the class, the height of whose former musical gifts, as he estimated them, was to sing some plantation melody, to while away the twilight hour of their chattelship ; standing before kings ; moving the heart of that kingly man, our Chief Executive, by addressing the most godlike elements of his nature. Here were the class once conceived to be fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, with the imprimatur upon them of the best musical talent in the world ; having done more for their own people by the charm of their songs, than can be measured, except by the coming centuries ; here they were, and America's royal one, America's chief man was weeping a response to their soul-stirring songs, as England's Queen and Germany's Emperor had done before him. But the fountains of his stern nature could not be broken up. He saw only the color of their skin. Did he ? God only knows what was moving in his heart.

The Jubilee Singers will not soon forget the night of their recent arrival here. There were hundreds of homes represented in this Christian assembly, which would have been thrown wide open to them, had their necessities been known ; to which they would have come as angel visitors. Their disabled, but heroic director and his wife were driven from one hotel to another in the vain search of a resting-place for their wearied heads. And when the time had arrived for closing the Railway Depot, they were thrust shelterless into the public streets, at nearly the hour of midnight ; these men and women whose voices had built a University ; whom the proudest courts of the civilized world had gladly welcomed ; and this, in Washington, the Capital of the great Free Republic of the West ! in Washington, where President Garfield had telegraphed them that if they found no other place of entertainment, they should be welcome to the hospitalities of the White House !

O my Brethren, how slow we are to learn ! And, yet, Washington is not what it once was. Seventeen years ago, there was not in Washington a church or public hall where colored people could be admitted to the worship of God or to an entertainment, on an equality with the whites. There was no Howard University, crowning the neighboring summits ; and greeting from afar the white dome of the Capitol, as though it had as much right there as the Capitol itself. It has been the province of this church, early sundered in twain, upon the question whether colored people were eligible to the same table of our Lord, as the whites ; to give its testimony here, as to the civil, social and religious status of the colored man according as we understand the principles of the Gospel.

The honored director of this band of Christian singers—whose creation they are—tells me that everywhere, wherever he goes in this broad land, he feels the throb of the great heart of this free church ; he hears the trumpet-tone of our testimony ! Thus does God put honor upon us. Thus does He give us fellowship with these singers, whom He has honored all over the earth. Nor is this all. In this District, there is no subject which is more discussed just at this time than this, “What is Congregationalism?” This very day, a sister-church of our order, which will be as true to the principles of freedom, as we have been, or else, the past record of its Pastor will be reversed, dedicates to God’s service her new and beautiful house of worship in South Washington. And already have we in the Western part of the city, “Lincoln Memorial” and “Plymouth” churches ; while in other sections, people are saying, “We will go with you ; for we see that the Lord is with you.”

We take no credit to ourselves. We have only stood here, the Lord’s armor-bearers. We have only blown his silver trumpet of freedom. We have only taken up a work in the line of His stately goings before the whole nation, because we knew He was in it ; would go before us. It is the province of these Jubilee Singers, to go everywhere preaching the Gospel, in these Christian melodies, which God’s Spirit taught their race in the days of bondage. If sometimes they meet with inhospitable treatment, it may only remind them that the old spirit which made slavery with all its abominations possible, is not yet dead in the heart of man ; it may attune their hearts to sweeter melodies to the Lord, who inspires them. The instrument whose strings are tightened seems

to complain. But it is only for a moment. Thus only can it be fitted for the melodies that are lodged within it. These singers know the blessedness of which the Master spoke, when He said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake." And it is this knowledge which isolates them to God, and to God's work, in the office of sacred song. They will sing the more sweetly for having waited those hours of weariness and homelessness, last Wednesday night, in the presence where President Garfield's first drops of life-blood were shed ; ay, for coming out under the midnight sky, not knowing where they should lay their heads. There must be this spiritual attuning to the melody of Christ's suffering love, or else we all fall away from the pitch. There is no pure gold, which does not come from the fire of sorrow. And only those who come up out of great tribulation, are the shining ones of God. Go forth again, dear Brethren and Sisters in the Lord ! And may His banner over you be love ; and may you always make melody in your hearts to the Lord !

IV.

THE ISOLATING POWER OF SIN.

HEB. XIII: 12.—“Wherefore, Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate.”

We turn to The Revelation, and we read, “And there shall in no wise enter into it, anything that defileth.” Why? This was the New Jerusalem. Our Lord suffered without the gate of the Jerusalem which is not from above. The whole Levitical system respecting defilement was typical. It was to emphasize the difference between sin and holiness; between the inward man in his depravity, and his Heavenly Father; the omniscient Being, beneath whose feet, the streets of Heaven are not clean; and who charges the angels with folly. Death has passed upon all men, because that all have sinned. Contact with a dead body, therefore, rendered one unclean. A son who closed the eyes of his venerable father, falling asleep in the Lord, as Joseph ministered to Jacob; a mother, who watched the life and death struggle between disease and her babe; people, who came to comfort the mourner and to bury the dead; those who touched the bier, on which the dead lay, as did the Lord Jesus when He met the funeral procession from Nain; a man even whose foot should accidentally tread upon the grave of the dead; all these were defiled for the period of seven days. If the feast of the Passover was in progress they could not partake of it. Twice, on the third and the seventh day,

the water of purification was sprinkled on them, and then they were clean.

Some people find in this a mere sanitary regulation. The dead never would be buried in the midst of great cities ; near synagogues or beneath them. No doubt of the sanitary effect of this regulation. But, I find in it something higher. The primary idea had relation not to temporal, but to spiritual things. Upon the dead, had the sentence of sin been executed. Sin had left its desecrating and defiling mark ; had stamped its image there. '

How literally the Lord Jesus, who knew no sin, became sin for us the text illustrates: "Wherefore, Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." He bore sin's mark for our sakes. It became Him to fulfill all righteousness. We read in the Evangelists that His enemies took Him forth to a place which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha, where they crucified Him. He submitted to the same treatment accorded to beasts which were slain as sin-offerings. Why? Because He was made sin for us, who knew no sin.

The subject which I shall discuss this morning is

THE ISOLATING POWER OF SIN.

I. Sin marks the sinner as peculiar. The moment Cain had killed Abel, he belonged to a new class. He had done something which made him the first man of a new class. He was the first murderer. The very moment the deed was done, it reacted upon him, the doer, and made him unlike all the rest of God's creatures on the face of the earth. This word peculiar comes from the Latin *peculium*, which signified personal property, that

the son had, which the father or the guardian could not touch; that the slave had, which the master could not touch; that the wife had, which the husband could not touch. This peculiarity of character, of standing before God and man, which no one else could appropriate or touch, Cain felt at once. He felt at once, that he was separated from all other men, and isolated to himself; and that his sin had done this. He says to the Creator, "Behold, thou hast driven me out from the face of the earth." He meant that there was not upon the face of the earth, a single heart that beat in unison with his heart; a single eye, which would look kindly into his eye; a single hand, which would be extended to grasp his hand in brotherhood. It was as though the earth had become depopulated to him.

It was just so when Guiteau shot President Garfield. It made him peculiar forever. From that instant, there was not a man among the millions of men upon the face of the earth, who was like him. That deed crystalized him into a new form. He had done something for which his name and memory would be execrated, till time should be no more. He had done a deed, which would stamp him as peculiar through all eternity. I have often thought, that in his reckless and irresponsible egotism, if we could get at it, this was his supreme motive: If he could not link his name to a virtue, which should be as a pedestal to his fame, he would link it to a crime, at which humanity would stand aghast forever; he would embalm himself like an unsightly insect, in the pure amber of Garfield's memory.

Of course, these are extreme cases. But, extreme cases are the best, when we want to illustrate a great principle.

Doubtless, the young lad, who purloins money from the till of his employer: the light-fingered woman, who during the Holidays takes home beneath her shawl a gift-book from the counter of a bookstore; the commission merchant's clerk, who for the first time makes a false return to his master's consigner in the country; indeed, all sinners in their first sin, in whatever direction, do, for some length of time, feel their own peculiarity of character and standing; how, in this respect, they are separated from all the world. And it is the isolation of sin. It is the reaction upon their own nature of having committed sin.

The possibility of detecting a man's guilt, by taking him by surprise, depends upon this sense of isolation. He feels what he is. And from the time a sinful act has been committed, he masquerades before witnesses, as an innocent man. He destroys all outward traces, which would make it easy to track home his crime. All inward traces, he conceals. Here comes a fellow-prisoner, or so-called friend, who worms himself into his confidence, or who takes him when he is off his guard, and in a moment, in lightning flash, by a single answer or refusal to answer, by a single flush of the countenance or gesture of the hand, by a twitch of the muscles of the mouth or the eye, the inward peculiarity of which the sinner is conscious, comes to the surface, and he stands revealed.

During the period of slavery, the bondman had no surname. He was not a sir. He took the surname of his master. A surname originally signified what a man did as the owner of himself: his handicraft. A surname recognized in a man his title as a free man; signified what his employment was, as his own. And when Jesus

says, "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin," this is illustrated. In the fact too that the Bible calls him a sinner. He takes the name of his master; just as the Christian takes the name of his Master. In one of his telling volumes about reconstruction in the South, Judge Tourgee depicts the avidity with which the blacks after the war, sought to call themselves by some new name. With bondage, they dropped the surname of their masters and adopted any new name the sound of which they fancied. Just so, when a man chooses to sin, he chooses for himself the surname, sinner. This is his peculiarity as God knows him; as he knows himself. There is no other classification for him.

II. Sin isolates the sinner to solitude. It makes him peculiar; but this is not all. It makes him lonely. His very peculiarity makes him lonely. And the most uncomfortable companion a sinner can have is himself. He wants to get away from himself. When a shallow pool of water is agitated, you cannot see the bottom of it. It may be six inches deep; it may be six feet. There is no telling. There is nothing like solitude to clarify the waters of a man's spirit; that it may appear whether they are shallow or not. Society agitates these waters. Worldly pleasures; going from one amusement to another, like a butterfly from flower to flower, as is the fashion of the mere worldling; agitates these waters. People think they want recreation; they want to escape from themselves. They want to prevent the shallow pool of their nature from settling, so that the shallowness will be revealed; they want to avoid the sense of their own loneliness as sinners! The unhappiest people in the world, as God sees them, are the people who are habitues of the

theatre. I speak here only of their usual motives for going.

A true Christian, in the perfect enjoyment of a Christian's hope and trust, of a Christian's peace, is never lonely. He cannot be alone. It is always he and his Father ! His soul is not a great void, which needs the pleasures of this world to rush in and fill it, or he is wretched. With an elasticity of spirit, which marks the eternal health and youth of his nature, which is the sign of eternal life within, give him liberty from earthly care, and he mounts up to God. "When I awake," said the Psalmist, "I am still with thee." "How precious also, are thy thoughts unto me, O God ! How great is the sum of them ! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand !" Does such a man as this need to flee from solitude ? to flee from himself ?

Says Charles Lamb, "Are there no solitudes out of the cave and the desert ? Cannot the heart in the midst of crowds, feel frightfully alone ?" Yes, the time comes when there is no balm in society for the wounded spirit ; when there is no physician there. The time comes when a man becomes so pre-occupied by the hurt of his nature, by his own wounded spirit, that among crowds of living, breathing, thinking men and women, he is just as solitary as though he were chained to some rock in the mid-ocean. Do you remember those words of President Garfield, which show how deep his spiritual nature was ; and how often he sent the plumb-line of self-examination down into the depths of that nature ? how subtle was his own self-analysis ; how he said, in substance, that whatever other men said of him, there was one man with whom he intended to live at peace : and that was the man whom

he ate and drank with, and whom he slept with, and who was to be with him in life and in death, and forever and forever ! meaning himself ? And do you remember other words of his, how he said, he, who had always been in health, and whose great nature had an overflow of strength like the ocean : “ I have sometimes thought that we cannot know any man thoroughly well, while he is in perfect health. As the ebb-tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness and pain bring out the real character of the men.”

There is the solitude of sickness which comes to us all. How Garfield felt it with the world around his couch ! Sympathy and love may be at our bedside ; but, the pathway we tread, we are compelled to tread alone. And it will get more and more lonely to the end ; when we shall be alone with God. Let it happen that our life has been a sinful life ; I mean a life ordinarily sinful ; such a life as makes us uncomfortable society for ourselves ; as makes us uneasy when we are actually alone. Let that forced solitude, that isolation of the sick chamber come ; that trial, of the physical nature breaking up ; of the soul conscious that she has been given notice to quit the earthly house of this tabernacle ; to get ready for her flight to the eternal shore ; let this come upon us, as come it will, and we already have some intimation how poorly we are fitted to bear it. We do not like solitude when we are well ; how can we like it when we are sick ? when we are sick unto death ?

There is this about sinful society, that in it the sinner is still alone. As society, it is a fiction. There is no true society in sin. It is a society in which the interests are still separate and antagonistic. A sinner cannot com-

fort another in his sins ; or when retribution comes to him. He can entice him on, and encourage him. He can get him in deeper. But, he has no power to help him by sympathy, when he comes to suffer for his sins. There he is always alone. Any confederacy of evil is just like a rope of sand. It is like a column of quicksilver in a tube. You break the tube, and the floor is covered with the globules. When punishment seems impending, the motto is, "Save himself who can, and the Devil take the hindmost." There is no bond of love in wickedness. When Judas said, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood ;" when he brought the price which he had received, and returned it, the chief priests would not recognize any relation to him ; they would not defile themselves with their own silver, which had been in his hands. They replied, "What is that to us ; see thou to that !" Did sinner ever find solitude completer ?

I believe that very injudicious and inflammatory utterances characterized the public press, before the assassination of President Garfield ; and that the authors of those utterances had a moral complicity with the deed. But, after the deed was done, where was the man who was willing to be associated with the perpetrator ? The infatuated creature thought, from what he saw in some of the public prints, that he had many who would sympathize with him. He found out that he had gone a warfare at his own charges ; that sin had dissociated him from all mankind ; that he was alone in his sin.

III. I remark that sin destroys the sinner's friendship for himself ; destroys his society in himself ; doubles and intensifies his solitude, when alone.

Men can endure a great deal if they respect themselves ; if they have consciences void of offence toward God and toward man. When a man can retire into the solitude of his own bosom ; rather, into the society of his other self ; the self with which he wakes up in the midnight watches ; the self with which he looks over the deeds of his daily life ; with which he scrutinizes what he has said and done, what he is, as though the scrutiny related to another man ; the self with which he knows he must live forever ; when he can retire into this society, and find approval, he can afford to let bitter-hearted calumny wag its tongue ; he can stand against the unkindness of the elements about him. George Eliot says " As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it." And we are to remember, too, that the rooks never caw about any object which has not some altitude to it. They do not fly around the steeple of a chicken-coop.

There is a great deal of useless, if not improper literature in the Classics, which are read in American Colleges. But, we may well forgive some of the paganisms of the Poet Horace, when we recall his ode beginning,

" Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus."

It describes the kind of heroism, which, with our interpretation of its terms, we call Christian. This is the kind of greatness which is great. Here is a man who has a second self that is not ashamed of him ; that does not try to cut him ; that does not put on sackcloth when he appears. Did you ever think what a hero David Livingstone was ? To bury himself for so many years in that dark continent ! To live among such a people ! To

endure such untold hardships! To let the world, with all its petty ambitions, swing, while he tried to carry the balm of the Gospel to that nation, which had fallen among thieves! Was he a man seeking great things for himself? He was seeking the greatness of being Christ's humblest one.

Think of this: In September, 1838, with a young companion, like himself a candidate for the work of Foreign Missions, he walked inquisitively among the monuments of Westminster Abbey, where England buries her greatest dead. Did he dream that his own ashes ever would rest in such company? Would it have seemed within the scope of the wildest possibility? And, yet, on April 18, 1874, with the admiration and sorrow of the whole world, the remains of the great philanthropist, scientist, Christian, Missionary, were there laid to rest.

“ Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in
 To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
 The missionary, come of weaver-kin;
 But, great by work that brooks no lower wage.
 He needs no epitaph to guard a name
 Which men shall prize, while worthy work is known;
 He lived and died for good; be that his fame;
 Let marble crumble; this is LIVING-STONE!”

Integer vitæ and *sceleris-que purus* are correlates. There is no wholeness of life without freedom from sin. You cannot find a strong man, who is not at peace with himself; who is not content to do his work, and bide his time; first of all, because it is the only way to win self-approval. I do not want to digress here. But, a man must look after his own self-respect, just as he who would direct a vessel across the ocean, must look after her bal-

last. It is all down out of sight. It is not put down in the cargo, or on the list of passengers. But, next to the vessel's being sea-worthy, it is the first vital thing which relates to her.

A man, who is in business, has a certain amount of confidence in his capacity to transact business. Let him lose that confidence, that appreciative estimate of himself, and he is certain to fail. What confidence in himself, is to the man of business, self-respect is to every man. Men have been known to say, that they hated the very thought of themselves; that they despised themselves. It is inevitable. There is no exaggeration about it. Take the case of one who is guilty of a single bad habit ; a habit, which he defends before others, but concerning which he cowers before his own conscience. What must he think of himself when alone ? The practice of using intoxicating drinks, for example, is an awful thing in its direct influence ; but, in its indirect influence, in the depreciating influence, which it exerts upon a man's estimate of himself, how can it be described ? These extreme acts of violence upon one's own person, which are so frequent in our day, proceed from the revulsion of feeling occasioned by waking up to the fact that once more a man has done something unworthy of his manhood. A man shoots himself like a dog, because he feels that he is wreaking upon himself a punishment which he richly merits ; shoots himself as he would shoot a dog because he has proved his own worthlessness; the utter hopelessness of being any better, or any different; throws away a life which God has given him, because it seems so much a dog's life !

In the moral sense, there is a duality to our nature which the simplest mind in the world can understand.

We have a moral companionship with ourselves. We are ourselves ; and yet we are witnesses of ourselves. When a man first wakes up to it, it is as though he had retired alone to his chamber in a hotel, and awoke in the morning to find another occupant in the same room with him. So long as we do no violence to our moral nature, this duality is a source of pleasure to us ; it is so pleasurable, that we almost forget that it exists. But, when we have committed an act which loses us our own self-respect, this two-foldness of our nature is just what the apostle found it, when he said, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" The instigators of Jesus' death could shake it off, but Judas could not. Judas had that man within him, which said, "I deserve to be hanged like a dog." And he went out and hanged himself.

IV. Sin makes the sinner an outlaw in the universe. And, yet, outlaw though he be, he appeals to the representative of law, of the very law he has broken, for protection. Said the first murderer, to the God whose law he had broken : "Every man that findeth me will slay me." Here, materialists, is a phenomenon for you. Here is something which rises up in a man who has sinned, and tells him that in doing this thing he has broken with the whole universe ; that there is no need to have any single blood-avenger, but humanity itself must from the depths of its own nature, cry out for his blood ! Did this law grow out of the ground ? come from your molluscs and your protoplasms ? "Every man that finds me will slay me." Why did the last murderer, of the Cain and Judas type, want the supreme military authority of the land, to order out the Army, to proclaim military law ? It was to protect him from the fate feared by the first murderer.

He had an instinct which told him he had done something for which he believed humanity would pronounce him an outlaw ; would be ready to shoot him at sight.

And, yet, until the judgment of the law has been officially pronounced on his deeds, such an appeal for protection is legitimate. The law-breaker, the outlaw must be saved from the lawless. Even the Judas, who would hang himself, must be saved from his own rope. Justice does not allow any interposition of another, to perform her offices. The wrong-doer is her's. The man who takes God's law into his own hands, and metes out to himself the present catastrophe, which in his madness he feels should terminate his career, does not escape from the hand of Eternal Justice. He only precipitates himself into those hands. He only delivers himself up, prematurely, for judgment. He only anticipates judgment. He only loads himself with the burden of another crime before he departs.

This appeal of such men as Cain for protection against the known instincts of humanity ; this fleeing for shelter under the wings of the law, which one has trampled under foot ; this virtual confession of judgment which the suicide makes, shows us how inflexible are the conditions of law, in which we find ourselves environed. It is to be so forever ! We read of the decisions of the last great Day, that every mouth shall be stopped ! There will be no more infidelity, no more blasphemy, no more scoffing. There will not be a single decision of that day which will not be anticipated in the sinner's own bosom.

The way men escape their deserts in this world's administration of law, is to assume an *alias* ; to take as their own, the name of an innocent man ; to flee into regions

where there is a new jurisdiction. But, think of this man who has made himself peculiar by sinning ; who has gone forth into the solitude of sin ; who has become such a being as he cannot live with alone ; think of this being as made sensible that the law, that is, God's constitution of things, which is for the protection of the innocent, is now to set all her bloodhounds upon his track ; is no more for him ; except so far as to see that he receive the due recompense for what he has done. We talk about a world of retribution, where a man receives according to the deeds done here in the body. There is no *alias* for him. Eternity is a sphere in which no *aliases* are to figure. It is true of every man, "It is he himself!" One of the awful things in the future is, that every sinner is to be left to feel that so far as the universe is concerned, the universe in all its sympathies, is against him ; is fixing all its eyes upon him ; is lifting up all its voices against him. He has outlawed himself to everything that has the breath of life.

I have already alluded to the fact, that there is no true sympathy between sinful men. Hand joins in hand to do the wicked deed. But, as soon as it is done, the bond is broken. Every man feels that he must take care of himself. The league goes to pieces like the parts of a vessel at sea. This is to be the law of the retributive world. It is the universe of God including all other sinners, against every sinner who had sinned.

There is no subject with regard to which Census returns afford so little information as that of the criminal classes. It has been impossible to get suitable legislation to discover the number of criminals, and the motives to crime, and the sources of crime, in this great free nation. In

his American Almanac for the present year, Librarian Spofford gives only a single page of nearly four hundred to the subject of crime and pauperism. And at the foot of the page he makes this remark : " The editor, while recording with profound regret the highly unsatisfactory facts here given, presents them as a possible incentive to State authorities to make legal provision for a record of the statistics of both crime and pauperism. The only excuse," he adds, " for presenting this brief article, such as it is, in a book of facts, is that it forms sometimes an important part of knowledge to know that nothing can be known." Why can nothing be known? Why is the mouth of this pit of hell sealed up against the Census Offices? What has stifled the effort to have a Temperance Commission, several times made in our National Congress? It is a cloven foot which has always been put upon it. We know all about our revenue and our customs, our schools and our products. But, here is a department of our national life which succeeds in hiding its hydra-head. It is the horrible cancer which is destroying our home-life ; which counteracts the effects of our schools and our churches ; which occasions a large part of our taxation ; and yet wives and mothers, teachers and ministers, philanthropists and political economists ask in vain that it be compelled to tell its awful statistics. It is a gulf of shame and woe, which has never been fathomed !

From this page of statistics, so imperfect, I find that during the last year, out of a population of 5,083,173, the State of New York reported 58,067 convictions for crime. That is a criminal for every one hundred of her population. These 58,000 criminals are preying upon

the life, the purity, the safety, the property, the morals of the other 5,000,000. They know this. They outlaw themselves from the sympathy, the confidence, the social and civil protection of these 5,000,000. And if they ask a pittance or a crust at your door, it is never on the basis of what they are, but always on the basis of what they mean to be, and as yet are not !

V. The idea of the sinner's isolation is complete when it is stated that sin isolates him from God. This is the last possible isolation for a being made in God's image.

When you read, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment:" and "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power," do not think this a mere physical isolation ; a mere banishment, as from the materially manifested presence and society of so glorious a Being as our Creator and Father. The process of sinning results in actual spiritual isolation from God here in this world. The Apostle speaks of those who have "no hope, and are without God in the world." It can be done : to be without God in a world which is full of God. Those, of whom the Apostles used this language, had gods enough, but no God ; had hopes enough, but no hope ! It has been very acutely said : "Many people have their own god. And he is much what the French may mean when they talk of *Le bon Dieu* ! very indulgent, rather weak ; near at hand when we want anything ; but far away, out of sight, when we have a mind to do anything wrong. Such a god is as much an idol, as though an image of stone." You remember the anecdote of the little boy, whose father had taken him along to pilfer a neighbor's orchard. The father had looked North and South and

East and West ; had boxed the compass, to see that no one was looking ; and was about to proceed with his errand. The little fellow called out : " Father, there is one way in which you have not looked ; you have not looked up." The God of the man who breaks the law of man, or the law of God, is not a God near, but a God afar off ; is not a God who notices wrong-doing, but who winks at it ; in other words, he is no God at all !

We read in the Bible, that one of the offices of the Saviour's ministry is to bring men nigh who sometime were afar off. How do men get afar off from a God in whose hand their breath is, and whose are all their ways ? Because they are bent upon sinning against Him, they dislike to retain Him in their knowledge. Here is a lad who pilfers the till of his master. He avoids his master's eye ; he is not communicative. Before he began to steal, there were the most confidential relations between them. He never entered the store without giving and getting an open-faced morning greeting, full of sunshine. Now he keeps as far away from his master as possible. The secret of it is in himself. " The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." There was a time when he did not say so. There was a time, and he remembers it with tears when he thinks the matter over ; there was a time when God was the great reality of his being ; when the Lord Jesus Christ seemed a familiar presence in the nursery, where he kneeled to pray. His mother was living then. And now that it comes over him he does not think of her, as often as he used to do ; he is afar off from her ; nor does he think so often of the baby that died in infancy. He is afar off from that little daisy-rooted mound. Somehow or other, he has got a great

ways away from the God who was around him in childhood ; and from the influences which brought Him there.

He has read from the pen of the modern apostle of infidelity : "The idea of a creative deity is gradually being abandoned ; and nearly all truly scientific minds admit that matter must have existed from eternity. Matter, too, exists only in connection with force, and consequently, a force apart from matter, and superior to nature, is a demonstrated impossibility. We know all about your mouldy wonders, and your stale miracles. We want one fact." Well, it used to seem to him, that he had one fact. It was, that his mother had the faculty of bringing God down into their home ; that she lived out an atmosphere in his childhood home, which he has never breathed anywhere else. And, when she came to die, it seemed to her, and it seemed then to him, as though she went directly home to God. There may be no God. And, perhaps, he never had a mother, nor a home, nor a little one, the tendrils of whose love still cling to his coarser nature like the tendrils of the vine !

Mothers often grieve over the drifting away from the moorings of truth and purity, of the sons whom birth-pangs of body and of spirit make a hundredfold their own. But, let them live a consistent Christian life ; even though these sons go wanderers over the face of the earth ; sink their fortune in a new world ; even though they imbibe infidel sentiments and get far away from God, the time will come when the great fact of their being consistent Christians will tower up against the horizon of the past, as the one unassailable pillar in which they can confide. That maternal love ; that fidelity to the duties of a

homely Christian life, unobserved save by God Himself, they can never get over. It is a testimony that will follow them forever.

My Brother, It has been a mystery to you, perhaps, why the Lord Jesus Christ needed to live such a peculiar life as He lived ; why it need have been true, that He had not where to lay His head ; why He need have been a Man of no reputation ; a Man of sorrows ; called Beelzebub ; His name cast out as evil ; and especially why He need have lived so much in solitude ; and why the isolation of His life needed to accumulate and culminate in the isolation of His death ! Does this discussion throw any light upon the question ? If the only object in His coming here, was to teach spiritual truth He might have lived a life of ease and comfort. But He came here to take the experience of sinful humanity ; and to take it all. He was born as a beggar ; and He died as a felon. I have been talking about the isolating power of sin. This explains His life. He was to experience that isolating power. He did experience it. He was to be fitted for that which He promises, when He says, "Come unto me," not and I will tell you how you may find rest ; not, and I will comfort you with a philosophy which will afford you rest : but "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Without Himself sinning, His life and His death were to be made peculiar ; were to be made inexpressibly solitary, because of sin ; that He might be Brother-man to humanity, wherever humanity is placed.

Our philosophy and our Christian experience are very shallow, if we find nothing in the isolation of Christ which reminds us of sin. Sin means isolation. Sin works isolation. There is a sense in which Christ's whole

life was a life of education, to be the sinner's Saviour. There is a sense, in which His whole life was a sacrificial life. I do not believe that a single drop of bitterness was put into His cup which He did not need, for our sakes, to drink. When He agonized in the Garden, and when between those two thieves, He suffered on Calvary, without the gate; as the text expresses it, it was all for sin; it was all for us, as sinners. I do not, of course, believe, that He tasted the misery of the lost. That misery is not communicable. But, when He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," I believe He had an experience of loneliness which comes only through sin. There was a moment, when He hung there upon the Cross, when He apprehended in His human soul that sin is that abominable thing which God hates. And to be there, the sinner's representative was to be isolated from God.

Jesus, my Saviour, and Jesus, Friend only,
What is thy burden, and what is thy grief?
Why dost thou wander on mountain-top lonely,
Seeking for comfort, and seeking relief?
Why, when thou'rt weary, no shelter, no pillow,
While all thy creatures have home and have bed;
Why dost thou buffet, thus lonely life's billow,
Tempest down-beating and sun on thy head.

Why art thou seeking the dark Olive-garden?
What is this chalice, that's brimming with woe?
Why art thou pleading with God, as for pardon?
What thy request? May mortal mind know?
Then, when from Judgment of man thou art taken,
Wounded with scourges and treated with scorn,
Why of thy Father, that loves thee, forsaken?
Wearing, thus lonely, thy chaplet of thorn?

Art thou, poor sinner, unconscious of danger,

Art thou, poor sinner, unconscious of guilt,
Still unacquainted with Jesus, this Stranger?

Come then, and know Him to-day if thou wilt.

'Twas that He loved thee He wandered thus lonely,

Bore all His burdens, man's scoffings and pride;

'Twas that he loved thee, thy true Friend and only;

'Twas that He loved thee, forsaken He died.

V.

NURTURE FOR THE LORD.

EXODUS II: 9.—“Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.”

Where should a child be nursed but in its own home, and by its own mother? This little forsaken waif of the children of bondage, in the ark of bulrushes, which mother-fingers have woven, is to become the most important personage of the Old Dispensation; who, but his mother can fit him for his work? And what Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother of Moses, God Himself says to every mother: “Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.” With this qualification, that the words of this Egyptian princess, when falling from the lips of the living Jehovah, have a depth of meaning peculiar to themselves.

Every Christian mother feels that her child comes from God. She does not, at first, realize that this child is hers, only for a time, and for a purpose; that in a few years, her peculiar, mother-work will be done; that when the child is grown, he will go out to establish a new centre of life; to make a home for himself; to do his work among men, as Moses did; that she will soon wake from her little home cares, and find that the birds she has been rearing have all flown. As Jean Ingelow says:

“Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love, and then to lose!”

The subject which I want to discuss this morning, is
THE NURTURE OF CHILDREN FOR THE LORD.

I. Through nurture a child must have some law of spiritual growth and development. The text speaks of the little Hebrew babe, as it ; as neither one thing, nor another. But, it will not always be so. The time moves on apace, when it will become an individual ; when it will be he or she, with decided characteristics. And two possibilities lie wrapped up in its unfolding life : good and evil, light and darkness, rest and unrest. It is susceptible to impressions ; it is imitative. Before you know it, it will begin to take its cue. Now, it does not know the difference between an oath and a prayer. Leave it to the care of a godless nurse, it will take its first impressions from her. Shelter it next your own tender, mother-heart, and it will take its first impressions from you.

If it is true that the tendency of our nature is wrong, as I believe it to be, it is all the more important that this tendency should be counteracted from the first. The good should be encouraged : the evil restrained. This we may always assume : that the Being who gave us this little one, is in fullest sympathy with every effort we make to give it Christian nurture for Him. We believe this to be the meaning of the ordinance of infant baptism. This act of the Christian parent, in bringing his little one to God's altar, is an expression of the desire that God will assist, by His holy influences, in giving this child the new direction which he needs ; is an expression of faith that He will do this. But, Christian parents do not always expect that God will do this immediately. With many, infant baptism is like bread cast upon the water, which is

to return after many days. So it sometimes happens, that we ourselves are not diligent and prayerful in the work of Christian nurture ; and on the other hand, that our children grow up expecting some further change before they are privileged to confess the Lord Jesus Christ. While, often, the change has already taken place. God has spoken to our children, and like Samuel, they have not recognized His voice.

Jehovah taught the Hebrews to give their children the seal of the covenant in their earliest infancy ; to give themselves assiduously to the work of teaching their children God's commandments, and the great historical events in which He had passed before them. This was the organic law, according to which that nation was perpetuated as a peculiar people. That nation did not make its increase from the reception of strangers ; but, the children of Hebrew parents rose up to take the place of their fathers. Pharaoh's daughter might adopt the infant Moses, but he had already been given to the living God, and his mother would give him the spiritual nurture, which was a part of the Jewish system.

We do not any of us believe in baptismal regeneration. We do not believe that the application of water in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost is saving. But, we do believe that God is willing to come into covenant relations with children, for their parents' sakes ; we do believe that saving influences may rest upon them, even from birth ; and that it is in harmony with His laws respecting the growth of His church, that it largely came through the children of Christian parents. If parents cannot come into such relations to God, and to the children whom God has given them, as to apprehend it a priv-

ilege to dedicate their children to God, and to the establishment of His kingdom in the earth, then it is not their privilege.

I remember the case of two young parents, whose pastor had invited the presentation of candidates for infant baptism. They devoted themselves to reading up on the subject, and they about came to the conclusion that since there was no express commandment for the baptism of children, they would neglect the ordinance. They were argued with. But, the more they were urged, the more they resisted. Until, finally, the friend to whom they had brought their dilemma, said : "Well, after all, it is a matter of faith. Only those parents, who have faith to believe that God encourages them to bring their children, ought to bring them. There can be no arbitrary benefit proceeding from the act. It is a Christian privilege, if you can so receive it." The result was that they assumed a new attitude respecting the question. It was no longer a question of commandment. It was a question of privilege. And the thought that there might be spiritual loss to their children, if they neglected to give them to God ; and spiritual gain, if they gave them to God ; was what decided them in favor of the ordinance. This was a score of years ago ; and their children were all baptized in infancy, and are now all members of the church of Christ.

II. If a child must have some law of spiritual nurture and development, it is natural that he should take that law from his mother.

Up to a certain period in his life, an infant has no recognition of its own spiritual individuality. His spiritual nature lies dormant ; just as at first lies his animal na-

ture. In one of his "Westminster Sermons," Canon Kingsley makes these striking remarks: "The animals, so far as we know, do not think of themselves, each as I. Little children do not at first. They call themselves by names, which they hear others call them; not in the first, but in the third person. After awhile there grows up in them the wonderful thought that they are persons, different from any other person round them; and they begin to say, 'I want this! I want that!' I trust I shall not seem to you as one who dreams, when I say that I believe that is a revelation from God to each child, and just what makes the difference between him and an animal; that God teaches each child to say 'I'; to know that it is not a mere thing, but a person, a living soul, with a will of its own and a duty of its own; responsible for itself; which ought to do some things, and ought not to do other things. And what a solemn and awful revelation that is!"

This is the point where responsibility begins, where character begins. And who shall determine the character of this little new-comer, if not the mother? When he begins to feel and to express his own individuality, who shall be there to recognize it, and to mould it; to encourage the good, and repress the evil; if not the mother? Ordinarily, I think it is the true mother's instinct, to want to nurse her little one for God. The unchristian mother wants to become a Christian. The advent of the little one, so full of sweet attractiveness; the awakening of the maternal feeling, leads her to wish to come nearer to God herself. This is what the Apostle means when he says that woman shall be saved by child-bearing. Or, if she do not seek this for her own sake,

yet, for the sake of her child. Here is a new object to live for : that this child may grow up to hate the evil, and to love the good. It is easy now ; it is a sweet ministry of love, to acquaint this new being with the grand simplicities of the Bible. You may choose, young mother, between those Scripture narratives, of which children never tire, and in which are the germs of all good things, here and hereafter, and which if once planted, never can be got rid of : you may choose between these rudiments of the kingdom of God, and things which are frivolous, but not evanescent in their influence. This is your prerogative. In Blaine's eulogy on Garfield, you remember what he said about the reaction of Garfield's mind from philosophic speculation ; how restful to him, beneath his great public burdens, the words of the Lord's Prayer, and the simple petitions learned in infancy. What a testimony to the power of the young mother ! Here was this great-minded man, with a masterful capacity for new truth, kept true to God and the kingdom of God, by the impressions made upon him in his infancy.

I know that young mothers feel their incapacity. But their incapacity is more than compensated for, by their opportunity. You have this little soul, all to yourself. You teach him with an authority, which God has given you. The words that fall from your lips are music to him. You seal your lessons with ten thousand kisses and caresses. All the love of his nature is given to you. You hope he will grow up, and become a member of the Sabbath School, and attend upon the sanctuary. You hope, perhaps, he will have large opportunities of culture ; sit at the feet of great instructors, in his own and in other lands. But, let me tell you, that there will be no return

to him, of such days as the days of his childhood, for abiding spiritual impressions. He never will have another teacher like yourself. That humble and holy and magnificent-natured man, President Mark Hopkins, the greatest educator of modern times, had no such opportunity with Garfield in the halls of Williams, as had his little mother, in his boyhood. The words "Our Father, who art in heaven," had stolen into his ears from lips full of sweet tenderness to him. And he could not repeat them without being flooded with all the first impressions then made.

As a rule, I do not think a mother should surrender the spiritual nurture of her child, to any other living soul. The time will come, when she would be only too happy to have repeated those hours of twilight talk ; those nursery-conferences between herself and her budding boy. Now, in the affectionateness of his nature, he drinks in every word she says. She can lay broad and deep the foundations of a superstructure, which no beating storms of after-life can ever topple over. She can form habits of reverent thought, which no art of man, or artifice of devil ever can break up. Widowed mothers often say that children need the more masculine hand of a father. But, that is later in life. And the necessity is all the less if this nursery-period has been fittingly employed. Of course, the administration of the family is with the united head ; and in this matter, God has made the two sexes complementary to each other. Though it is often the case, that upon necessity the father becomes a nursing-mother, and the mother a ruling-father, to the child.

It is a very false and dangerous liberality, which induces a mother to say : "Well, spiritual matters I will leave to my children's maturer life. I will not throw a

shadow of seriousness over their infancy. Let them grow up as the lambs do, unconscious of the great issues that spring out of this life." Such a thing is impossible ; and God has made it so. Children have just as large thoughts and just as perplexing thoughts as the great metaphysicians. And if their minds are not preoccupied with correct views of truth they will get incorrect ones. It has been said by Morell, that "the sensibilities of children are extremely acute, and they lay hold on the elementary germs of every generic branch of human thought." How many thousands of children have asked, "Who made God?" a question perfectly natural, and no more perplexing to him who asks it, than to the one who undertakes a satisfactory answer. Either this child will have his mind filled with correct views of truth, or incorrect. If it is an advantage to give him correct views, and a disadvantage to leave him to incorrect views ; if, after having brought him into the world, the heir of your nature ; if, after having given him your name, you care for his unfolding ; you care for his future here, and hereafter ; from the very moment he lisps your own name, teach him the name of his Father in Heaven ; teach him to look up ; teach him to fold his hands in prayer ; teach him the words of the Good Shepherd, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

III. However faithful the earlier nurture, there can be no successful development of a child's spiritual nature, except in favorable conditions of home-life.

Christian nurture begins in the nursery, where no one can come between this little heir of eternity and his mother, who has the highest and purest aspirations for

him ; who brings him tablets of law written by the finger of God. But the encouragement and unfolding of the spiritual nature ; the educating and application of it, is in the home-life. And here, all are equally the subjects of God's moral government ; are in the vineyard, of which God is the husbandman. There are no two sets of laws for a family : one set for father and mother ; and the other set for the children. In the government, in the ordering of the family, the parents are the head. But, in the government of the inner nature, only God. You expect your children to grow up clothed with the graces of Christian character, because they have had spiritual impressions made upon them in the nursery ? They will ; if you order your household in harmony with these impressions ; if you will give them Christian air to breathe, and Christian example to follow.

Goethe says, that "children like dogs have so sharp and fine a scent, that they detect and hunt out everything ; the bad before all the rest." We might call them God's little detectives, as to the genuineness of our own Christian character ; as to the sincerity of our anxiety respecting their spiritual unfolding. "Children," says Fenelon, "are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defect. In general, those who govern children forgive nothing in them, but everything in themselves." If we want our children to submit to the moral government of God, we must do it ourselves. If we want our children, when they have made a mistake, to apologize for it ; when they have done wrong, to ask forgiveness ; we must do these things ourselves. Even a little injustice to them, they are quick to discern. The other day, a father told me this anecdote, which will il-

lustrate what I mean: His little lad, a manly, careful fellow, in backing the horse and sleigh from the barn floor, had tipped it over and broken the dasher. In his impatience, the father had severely reproved him, and told him he was never to drive in that sleigh again. The little fellow fled away to his chamber, sobbing as though his heart would break. The father thought a moment of his injustice; called him down stairs; took him into his arms; kissed him; told him he was sorry he had spoken so sharply, and that he might drive the sleigh directly to be mended, and use it when ever he wanted to. No doubt, the little fellow was to blame for carelessness, but the father's sentence had overshot the mark, and had to be recalled.

Here is where lies the great hinderance to spiritual efforts for our children. They are about us always; know our weaknesses as well as we know them; see where we are inconsistent with our own theories and philosophies; where in governing ourselves, we forget the great principles according to which we try to govern them. And so we are embarrassed before them. This need not be so, if we will acknowledge to them our own failings and imperfections; if we will accept for ourselves the same moral regimen which we prescribe for them. It is not our imperfect illustration of the Christian life, which makes a gulf between us and them. It is the fact that we do not seem conscious of these imperfections when we are trying to benefit them; that we insist on a perfect standard for them, all the while that they see that our perfect standard is so imperfectly reached. Ah! we have got to be little children together!

Then, in our home-life, we are to recognize and encour-

age exhibitions of childhood piety. The too-frequent feeling with parents is, that all this predisposition to religious feeling is temporary and ephemeral ; destined to perish like the apple-bloom in the Spring. We think, "Well they are only children." As though their being children were a reason why they were likely to lose what their childhood promises. We discourage such exhibitions from the very start. Many an adult, who has made a solemn resolution to live for God and His kingdom, has come to his pastor in discouragement, through a temptation of this sort. He has said to himself: "Now, you were not in earnest in this matter ; you were the victim of your own imagination." How easy it is, for the Tempter to get the advantage of heads older and wiser than those of children ! And, yet, by our own carriage respecting our children's spiritual exercises, we may show that we do not expect them to persevere in them.

Children are very likely to become, what their parents expect and encourage them to become. And how frequently the words which their parents utter, respecting them, are their inspiration, or otherwise ! I often visit a home, where the first results of a child's skill in drawing, have been appropriately and beautifully framed, and are plentifully praised by all the friends of the family. Here perhaps, in this home-recognition, is the beginning of a great future in art. How easy it is, to apply the same method of recognition to spiritual things : if, for instance, a child instinctively takes to the study of the Bible, for Sunday School preparation ; to work for the helpless and degraded at home, or for the heathen far away ; certainly this is something which deserves parental encouragement.

In a word, in order to second the early nurture of the

nursery, the home must have a religious atmosphere. I do not mean by this, an atmosphere of restraint, alone ; where parents are constantly nagging their children, as to what they are to do, or not to do. But, an atmosphere in which prayer, and sacred song, and the study of the Bible, and religious thought, are just as natural as the sports of childhood, or the daily toil of adult age. I know it requires the spiritual keeping of our own hearts, to make this real. But, unless we can succeed in creating a wholesome home-atmosphere, how can it surround our children? We are not to think that early nursery training, or later training in the Sunday School or the Sanctuary can be any substitute for it. Now, we have our children ; then, we may not have them. We may look to others, to attempt at great disadvantage, what God has taken great pains to put into our own power. Besides, usually, one who comes into the kingdom of God, in adult years, is all his lifelong disabled. I mean, relatively. His character, for well-rounded proportions ; his character, as developed in all directions, is usually defective.

IV. So far as there is any organic law for the growth of God's Kingdom, it is in the nurture of children for God. In this growth, childhood conversion is the law ; adult conversion in the exception.

Here is the startling fact, that the proportion of children converted is highest, when both parents are Christians ; falls off one-half when only one parent is a Christian ; and is at its minimum, when both are not Christians. In the Spring-time not all the apple-bloom which the tree puts on, gives us fruit ; but the fruit comes only from the apple-bloom. There is no such exclusive law governing increase in the Kingdom of God. There are abnormal

products there ; sporadic cases. It were an awful thing to preach the Gospel, were it not so ! To stand up before so many adults, whose childhood is long past, and whose rapidly-revolving years are whirling them still farther and farther from it, and yet, to feel, that in their childhood they had neglected their great opportunity ; their only opportunity. We do not say this. Men and women with grey hairs, are sometimes born into God's Kingdom. But the law is, in childhood. The law is under Christian nurture. And many an adult converted late in life, owes it to this law. He comes in old age to fulfill a covenant made by his parents in his behalf ; his parents, who have long ago passed into the skies.

There can be no doubt of this : That the Saviour of the World has the greatest sympathy for the efforts of His followers, for the growth of His Kingdom ; that He would have them conform to His methods : the methods which most honor His name and His nature ; and that if there is any law of growth in His Kingdom, on which we may place the most reliance, it is this : namely, the nurture of children for Him ! Of course, I do not doubt the efficacy and blessing of revivals of religion. They bear the same relation to constant, home-life, spiritual nurture, which the occasional rain does to the gently falling dews of the night. The average annual rainfall is very slight, compared with the uses for which the agriculturist needs moisture. It is not his main dependence. Every night brings refreshment to his crops. It is true, that the ministry of the rain makes a great deal more show. The shower comes up with the mutterings of the thunder and with its black pennons in the heavens. And when it descends, it seems for a time as though there were to be

another deluge. Now, though the Lord be in the shower, He is also in the gentle dews of the night.

It takes time and patience, long patience ; it takes faithful care of our own souls, to make home-life minister to the spiritual wants of our children. It is a great deal more in accordance with the way in which we want to live, to say : " Well, never mind. There will be a general revival, by and by, and my children will all be brought in. I cannot correct my faults of temper, my style of living, so as to make myself a suitable spiritual guardian to my little daughter. But she has an excellent Sunday School teacher." Or, " I have not time to study over the lesson with my little son. He belongs to the Pastor's Class." Now, I want to tell you, that this sort of philosophy is very dangerous. Here is the great organic law of Christian nurture. From the day this little one is born, to the day, when with your prayers and fears, he goes forth for himself, he stands in such relation to you as to no other living soul ! You have given him his being. He has inherited your tendencies ; your evil tendencies ; your good tendencies. And if your whole earthly mission is not for this, what is it for ? The Saviour says that the angels of these little ones do always stand in the presence of His Father. Is it to be swift witnesses against us for turning away from such ministry as they covet ; from such ministry, as indeed they are not privileged to have ; to be cumbered with our much serving of the things which perish with the using ?

The fallacy of a position of this kind is this : " We think that our children only need starting right ; that since, in our hurry and our worry, in our carelessness or indifference to the sanctity of our parenthood, we have

not the time or the patience for this, some interposition of God's providence will lead some one else to do it." But, the exhortation to parents is not, "Start your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ;" but, train them up ! It is only when the vine is growing, that it can be trained. Every day it puts out its new tendrils, all ready to cling, so that the vine may climb on ! It needs training with its growth. It is just what this passage means.

I do not say, that if you neglect the Christian nurture of your children, they will not become Christians. But, I say this, that God has provided for the orderly and sure growth of His church, through Christian nurture ; and to you, more than to any one else belongs the responsibility of seeing that they have it. And when a mother, in talking of her children, chokes up, because of deep feeling ; when the tears come to her eyes, as she wants to know how better to meet her responsibilities toward them in the way of Christian nurture, I know, then, that God has a spiritual blessing in store for her children. For, it is God's law of mercy, by which to reach them.

V. But, the nurture of children for God, is not to be without wages. And if Pharoah's daughter had wages for Moses' mother, surely the Lord has wages for the faithful Christian mother now. The angel Gabriel greeted the virgin Mary thus : "Hail, highly favored. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women." Every mother of a child trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, shares in this beatitude. She may well be hailed of the angels. For she is blessed among women !

"Probably," says Horace Bushnell, "there was never

any created being of all the created world, put in such honor as this woman, chosen to be the Lord's mother ; all the more truly our mother, that from her begins the new-born human race." To her it is given, to show to what high dignity motherhood, the motherhood of humanity may attain. But to what an honor, the humblest human mother is raised, to be the nurse of a child of God ; an heir of Heaven. I think Heaven will have peculiar delights for Christian mothers, whose sons follow the Son of Man. It must be so. In the silent seclusion of home-life, unobserved by observers, they performed the sacred ministry to which God called them ; and now, when their children rise up to call them blessed, because of the holy direction to which they gave their young lives ; when their children go forth in the maturity of their powers, consecrated to God's service, to bless others ; to preach the Gospel, to be pillars in churches ; to point men to the Lamb of God, how can it be otherwise than true, that they are blessed among women ?

The name of Moses' mother is scarcely known to the ordinary reader of the Bible. It is not a euphonious name, like Mary or Miriam. But, it means *glorious*. So it seems to me is the ministry of any Christian mother ; and so will be her name, hereafter. If she nurtures a child for God, God will give her wages : a heaven different from the Heaven of any servant of God, even as her ministry on earth has been different. No mother can forget the beautiful preface to the life of Samuel, the great prophet and ruler of Israel. Why is it given ? Adolph Monod, says in his sermon on Woman, that it has always seemed to him to be given, to account for " this holy man of God ; this giant in prayer ; this first link in the chain

of prophets ; this great reformer of the state and of religion." And a similar ministry, he believes, had such men as Moses and David and Timothy. Now, just in proportion as this is true ; just in proportion as these men were what they were, as the result of being nurtured for God by their mothers, it may be said that they are, and will eternally be, blessed among women !

My Christian sister, you will get no recognition for this : For flitting from one gay scene of polite pleasure to another ; for being admired and praised for a transient attractiveness, like that of the rose ; for the flash of wit, for the airing of bon-mots ; even for being a notable housewife, while you leave to others—ignorant domestics, perhaps, who are wholly unfit for the service—the angelic ministry to which you are called of God ; and to which, if you are faithful, is attached an eternal reward. Let the words, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," be written on the nursery walls of your home. There is where your kingdom is. There, too, is where you can make such conquests for the Lord, as will crown you with blessedness evermore.

And you, my Christian brother, whose paternal ministry, though not so early or so intimate as that of her who is united with you in the responsibility of Christian nurture ; you have your office-work in this sacred duty. It will be mainly your decision, if there is a family altar, around which with you this little one shall kneel. Boys, especially, take their father as authority. They may listen patiently to their mother's teachings : but, they want to do as father does. Do not let your boys quote your example, against a religious life. If you want your sons to honor you, honor your God and their God.

What shall I say to those parents who are not Christians? whose heart's desire and prayer to God is, that their children may be Christians, but who give them no home-nurture for God? The thing that you want your children to be, first be yourselves. Will a little lad, who sees that father and mother never keep Christ's commandment, "do this in remembrance of me," will he be likely to break away from the usual practice of his young companions, and offer himself as a disciple to the Lord? You do not know the moral influence over your children, of your example in staying away from the table of the Lord. The time will come, perhaps, when it will be no longer your privilege to take the broken bread with your children. God may take them from your imperfect ministry, and may plant them in homes where, perhaps, they will transmit your parental example to their children. The time may come, when you will yearn in vain toward the world beyond, for one forgiving word from their lips, that you did not do for them all that God gave you power and opportunity to do. Remember this, that when God speaks of visiting the sins of parents upon their children; and when He speaks of visiting upon these children the blessings of the Christian covenant, it is in no arbitrary and artificial way. It is through the neglect of home-nurture; it is through the practice of it. "A child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

VI.

GREATNESS IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

MATT. XVIII: 4.—“Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself, as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of God.”

The very idea of a Kingdom, implies authority ; implies a King, who is chief in authority ; who is greatest there. The throne, the sceptre, the crown ; these are symbols of power. We have a word which is very offensive to our democratic ears : I mean the word aristocracy. And, yet, there is no better word in the English language, or in any other. It means the authority of the best ; though the lexicographers say this meaning is obsolete. Obsolete means gone out of use. It is, in the kingdoms of men ; but not in the Kingdom of God. Nay, it is the very germ-idea in the Kingdom of God ; the very seed-principle out of which this Kingdom springs, and has its growth. When the Kingdom of God is set up in a man's heart, he submits to the authority of the Best ; of the supreme-Best ! For, we seem to need a double-superlative here, in order to get away from man.

How did this Best-One climb those heights ? Where did He get His right to be King ? Who gave Him the throne, the sceptre, the crown ? In one sense, it belonged to Him by nature ; but in another sense, and in the sense which most concerns you and me ; in our humanity, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, He conquered His way to it. For He began at the lowest, like the humblest

of us. None ever began more humbly : with the beasts of the field was His birthright ! He began at the lowest, and, paradox though it be to say it, went down all the time, till he reached the highest ! “ Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death ; even the death of the Cross ! ” “ Wherefore, God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name.” Humanity was not low enough ; the wail of the little Babe in Bethlehem ; that humble gateway of homelessness, through which He entered life, was not low enough ; but, humanity, condemned as a blasphemer and a felon ; humanity, nailed between two thieves ; humanity sentenced without the forms of law, executed, execrated ; from this humanity, He stepped to a throne ; the throne, as King of kings, and Lord of lords !

GREATNESS IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD :

This is what the disciples were discussing ; let us see what the King Himself has to say about it. “ Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself, as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of God.”

I. There is, then, such a thing as greatness in God’s Kingdom ; else there is no King there ; and no Kingdom.

I think there are a great many in this world who doubt this. They think greatness is inconsistent with this Kingdom. What they understand by greatness is a very different article from what thrives in God’s Kingdom. They mostly mean what the disciples did, when they were talking about who should have the first place, who should be Prime Minister, Secretary of State, in the new Kingdom

which their Master was to set up. It is the kind of greatness described by the Saviour, when He says, "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles, that is, the heathen, Greeks, Romans, exercise dominion over them; and they that are great, exercise authority upon them." Dominion and authority over the lower classes! The disciples meant this: They said to themselves, "Now, when this new Kingdom is set up, who will be the prime minister? the man having the most authority and power? who will be the princes and the governors?" The same idea was in the mind of Salome, when she asked that her sons might have places at Jesus' right hand and left. She wanted them to go into His cabinet. The Gentile idea of greatness, was greatness, like that of the Cæsars at Rome; like that of their vicegerents in the colonial capitals; the Herods, for example. A man who belonged to the ruling class; who had a living and a salary; who had a palace; who had the power of life and death; horses and carriages, men-servants and maid-servants; who had a kind of divine right to use his subjects as inferior cattle; to use their possessions much as it pleased him. This was their sample of greatness; their great man. This mother wanted greatness for her sons, through office.

There is nothing more delusive, than this conception that greatness comes from office; is a kind of inference from the position one holds; inheres in a title: as Deacon, Doctor, General. It is a delusion which prevails to-day. This is one reason why, when a man has once filled an office, he feels that he has a claim upon it. This accounts, in part, for the hankering which people have for places under the Government. The man gets a title, which

clings to him till he dies. I remember how large a Consul used to seem to my imagination, in my country boyhood ; much larger than a Senator or President seems now. Had not this man crossed the ocean, and been located at Trieste, or Brussels, or Canton, or Panama, or Bordeaux, or Aix la Chapelle, or Liverpool, or Florence, with the American flag flying above him ? He seemed to belong to a superior order of beings. What he said and did, was to be registered in the memory. He was Sir Oracle to all the county. And when he died, they put up Carrara marble over his dust ; and there was his name in raised letters of white, for the children to spell out as they meditated on his greatness. And, then, what great figures were cut by majors and captains and even corporals of the State Militia !

Do not understand me as ridiculing that recognition of a man by his fellows, which comes from real merit ; which comes from the honorable uses to which men wish to put him. For, here comes in the quality of true greatness. This thing is to be honored as of God. If men recognize what God has done, in a man, for the rest of men ; and put him forward because God has raised him up and anointed him ; because they need him ; because, in their estimate, he is the best man ; this constitutes the true aristocracy, authority of the best, which the race needs. They did it in George Washington ; they did it in Abraham Lincoln.

This ambition to be thought great ; to get into an office which has a large sound ; have we not heard of women, too, who were thus ambitious for their husbands ; who wanted them called by some title, civil or military, President, Senator, Judge, Colonel, in which they could

share? Are they not one with their husbands? Are not we President, Senator, Judge, Colonel? This ambition to be thought great; think we that this is one of the qualities of greatness? These disciples of the Nazarene, thus disputing by the way; dividing up the offices of a Kingdom, before it was fairly set up; utterly misconceiving the nature of that Kingdom, and of the way to get on in it; were they altogether such a picture as we like? "Great men," says Carlyle, when speaking of Cromwell, "are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small, poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery, because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were, begging everybody, for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A great man? A poor, morbid, prurient, empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live! It is the emptiness of this man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in him, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe that no great man, not so much as a genuine man, who had health and real substance in him, of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way. Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be noticed by noisy crowds of people? God, his Maker, already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make him other than he already was. Till his hair

was grown gray, and life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited ; not infinite but finite ; and all a measurable matter, how it went ; he had been content to plough the ground, and read his Bible !”

This office-seeking among us Americans, has come to be a disease. This poor, wretched creature, called Guiteau, awaiting the execution of the sentence of death for taking the life of President Garfield ; was just crazed by it. In him, this American idea had gone to seed ; partly, indeed, because it had not much depth of earth. Place, he must have ; place, he would have, if he took the life of our first man to secure it ; place, if he defeated the voice of fifty millions ; place, if it were only place upon the scaffold ! Respite between his trial and his death long enough to fill the columns of the Press ; long enough to have his bust made ; long enough to sell his pictures ! It seems to me, that this is the very central thought in this man’s nature. Place, North, South, East, West ; in the polar circles or the tropics ; place, or I will displace you ! place, or the contents of this bull-dog pistol, and the valley of the shadow of death to you ! To me fame, if it be infamy ! Yes, and alas ! in seeking a place, he has found his own place ; as all men, however betitled and bestarred, are certain to do.

II. If there is greatness in God’s Kingdom, it is greatness after the type of the King who reigns there. He came into this world as a little child ; and all of His, must so enter His Kingdom ; through the Bethlehem gateway ! the gateway of little children.

Of course, everybody knows that human greatness in earthly kingdoms ; the greatness which we attribute to any one man, called great ; as Alexander, the great ; or Peter,

the great, or Charlemagne, (Charles the great), or Napoleon, or Washington, is largely the product of other men. This one man has massed many men ; has said, Do this ! and they have done it. The rank and file in an Army, make the captains ; the captains make the colonels ; the colonels make the generals ; and the generals make the great-general. A great ruler never thinks that he alone is sufficient to administer affairs. He seeks to draw like-minded men around him, and impress himself upon them. The question for him is this : Can I attract to me the men who will see with my eyes ; who will hear with my ears ; who will strike with my arm ? A hundred of them will multiply me a hundredfold ; make me hundred-armed, like Briareus ; will make me a giant, with a kind of ubiquity ; a hand in many places ; sometimes a gloved hand, sometimes a hand of velvet ! Here lies the difference between the conceptive and the executive faculty in men. It is not always that the great statesman, in the legislative body ; that is, the man who can see all sides of a public question, can forecast the result of doing or not doing ; can unfold and expound great constitutional principles, is the great man in the Executive chair ; he is frequently just the opposite. He is a thinker, a speaker, and not a doer. He cannot descend to organizing ; to the minutiae, without which nothing is great in execution. His very greatness bewilders him. He sees too many sides, to take any side strongly ; to see the heart of the thing, and strike home there. We never could get our Websters or our Clays, or our Swards, or our Sumners, into the Executive chair. We have grieved over it. Perhaps, it is better so. God only knows, whether our Garfield would have shown the same executive ability, as he had shown conceptive.

Here is a corps of men who are studying the currents of the atmosphere ; seeking to find the caves of Æolus, where he keeps his winds, or his laboratory where he compounds them ; seeking to trace the wind forces in the air ; how they are marshalled in the great air-battles. They have their chemical principles and their mathematical principles. They have their lightning-winged detectives everywhere ; their net-work of wires reaching from equator to pole ; and this is their study. But, meaning no disrespect to them, the most illiterate skipper off Cape Cod would do better at the wheel in a squall, than all of them put together. He does not know a chemical principle, or a mathematical formula. A single glance of his eye, would show him where every rope was, and what every sail was doing, and where every sailor should stand ready ; what forces would break upon his little craft from the clouds, just bursting in fury above his head ; yes, and from the seas, rolling beneath him. Mutiny on ship-board is very severely punished. It needs to be. There can be but one Executive on board a ship ; whether of State, or any other ship. And if men will not obey, they must go into the hold, in irons. The man at the wheel has the responsibility ; let him have the command.

The greatness of the great men of history, has largely consisted, as already said, in the power of the one leading figure to draw figures less-commanding, to himself ; to impress his will upon them ; and to inspire them to do, what he has wanted done. This is kingship over men, as history recalls it. Napoleon is buried in the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris ; a hundred tattered battle-flags drooping above his dust. The hands, which grasped

those standards ; the eager hearts, which thronged on after them ; thousands upon thousands ; hands and hearts are lifeless, silent forever ! His Marshals, such as Ney, and Soult, and Grouchy ; where are they ? swift ministers of his, that did his pleasure ? flying over the battlefield, as though on steeds of fire ? That he could find such men, and use such men, shows his greatest power ; is where his executive greatness lay. Just so far as in him lay and in them lay, he made them over to his mind. It has been so with all the great captains. What had Lincoln been able to do, without his great War-Secretaries ? what had Grant without Sherman, and Sheridan and Thomas ; McPherson and Howard ? It was just so with King David. Joab and Abishai, and Benaiah, Asahel and Eleazar, Shammah and Adino ; these and other kindred ones, whose names are recorded on the pages of Bible history, were his great captains : fearless men ; men of one mind with himself. He could not long for a draught of the pure water at the gate of Bethlehem, which he had drank in his childhood, but there stood three of his mighty men, full of daring and chivalry, who had broken through the lines of the Philistines, and brought him that for which he yearned. And he would not drink it ; because it had been brought at the risk of life !

But King David, and Grant, and Lincoln, and Napoleon, had no power to transform these men who clustered around them into their likeness ; to make them possessed of their nature. They could impress them temporarily. They could give them instructions ; they could inspire them with their own enthusiasm ; but then they were left to themselves ; to their own finiteness and imperfections. But, as a King, Christ repeats Himself in all His subjects.

It is no longer I, but Christ that liveth in me. He has this power. This is what the new-birth means: It means the transformation of one who has lost the image of God back into that image. When Saul of Tarsus was arrested on his way to Damascus, what did he say? "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Where did he get that question? He had never asked it before in his life. He had been born again. Now, it is instinctive. He was like a soldier reporting to headquarters for instructions. This Jesus of Nazareth had said: "I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me." It had been predicted of Him by the old prophets. See how quickly this new subject, this new man in Christ Jesus, has conformed to the original type. He comes not to do his own will. Napoleon said that though he had good generals, his presence was still necessary to the most glorious results. These generals of his could not learn his magic power over the soldiers under their command. They needed him there on the field. But, this Man Christ Jesus, who claims that He came into the world as a King, is always on the field; is present there with His followers in a two-fold sense. They have been renewed after His own likeness. Their mind is one with His mind. And, lo, He is with them alway, even to the end of the world.

People may have a *quasi* relation to God's Kingdom, without being born into it. The great of the world, may be promoters of it; as Cyrus was. Where it is said, that kings shall be nursing fathers, and queens, nursing mothers of Christ's Kingdom, it may mean only such agency as they exert indirectly; without a purpose to do the will of God; carrying out their own plans. This is

not being great in God's Kingdom ; even though we do great things for that Kingdom. It is not being in God's Kingdom at all. The great in God's Kingdom, must bear the lineaments of the King, because they have been born into His likeness. And in these lineaments, the greatness consists.

III. The greatness of the Kingdom of God, is the greatness of humility. "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself, as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of God."

The little child is taken as a type and picture of what the Master means by humility. But, it is not the little child, in all of its moods. It is the typical little child. It is the little child in its teachableness ; in its humility. It is the little child unfolding in the light of parental love. Think a moment, how dependent this child is upon its parents and teachers ; what a great, undiscovered world it lives in, in which it finds itself ; what questions it is compelled to ask ; what half-understood answers, it is compelled to take. What but its childlikeness, can keep it from bewilderment ? We know what we do not know ; and what we cannot know. It has taken us a half-century, it has taken a thousand strange experiences, to find this out. But this little child has no experience of this kind. It thinks it may know all things. And it drinks in the teachings of its parents, as though they were all-wise ; and their answers went to the root of the matter. Why ? Simply because it believes in them. As it believes in them, so must we believe in Christ.

A great many people get the idea, that religion consists in believing a great many things about Christ, or

about God. It consists in believing in Him, just as the child believes in its parents ; and then all the rest is easy enough. Men who believe in Christ, as the child believes in its parents, have other things to do, besides making philosophical systems ; for, if Christ is believed in, the world is full of things to be done ! The great majority of men and women, who are not Christians, are making philosophical systems. They have not time to be Christians, till they get their system made. And these systems are like the cob-houses of their infancy. They build them up this moment, and tumble them over the next. And they choose their ecclesiastical affiliations, with reference to the kind of cob-houses, the preacher builds up on Sundays.

Now, whatever is needful for a Christian to know, Christ has told him ; has told him plainly. Take the future world, for example. Look at it in the light of the Transfiguration. For this, too, is an apocalypse. It is a real world. Out of it comes Moses, comes Elias, without lost relation to this world, or interest in it. They cross the bourne of that undiscovered country from which, the poet says, no traveller returns. They come at Jesus' bidding, to meet Him on that snowy mount. Angels welcomed the Son of God, when He made His entrance here ; mortals come from glory, to confer with Him about His exodus, His decease, which he is about to accomplish at Jerusalem. Here is no comatose state of the soul, till the resurrection ; no wandering about in the realms of the dead, as the ancients dreamed. God is not the God of the dead, but the living. This Transfiguration reveals nothing exceptional. It is just a cross-section of things not seen, cut open for our eyes. Moses and Elias have

not just waked up to the fact that God is manifest in the flesh ; that the great Victim of Love is to be offered. It is only the momentary lifting of the veil of the Eternal World, to show us its reality, and what is going on in it at this very instant. The Man Christ Jesus is here his three and thirty weary years. Have the Advent Angels forgotten Him? They sing no more over the hills of Bethlehem. Have they forgotten the words, "Glory to God in the Highest?" Do the works of a man's watch cease their movement except when he is looking at them ; except when the case is open?

"Is the white tomb of a loved one, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there ; which rises in the distance like a pale, mournfully-receding milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone, but a pale, spectral illusion?" "Sweep away the illusion of time ; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near-moving cause to the far-distant Mover ! The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I transport thee direct from the beginnings to the endings, how were thy sight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the light sea of celestial wonder ! Then, sawest thou, that this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed city of God ; that through every star, through every glass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams ! But nature, which is the time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish."

The Transfiguration but stripped off, this time-vesture, of which Carlyle speaks. There stood the Man Christ

Jesus, no longer in His time-vesture ; no longer humanity-burdened, and cross-burdened ; man's face hidden from Him ; stricken of God and afflicted ; there He stood effulgent in such vesture as no fuller on earth can whiten it ; in the vesture of eternity ! And these men, one buried without hands ; the other caught up, in flame-winged chariot, so that he could no longer be found ; communing with Him, beneath the cloud-canopy which rested upon the mount ; these men, who converse with Him, and the three privileged spectators, Peter and James and John ; they are all dealing with spiritual things indeed, but with things all the more real for that. Do you conceive of this so ? Or, do you conceive of it as a kind of phantasm picture, blazing up on the vision of the disciples, to daze and not enlighten them ? I conceive of it, as the apocalypse of the great facts of the future life !

The humility of the little child is, that it is content to be what it is : creeping about on all fours, as though still with the brute creation ; climbing your knees ; sounding the depths of your pockets ;

“ Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ; ”

trying experiments in locomotion ; converting canes and broom-sticks into steeds ; and overturning chairs for chariots ; and rounding every childhood day with a sleep, undisturbed by conscience-stricken terrors, or anxieties for the morrow. The secret of this child's happiness—and you often envy it—is contentment with childhood life ; to be what it is, and know what it can. Now, when a man comes to live in God's great House, the Universe, as that child lives in your humble, but happy home ; contented in any room, where is his great and good Father

in Heaven ; where is the Elder Brother ; when he looks at insoluble mysteries in God's government, as your little child does at insoluble mysteries in your government ; and so moves on, angel-attended, knowing what he may know, and believing what God has taught him ; he is great in the Kingdom of God.

We live in a period of destructive criticism, as it is called. Treat any historical book, as the Bible is treated, and what would be left of it ? Treat any historic character as modern criticism has treated the character of Jesus, and what would be left of it ? There are destructive critics in the nursery, as well as in later periods of life. There are children who are never satisfied until they have driven their drumsticks through the drumhead ; until they have laid open the entrails of every ingenious toy they possess. But, these are not the typical children of whom Christ speaks. In seeking for some solution of the mystery of things, they lose the things altogether. The Kingdom of God has its mysteries. Has not the Kingdom of Nature ? Is itself a mystery. Is not the Kingdom of Nature ? Do you fling the book of Nature away, because there are some pages which you cannot understand ? There is a little story of a family where a babe was taken away ; and the children gathered around their mother, and enquired who took the baby on the other side ? Their minds were exercised to know what care the little one would have, when earthly ministries were over. It was held in the arms of mother here ; who took it there ? The mother's answer satisfied them. She told them that Jesus took the baby on the other side. They believed in their mother, and had nothing more to say. There is a passage in the Bible which is intended to do

for us, just what these words did for those little children. "I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Now, if one believes in Jesus, all the destructive criticism in the world cannot disturb the comfort derived from these words. What if you have no consistent philosophy of the future state? no theory about the spiritual body? How consistent is your philosophy of the present state? What is your theory about your natural body? And, yet, you are satisfied to live on from day to day, and year to year. You receive your daily bread from the hand of your Creator ; will you explain to me the philosophy of digestion, or how the grain grows, or the yeast works? You have been inhaling the air from the moment you were born ; day and night, so many inhalations a minute, for twenty, thirty, forty years ; can you tell me the philosophy of breathing? Can you tell me how the air is compounded? why breathing is instinctive? why ceasing to breathe, causes death?

The Saviour speaks in another place about receiving the Kingdom of God as a little child. The Kingdom of God is something made to our hands, just as the present life is. I have heard of a man, who when asked about Adam's being the confederated head of the human race, said, "Well, I never chose him to represent me." But, did he choose his own father to represent him? And, yet, his father did represent him ; did prepare the way before him. He is the temporal, moral and spiritual heir of his father ; and that, without any consultation with him. He was introduced into a line of descent, without being consulted about it ; he has a heritage of good or

evil, which is his, will he or nill he ! What does he do about it ? He receives it as a little child. He begins to adjust himself to it. He finds there is physical evil in his nature, and in his environment. He finds there is a law of gravity, which God has enacted, and to which he must give attention. If he loses his balance, there is no staying this law. Down he goes, headlong.

He stachers a-wee, and then down gaes !
Sae limber his limbs, sae limber his taes ;
He's up with a rush, then spread out flat,
Like a bairn that walks with a brick in his hat ;
He's rollin' frae bed, he's tumblin' doon stairs,
He's kickin' doon blocks, he's climbin' up chairs ;
He loses his balance, gaes down on his heid,
An' lifts up a wail, that mak's yer heart bleed.

This is his physical environment. What does he do about it ? He just receives it. He does not square off against his physical surroundings, and demand of them an explanation. He sets himself to work, as early as he may, to understand them, and fit himself in among them.

Now, just like this is the Kingdom of God. Man had no hand in making it, any more than the kingdom of Nature. It is here, ready to his hands ; he has only to receive it. Study it, he may ; but receive it, he must. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God ; even to them that believe on His name." This is just what is meant in the text by humbling himself as a little child.

IV. It is not implied in this, that greatness in God's Kingdom, is to be sought at the sacrifice of reason. Did the Founder of this Kingdom sacrifice reason, when He became the head of it ? Is He asking of man unreasonable service ?

Christianity is the dictate of the highest reason. God is its Author ; and it is the wisdom of God. Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. When, lately, they bore to Westminster Abbey, the great scientist Darwin, and said over his dust the words of Inspiration :

“ But, some man will say, How are the dead raised up ? and with what body do they come ? Thou fool ! that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die ; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bear grain ; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain ; but God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed His own body ;” and the other words, so clear, so distinct, so kingly : “ I am the Resurrection and the Life ! He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die ;” he had left behind him, all such questions as had interested him here ; other questions arose on his horizon. Perhaps he had an intuition of all the truth, at a glance. Perhaps he saw as he was seen ; and knew, as he was known. But, whatever man’s physical origin ; whether or not it were Darwin’s theory, that the unthinking substance can give birth to the thinking ; and however true or false, the theory itself ; here, at length, he stands stripped of time’s vesture, in the presence of the great Eternities ; right hand or left, is his destiny. Prophecies have failed ; tongues have ceased ; knowledge has vanished away. And here he stands himself, before God. He is great in the kingdom of science ; is he great in the Kingdom of God ? This and no other, is the question for him. And so of

Longfellow, and so of Emerson ; and so of all of us. It is narrowed down to this.

If to provide Christianity, was the dictate of the highest reason in God, then to accept it, is the dictate of the highest reason in man. You cannot escape it. And if one man needs it, all men do. Either Christianity was not a necessity, and it was a work of superfluity on the part of God, to provide it ; or, there can be no folly in man, like the folly of neglecting it. It is the infinite reason, against the finite. When we come to talk about the reason of things, we are to remember that here, facts stand for their full face-value. There is no wastefulness in Nature ; but the most rigid economy instead. There is no loss of forces in Nature. The sun is nearly one hundred million of miles from the earth. And, yet, not a single ray of it, ever reaches the earth, which has not to be accounted for. It is charged against her ; debt and credit. Lavish as all Nature seem, spendthrift though she appear, doing things on such a scale, that economy seems actually impossible, yet she weighs out her forces, as though she were compounding a prescription as a druggist, or selling precious stones as a jeweller. Very well. Here stands the Cross of Christ. It is charged against humanity ; debt and credit. Whatever it is, has been carefully calculated ; all its meaning, all its forces. It is not introduced into human life, tentatively, as an experiment. It is here as the principle of gravitation is ; to draw men to God, and to bind them there. “ And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” Do you feel the force of this drawing of the lifted Christ? Here is the fact. The law of gravitation you yield to. This is the law of spiritual gravitation. “ He that walketh up-

rightly, walketh surely." The wise saying has this two-fold meaning. This is the way Enoch walked with God ; drawn by this power of spiritual gravitation.

And, yet, in religion, reason is not the first faculty appealed to. I admit it. Is it in life? Christianity is only the inner life. Do we learn the philosophy of locomotion, before we have learned locomotion itself? Imagine a mother teaching her little child the names of the bones in its tiny limbs ; the names of the sockets and the joints ; the names and the power of the muscles used in walking ; and then trying to explain to him how each of these various mechanical inventions of the Creator, combine to produce the act of walking ; seeking to make him operate his limbs, as though they were a machine. This is the way some people approach Christianity. The philosophy of Christianity, they want to understand, before attempting to connect their lives with its motive powers ; its impulses, its inspirations. The art of walking is not to be approached physiologically ; not because there is no sound philosophy in it ; but, because walking is good, even if we could not explain its philosophy ; because the art is more important than the science. It is just so with Christianity. This is the walk of the inward man. There is a philosophy of the plan of salvation. There is a system of truth, which has all the symmetry of an Apollo-Belvidere ; each part being related to its brother-part, and all needful for the whole. But, it is not given to all minds, to see this symmetry ; least of all, antecedent to belief.

There is this to be said, also, that like all earthly sciences, religion has to be mastered, first, in its rudiments ; never first, in its abstruser principles. And the great Teacher,

unlike many an earthly teacher, is able to say, "Do as I do;" begins with an object-lesson in His own person. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." And here we return to the idea, that greatness in the Kingdom of God, is after the type of the King. There is a generic idea in that phrase deny himself. In the olden times, when kings used to walk about *incognito*, an humble rural subject encountered what seemed to him, a person of very high distinction; and when he learned from him that the king was in the vicinity, asked his newly-found acquaintance to point him out. "Well," was the reply, "you have only to mark the one in whose presence all the rest stand uncovered." It was but a moment, before they were surrounded by a retinue of attendants, all of whom immediately lifted their hats. The wondering subject said to his companion: "It must be either you or I!" This is precisely the way it is with the soul and Christ. Christ is the Being in whose presence none of his creatures should stand covered. There is no I, that should come into comparison or competition with Him. "Let him deny himself;" and take Christ as his better self.

We have a very tame use of the word self-denial; which is to the real thing meant here, about what the cutting off of a few branches, is to laying of the axe at the root of the tree; and felling the tree. The King of this new Kingdom wants His subjects for His own uses. All earthly sovereignty of one over another; all the highest claims of the most absolute monarchy; are as nothing, when compared with the claim which this King makes. Strictly speaking, it is the only kingship. When the Israelites, in their restlessness under the theocracy, asked for

a king, such as the other nations had, God told Samuel to remind them what the word king meant. This is the category of his virtues, as Samuel unfolded them: "He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, and for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some of them shall run before his chariots; and he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots; and he will take your daughters to be confectioners, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields and your vineyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep; and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day, because of your king, which ye shall have chosen you." Kingship meant something then; but it means more in the Kingdom of God. It is not the gift of sons and daughters, of men-servants and maid-servants, of sheep and cattle, that this King exacts. It is the gift of self. Not of selfishness, but of self. "Here am I; send me; use me; glorify thyself in, and through me."

Self concentrates in the will. We say, "O, I never can give up my reason." Your reason is not asked for; only your will. The very moment you are willing to take this Jesus as your King, His service will be the most reasonable thing in the world. Men are very jealous of their reason; as though Christianity would do violence to their reason. Have you ever noticed, how in the progress of a science, that which seems reasonable to-day, becomes

absurd to-morrow? Men with just as good intellectual gifts as the scientists of this generation, have accepted and advocated theories, which to-day, are exploded as worthless. This only shows that men cannot always put entire confidence in what they regard the results of reason, even in material things. It shows, too, that imperfect acquaintance with a subject leads to partial views of it.

The question, then, my Brother, is not, will you give up your reason? If you become a Christian, you will see for the first time, that up to this moment, you have used your reason to confirm yourself in error, as the old scientists did. The truth makes us free, by freeing the will. And till we accept the truth, we are in bondage to error ; and the best use we can make of reason, is to argue ourselves deeper and deeper in. But, once loyal to Jesus as a King ; once having surrendered to Him our will ; once having said " Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? " we find that all the rest is easy. There is not a faculty of our nature which does not breathe freer ; which does not exult in its freedom. We find, that having humbled ourselves as a little child, we are already in the Kingdom of God ; freemen in Christ Jesus ! Ay, great in the Kingdom of God.

VII.

GOD'S GUARANTEE ABOUT CHILDREN.

PROVERBS XXII: 6.—“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

A child will come up, in some way. Its growth in some direction, is a certainty. Training does not insure growth; it only determines the direction of growth. Growth is a necessity of the child's being. Set out a grape-vine; it will grow whether you train it or not. It will grow up; it will grow down; it will grow North, South, East or West: according as you train it. Those little tendrils, by which it clings to the nearest object of support; to fence, or stake or stump; to the very weeds, which tower up around it; to the trellis, which you construct for it; those little tendrils are the most fearful things in its nature; show us that some direction or other it is bound to take, and to keep. It is just so with a child. It has just such tendrils to climb with. All that there is trustful, tender and impressible in a child; all that there is which clings and climbs, promises the taking and the keeping of some direction, which is to be given to it by outward objects; by parents, teachers, precept, example.

It is not, then, the alternative: Either I must train up this child in my way, which is the Lord's way, or let him come up himself; let him wait until he comes to years of discretion. It is the rather: Either I must train

up this child in my way, which is the Lord's way ; or somebody else will train him up in his way, which is not the Lord's way. He will find training, just as certainly as that vine does. He will find some teacher, toward which he will lean ; some support, around which the tendrils of his nature will cling. If you do not determine what your children shall be ; what books your children shall read ; what associates they shall have ; where they shall attend Church and Sunday School, and what they shall be taught there, somebody else will. You can as well settle that, at the outset.

We often think, as we are engaged in this work with our children : Could we only know how it would result ; could we make a prophetic forecast of our children's future ; it would help to support us, when discouraged. Impressible as our children are, we sometimes seem to make no impression upon them. Affectionate as they are, they sometimes seem to trifle with our most serious words. And we often say to ourselves, " Could we have some guarantee from Heaven, that this will not be all in vain ! " The text is

GOD'S GUARANTEE AS TO THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Let us think of it.

I. No guarantee can be given, except by one who has power to make that guarantee good.

A guarantee requires something more than a kind intention ; a favorable opinion. There are a great many men, for whom you have the highest respect, whose name upon a note would not be worth any more than that of a child. They have no ability to make good the promise

of the note. There is only one Being in the Universe, who has the power to make good such a guarantee, as that of the text. It is the Being who sees the end from the beginning ; it is the Being who knows how to adapt means to the accomplishment of an end ; it is the Being whose methods of working in Nature, we call the laws of Nature. They are so uniform ; they are so unfailing. "When he is old, he will not depart from it." Such training made Moses, made David, made Daniel, made Timothy.

It is often said that a man who plants a tree, is a benefactor to future generations. What does he do? He only takes God's guarantee, that what he starts in the earth a twig, will go on growing until his children's children shall sit beneath the shadow of it. He will lie sleeping in the dust. The roots of this tree, indeed, may come to be neighbors to his pillow. But, this thing he does ; this attachment which he makes of himself to something, to which God has given a law of growth, will go on perpetuating itself, generation after generation. In every field and forest, God has said, "Train up a tree in the way it should go, and when it is old, it will not depart from it." And that wide-spread oak, a hundred years old, which overshadows the dwelling where this man once broke mortal bread, shows us how he took God's guarantee, and acted on it ; and how what God guaranteed was fulfilled.

People with clear heads about other life, get very much mystified when they come to religious life. It does not seem to them to stand upon the same plane with the nurture of plants and trees. They believe in the uniformity of God's laws when they are cultivating roses and tomato-

vines. They set out a young oak with a kind of confidence that it will tower into the heavens, and bless everybody who sits in the shadow of it. But, when they come to the training of immortal beings, in whom God has so much more interest than in flowers and trees, they say in their hearts, "If the Lord will, this child shall grow up as I train him in his childhood." Why should there be any "if" about it? There is no doubt about what God's will is. If you take the moment, when your heart is the most tender toward your child; when you have the highest aspirations as to what he may be, and what you wish him to be; when you build for him those "castles in the air," which fathers and mothers know so well how to build; that, if you are a Christian, is nearer the will of your Heavenly Father respecting him, than anything else that you can form. God has the father-heart and the mother-heart in one. You know how it was with the mother of Samuel. She wanted for her son a place in the tabernacle, to serve there with the old man Eli. And long before the Lord spoke to him, she trained him for it. She took him to Shiloh, and left him in his childhood; coming, yearly, to bring a little coat, which she had made for him with her own hands. Who can doubt, but that wish of hers, that her own boy should minister to the old man Eli, was in entire harmony with the will of God that Samuel should become an eminent prophet; and contributed to it?

There is often a very low tone to our religious life, respecting our children just as respecting ourselves. We do aspire to have them escape the evils that are in the world; be virtuous, industrious and safe. But God's guarantee is just as good, if we seek great things for

them. I do not know why, in these hundreds of families, there may not be children upon whom God will so descend by His grace, that they shall be eminent for usefulness; nursing fathers and nursing mothers in the Christian church; teachers, ministers, missionaries, great workers, great givers. For our children, why should we not covet the best gifts? Somebody's children must have these gifts. Does God give you and me any dispensation respecting our children, such that we may safely covet for them an easy place in His Kingdom? a future, where they will always be near their parents? even a life and death in their own native land? Was this aspiration of Samuel's mother an unnatural one? Was her conduct, in making so early a surrender of her little boy to the service of God, unmotherly? Who believes it?

II. There is a way, in which a child should go, and God guarantees that if he is trained up in that way, he will never leave it.

I do not think the training here, is mainly the imparting of knowledge. The imparting of knowledge respecting religious things is very important; and there is no religious training without it. But, we may make a fatal mistake right here. Here are the Ten Commandments, for example. They are the trellis, which we set up in God's name, on which to train the religious growth of our children. We teach them that God is the only Being to be worshipped; we teach them to set apart His day; to be reverent in the use of His name and His Word; we teach them to honor their parents; we teach them to be pure in their thoughts; to be truthful and honest and kind in their little dealings with each other. But, there is scarcely a day of nursery-life in any of our homes, in

which there is not an opportunity to enforce or illustrate some of these commandments. And here is the sphere of nurture ; of training. Take, for example, the commandment : "Thou shalt not covet !" The drawing out of the child's soul in obedience to this commandment, so that another child's playthings and joys shall seem as sacred to him as his own ; the making of the tendrils of his young nature clasp this trellis and climb it, is what is meant by training up the child.

There are people who have a great deal of success in dealing with plant-life. I always envy them. They are people of almost infinite patience. They are people who condescend to a multitude of little particulars. They are not like parents, who say to a little child : "I have told you once, and that is enough." Once is not enough. Once never was enough for you and me, when we were children. Our kind and forgiving Heavenly Father knows that it is not enough, now we are grown people. It has always taken line upon line and precept upon precept with every one of us. Precisely here, is where we fail. Teaching our children, is not training them. Tell them once, telling them a hundred times even, is not training them. We are often pointed to families of children whose future career falsifies the guarantee of the text. It is said, that here was a certain minister's family, or a certain deacon's family, all thoroughly taught the Bible and the Catechism, and yet, scarcely one of them turned out well. I say, again, teaching children is not training them ; any more than putting down a trellis, and tying a vine to it with a string, is training it. Training implies the patient guiding of the growing stalk. God does not

guarantee the children of people who only teach their children, but do not train them.

Teaching is the function of the Sabbath School ; but, not training. And we Christian parents, to whom God gives a guarantee if we train our children in the way they should go, comfort our hearts that our children are all right, if they are only taught that way. Teaching is imparting knowledge ; training is the application of that knowledge ; is the drawing out and confirming of the child's life, in accordance with it. Training involves condescension to child-life, and sympathy with it ; the listening to thousands of little questions, and the patient attempt to answer them. There was a time, when education in school-houses was nothing but committing to memory. This was the old type of religious education. It was committing the Shorter Catechism. As though the knowledge of truth insured the application of it ! The Catechism was put under the childhood cornerstone, as though that was to determine the whole superstructure.

There is something very touching in the manner, in which the mother of Thomas Carlyle followed her distinguished son, whom she at first hoped to hear preach the Gospel, with entreaties that he should not neglect his Bible. "Tell me if thou readest a chapter often, and Tom, if not, begin, begin." Letter after letter goes from that humble home, where the mother had practiced penmanship, that she might correspond with her favorite boy, whose future eminence her own heart predicted. For the heart of every mother is prophetic in its instincts. But, it was too late. The trouble was in that home-nurture. At least, I think so. It was rigidly Biblical and Calvinis-

tic, as a system of instruction. So far as outward morality, so far as a kind of proud and sturdy independence was concerned, it was faultless. It was a God-fearing household; that of Carlyle's father. The son honored it; revered it; but, somehow, it failed with him. Did it fail because it was so much a matter of teaching, and so little a matter of training?

Just see how Carlyle regarded his father: "We had all to complain," he says, "that we dared not freely love our father. His heart seemed as if walled in. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him, and that her affection and admiration for him were obstructed. He had an air of deepest gravity, and even sternness." An American biography, the biography of the American divine, who did so much in his day to emphasize the importance of Christian Nurture, furnishes another picture of a father. This is from the hand of a daughter: "Of my father's paternal tenderness, shown daily in little ways and sometimes in rare moments, finding exquisite expression, this is not the place to speak openly. It may be guessed what warmth he radiated, if we recall that luminous revelation of himself, when he said, 'It is the strongest want of my being, love!' Nor can we reveal the gentle, fatherly counsels, and the attractive, personal religious talks, all the more prized because of their rarity. In such conversations it was always the winning, never the compelling side of religious experience, which he presented to us."

Here was one father, as stately and rigid and cold as Ailsa Crag itself, and another, as gentle and approachable as some green slope of the Connecticut, clothed with flocks, and graceful with elms. It is easy enough to see

that in Ecclefechan, all the aspects of religion would be of the inflexible and forbidding kind ; while in Hartford, they would seem wholly harmonious with the gentle authority and grace of home-life ; that in Ecclefechan, there would be a kind of gulf fixed between childhood and the Kingdom of God, while in Hartford, the children would be in this Kingdom, before they asked where they were.

There would have been no difference between James Carlyle and Horace Bushnell as to the meaning of the words in the text, "the way he should go." They both believed that children should be brought up religiously. But the difference was as to what constituted this religious bringing up. In the old Scotch method, great attention was paid to teaching the Bible and teaching the Catechism ; to grounding the children in the fundamental doctrines ; matters which we too much neglect. In the home in Hartford, larger dependence was placed on nurture ; on guiding the little feet into the way of life ; on having the image of Christ impressed on the soul, in infancy and childhood ; matters which are of the first importance.

I have already called your attention to a distinction between teaching and training. Teaching has to do with knowledge ; training has to do with practice. The child has to be trained in the way he should go : that is, his child-life, in the way it expands, in the forms which it takes on is to be guided and directed by you in the paths of piety ; is to unfold under your eye, your influence, your touch. Take an illustration of this kind : Your little lad is trying to lay out a flower-bed in the back-yard. You see that he has not drawn the border lines straight. He knows what straight is ; but he does not know how to compass a straight line. You can take the spade, and

guided by your eye, you can make a straight line. But this is not what he wants. He wants you to show him how he can make a straight line. You drive down two stakes, and stretch a cord between them, and tell him to follow that cord. Will he ever forget that lesson? The same little fellow does not go straight to school, or to Sunday School. It is not because he does not know the way. He needs a little inward training, as to the bearing of his negligence upon his own future. Show him how to make a straight line here.

III. God's guarantee is not, that if we teach a child the way he should go, and fail to train him up in that way, his future is secure. This has been the too-frequent interpretation of this passage. It is much like the expectation of the man who cultivates vines, that if he do not succeed with the vine while it is young and tender, it will take to the trellis of its own accord, when it has become stiff and woody.

The dedication of a child to God in baptism, as a kind of preventive charm against evil ; as an effort to put God under bonds to take care of it, and ultimately save it, whatever our failures : this is the attitude of many people in the Christian Church. God does not say : "Dedicate a child to me ; take him to my house, and have his name uttered in presence of the great congregation ; and have my servant administer the seal of the ordinance to him ; and I will take care of him ; I will see that your expectations are fulfilled, and that, some day, he himself will come and give himself away to the Lord, and be just what you want him to be !" He does not even say, "Educate your child for me ; teach him the truths of the Bible ; teach him his native sinfulness and need of a

Saviour; teach him what Jesus taught; and I will see that in after days this effort shall have its recognition and reward." Now, I believe in dedicating children to God; I believe in educating them for God. But, this is not the meaning of this text. It is not intended to comfort us when, having failed to train them up in the way which they should go; having never got them into this way, we see them wandering away from God; I say, it is not intended to comfort us with the thought, that what we have failed to secure in their infancy and childhood, is some how, in some magical way, to be accomplished in their maturer years. Whatever may be said of other passages of the Bible, as bearing upon these points, this is not the one, which teaches any such doctrine.

I admit the force of faith in God's covenant, with reference to the return of a wayward child, even when his parents have passed to the skies. I believe in the influence of the truth, implanted in the memory, when not received into the heart. But, you will agree with me that, ordinarily, religious instruction which doesn't result in religious training, soon becomes irksome and distasteful. The child reacts from it. It is just as it is in the day-school. Cramming the memory with dry rules, or dry facts, causes a reaction from the study so prosecuted. The practical illustration of these rules, or the scientific classification of these facts, on the other hand, is delightful. True religious life in a home, will be just as engaging to other children, as it was to Dr. Bushnell's children. Carlyle's biographer relates a very impressive event in the last days of his grandfather. There had been some family quarrel, and he and his brother, though living close neighbors, had not spoken for years. They were

both over eighty years old. One of them, Carlyle's grandfather, being on his death-bed, the heart of the other one relented. He was a grim, broad, fierce-faced man, who had followed the sea ; this great-uncle of Carlyle. And being too unwieldly to walk, he was brought to Ecclefechan in a cart, and carried in a chair up the steep stairs, to the room of his dying brother. There he remained some twenty minutes, and came down, with a face which the memory of the little Carlyle never forgot. Doubtless this was religion. It was a kind of heroic thing to do. It was the act of a man who expected soon to appear before the Judge of all the earth, and who remembered the words of the daily prayer, taught him in childhood : "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." But, it was not such a tender and childlike manifestation of religion, as was calculated to win the heart of a child. Here was relenting ; but, where were the long, wasted years of unrelenting ?

Do you know that I think that God sets a much higher value upon the conversion of a child, than the conversion of an adult ? The joints of an adult are stiff. It is not so easy for him to walk in the way of God's commandments ; even when that way has been taught him. Why is it that in kinds of business, say banking, for example, clerks are wanted who are young ? Employers want that period, when the mind is still flexible ; when habits can be easily formed. Just so, I believe, that God wants children brought to Him early, and trained up for Him in youth, because they are much more valuable to Him. And when He says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it," I believe He refers to the greater serviceableness of

those who are converted in childhood ; to the highest economy in church-work.

Take men or women, who are converted after all their tastes and standards have been for years worldly. True, they renounce them. They seek new channels for the currents of their life. But, every now and then, some great inundation will come, and will break through the new barriers, and strike across the beautiful valleys of their present aspirations and purposes, and leave the work of months or years in desolation. Converted adults, it seems to me, require more nursing and forbearance than converted children. The grace which they seek from God, seems largely expended upon themselves. To them, the church is more a hospital, than a field of service. As a rule, very little is expected of them but to manage to get along without a breach of their covenant. I know there are noble exceptions. But, believing thoroughly as I do in revival-work, as the only work calculated to reach many adults ; and glorying in the fruits of such work, I want still to make this emphatic, that even when God talks about loyalty to him in adult-life, He attaches it to the injunction, " Train up a child the way he should go." Maturity and consistency of Christian character in manhood and womanhood, God attaches to the childhood trained up the way it should go.

Salvation by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, so far as I can see, addresses itself just as really to child-life as to adult-life. Nay, it is more on a level with child-life, than adult-life. When a lad of thirteen comes to his Pastor, with the wish to talk and pray with him, about what he ought to do to be saved ; and when a man sixty years old comes upon the same errand, you

may think the last understands himself better than the first. It does not follow from the difference in their ages. The Kingdom of God is right over opposite the day-school and the play-ground, as really as the evening-time of mature years. And it may depend upon your faith and my faith, whether the lad shall come now, when there is some use in him ; when youth's glow and youth's baptism make his life beautiful ; when there may be a half-century of work in him for the Lord Jesus Christ ; or, come a little child, in his old age ; at the eleventh hour. There is many a parent, and many a teacher, and many a pastor, who has occupied the attitude of the disciples when the mothers brought their little ones to the Lord, that He might bless them ; meeting them with rebuke and discouragement ; while He always says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

IV. When we are looking at the Lord's guarantee as to the training of our children, we must mark the difference between the meaning of training up children *in* the way they should go, and training them up *the way* they should go. The expressions sound very much alike. But, the meaning of one is material and artificial ; and the meaning of the other is spiritual. A child trained up in the way he should go, is one held in restraint ; kept within bounds ; limited here, and limited there ; in a word, under authority ; not taught self-government.

The best government, is the least government. I mean, of course, the best government which answers the ends of government ; which is a terror to those that do evil, and a praise to those who do well. The training of

a vine implies its freedom to grow according to the law of life within it. Every tendril that gets hold of the trellis, tends to fix the place of the next tendril. Fix in your child's mind reverence for the Bible, and when he finds there: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy;" or "Honor thy father and thy mother," he is ready to transfer the reverence already awakened to these precepts. He grows up from that trellis, where you have fixed him, to another, which is beyond it.

I want, if possible, to distinguish here between walking in a way, as one might do, artificially, and growing up into that way; adopting it as the law of one's growth and development. For this is what the text means. You have seen a peach tree spread out upon the walls of a conservatory like a fan. That was done contrary to the law of its natural growth, and, in one sense, made it a deformity. God intended it to balance itself and support itself by the way in which it grew. Now, religion does not take a child's nature and spread it against a brick wall, and nail it up there; taking away all its beauty, and all its sweet proportions. This sort of treatment is the very one against which his nature reacts. And God makes no promise to it in the text. His guarantee relates to that kind of guidance, under which the naturally-developing life of the child is given a tendency toward God and toward Heaven.

"Train up a child in the way which he should go." The going, the child has to perform; just as the tree has to do the growing. His going is growth, like the growth of the tree. And the text guarantees, that training, which results in a child's growing up into Christian life, never will be reacted from in adult life. This is a period in

which a great many people, who once thought themselves Christians, are falling away, not merely from the practice of Christianity, but from the belief of it. Now, if you, who are so anxious that your children should have the safeguards of religion ; should be held true to the system of truth which Jesus taught ; should be not only child-Christians, but adult-Christians ; and when everybody else talks as though they stood on sinking sand, should be like one with his feet planted on the Rock of Ages ; if you want God's guarantee for it, do not look for it in the result of your prayers and your faith, that it will eventually be all right with your children ; that they will be converted in some future revival ; but look for it in the diligent and tender training of them the way they should go.

The guarantee of God is not that when they are old they will come into the way they should go ; but, that they shall not depart from that way, in which you have trained them up. When the great Scotch preacher, Guthrie, was lying in the border-lands, which are between this world and the next, why did he want sung to him the songs of the children ; bairns' songs, as he expressed it ? Why did John Quincy Adams never retire to rest without first repeating the nursery-prayer, " Now I lay me down to sleep ? " Had these men found nothing beyond those first impressions made on them in their childhood ? Had this man, whose eloquence had swayed such multitudes, and had helped such multitudes to a knowledge of the way of life in the pulpit ; nothing better for his soul, than the songs of little children ? Had this great statesman of Quincy no other prayer for his lips in old age,

than the prayer his mother taught him? Ah! the great poet was right:

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

If in childhood we get into the way of life, adult years will take care of themselves.

I suppose, in one sense, children will always be upon the hearts of their parents. The parental instinct to defend and protect the child, makes it necessary. But the solicitude about the direction of the child; and the ultimate result of the child's life; this solicitude, I believe, this, and kindred passages of the Bible were intended to relieve. The years of especial care and anxiety are very few. From birth to the teens, the thing is virtually settled. When the children of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, left home to shift for themselves, he gave them a personal letter, with a copy of the New Testament, commending to them the Christian religion. No doubt, the fact of going away from home makes the impressions connected with that event very solemn; that what a mother says, as she puts the boy's Bible into the trunk; or what the father says, as he warmly presses the dear fellow's hand, and gives him a last kiss; no doubt, these are to be long remembered. But, do you know, that deeper than these fervors and memories of the moment, are those impressions which have been made little by little, as drops of water wear a hole into the stone; as the pebbles of the seashore are smoothed, as no chisel of the stone-cutter can smoothe them?

Do not depend upon it, though it may come; do not depend upon the sudden revolution, which may be wrought in your child after he is gone; when he meets for him-

self the buffet of life's ways ; when he undertakes to walk alone with himself in the far-away wilds ; in the crowded city. Now, you have him in his boyhood. Now, your father-love and your mother-love inspire you to mark him for the Lord. Grave deep into his spirit, the fundamental things ; the things which unbelief cannot disturb. Teach him there is a God ; teach him to open his fresh young nature to the influences of God's Spirit, as the bud opens to the rays of the sun. Teach him that the thing which God hates, is evil ; sin, in whatever form. Array him loyally on the right side. Teach him, that the manifestation of Himself, which God has made, in Jesus of Nazareth, is something which must be to him, without the possibility of change ! The handwriting of your love, which you make in your weakness, will grow with his growth, just as the initials carved in a sapling enlarge with the growth of the tree ; till nothing can remove them, which does not destroy that tree itself. And, one thing always remember, that in all life, in all growth of childhood, there will be fluctuations. You are not training up beings without individuality ; without a will. Because to-day you do not see the same results from your training of your child, which followed yesterday, it does not prove anything against the training. A child is like a fruit-tree in the spring-time. This day, he is all covered over with blossoms, and to-morrow, the ground is sprinkled with them ; and you are discouraged. But, the time of the fruit is not yet. The blossoms no more predict the fruit, than the period when the fruit is setting. You hold steadfast to your work. "Train up the child in the way he should go ; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." It is God's guarantee, that you shall not "labor in vain, nor spend your strength for naught."

VIII.

THE POWER OF A FACT.

JOHN IX: 25.—“One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

Facts are a great deal more powerful than philosophy. Facts are things; and philosophy is only the science of things. This blind man, whom Jesus had healed, could not be diverted from fact to philosophy. He did not know whence Jesus came, not where Jesus was; he did not undertake to explain how a man who had broken the Sabbath, could be a good man; or how a sinner could work such miracles. He simply held to this one fact: “Whereas I was blind, now I see.”

There is many a man, who has been cheated out of the possession of a fact, by trying to philosophise about that fact. At such or such a time, like Saul of Tarsus, he said to the Lord Jesus, “What wilt thou have me to do?” There in the silence of his chamber; or there in the presence of the great congregation, he said, “Here, Lord, I give myself away; it is all that I can do.” It was a fact, as real as the fact of his own existence. It is the great central fact in all his being; and he will yet so regard it. But, the circumstances having changed, he now begins to inquire of himself whether, after all, it was any fact at all; whether it was not an imagination; a kind of spiritual phantasm. He now begins to study into the philosophy of regeneration; and to doubt whether

he has ever experienced it, because he never understood its philosophy.

These people, who were talking with this blind man, tried to divert his mind from the single fact, which possessed it: "That a man called Jesus had healed him of his blindness!" They could not succeed. They might claim anything else. They might disprove anything else. From this fact they could not move him. This fact was rooted in his being, like a tree in the earth; like the mountains in the depths of the sea.

THE POWER OF A FACT IN RELIGION:

Let this be the subject of this morning's meditation.

I. What is a fact? A fact, as its etymology indicates, is something done; something which has got into human life; got into history, got recorded in human annals, as an event.

You go to Lincoln Park, in this city, and you see in bronze, a memorial of a fact. The time may come, when the question will be raised, whether there ever was such a system as slavery in this country; such a President as Abraham Lincoln. Well, here is a memorial of a fact. Here is what Abraham Lincoln did. He smote the fetters from three millions of men, women and children, made in the image of the living God. You go to Arlington Heights. This is the sacred resting-place of more than sixteen thousand American soldiers. Here is another fact. This is what these men, a part of the great multitude of citizens, who sprang to arms, were ready to do, rather than have the cause of humanity go backward.

We have spread before us this morning, the memorial of a fact; something that has got into life, and into his-

tory, more than any other event. It is the memorial of of the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. Nineteen centuries ago, this Nazarene did something in Judea, which we Gentiles, on whom these ends of the world are come, meet to celebrate. His death was a fact, which this memorial commemorates. This proof that there was such a Being ; that he laid down His life for sinners ; that He expected to be remembered for what He had done, no power on earth can destroy. It has been handed down from witness to witness, till our day.

Facts are really the landmarks of history ; and we erect memorials of them, so that history may not be forgotten, or falsified, or perverted. To men, who have been found on the wrong side ; who have put light for darkness and darkness for light ; nothing is more disagreeable, than the memory of events which prove it. This memorial service, to-day, the Holy Spirit teaches us, is to show the Lord's death till He come ; to keep alive the memory of a fact, till the coming of another fact. Were Pilate and the Jews alive, how they would hate it. The sacrificial system of the Jews ; every bleeding victim, every smoking altar, showed the Lord's death, till His first coming. This festival, which is intended to be God's memorial of what has transpired between Himself and His creatures, shows the Lord's death till His second coming. This memorial shows the fact of God's love ; the measure of God's love, and the measure of man's need of it. For, while a fact is only a fact, it is often the best proof of a principle or a doctrine. Because a fact is never a sufficient explanation of itself. Nothing is done in this world, whether by man or God, and least of all by God, without a reason for it.

And, for this blind man, while he never would philosophise about who Jesus was, or whether He were good or bad, or whether He wrought the benefit, which relieved his blindness ; the most unanswerable argument to all that was said, was this fact : "Whereas I was blind, now I see." And this was why they cast him out of the synagogue : because, first, he believed in Jesus ; and because, in second place, he gave an unanswerable reason for it. He adduced a fact, which justified him. True, he could not help it. But, see how brave he was. Pharisees, neighbors, parents, not one of them could shake him. He had but one story for them all : "This one thing I know. Whereas I was blind, now I see." Cast me out of the synagogue, will you ? Well, cast me out, I cannot but speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen. He entrenched himself in this fact. This fact was his shield and buckler. This fact was his weapon offensive and defensive. On this fact, having done all, he would stand.

I cannot recall a man, in the whole life of the Lord Jesus, as recorded by the Evangelists, who ever witnessed a better confession than this. The account given here is very graphic. It is like the handling of a witness by the hand of skillful lawyers. But, every time, the witness has the better of it, and the questioners are discomfited. Why ? Simply, because he had a fact, and held to it. When the neighbors were doubting as to his identity, his face had been so irradiated with the new light in which he walked, and only said, "He is like him," he burst in, "I am he !" When the Pharisees said, "He is not of God, else He would keep the Sabbath," his answer was, "He is a prophet." When his parents refused to confess

their own son, lest it should be turned against them, and they be cast out of the synagogue, he was ready to speak for himself. When the Pharisees said, "Well, never mind about this man. Thank God for your deliverance. A Sabbath-breaker never wrought it," he would not be let off in that way. His answer is: "Whether He be a sinner, I know not. Settle that for yourselves. But, whereas I was blind, now I see." Then, when in their jeering, they want to hear the whole story over again; of the making clay with spittle; of the anointing; of the going to the pool of Siloam; he meets them in the same spirit, and asks them if they want to become his disciples! Then, when in their pride and anger, they say, "Thou art His disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. As for this fellow, we know not whence he is;" the whole soul of this blind man rises in indignation within him, and with mingled irony, argument and eloquence, he goes on: "Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes! Now, we know that God heareth not sinners. But, if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, He could do nothing."

Now, the whole secret of this was, that he was under the power of a fact. He could not forget how lately he had sat by the wayside, begging. He could not forget how this blessing had come to him unexpected and unsought. He could not forget his own first apprehension of the divine might of One who could thus kindle the dead orbs of his being, so that from night he could have perpetual day. Deny Him? How could he? Let others deny Him? How could he?

II. A fact like this is important to us, according to its personal bearing upon ourselves and those who know us ; according as it has come into our life, into our history.

Of all the miracles which Jesus ever wrought, to this man this was the most important. It was wrought upon himself. It was the only one which he knew anything about. It was the only one which he could form any true idea of. It was the only one of which he was the beneficiary. His neighbors and his relatives, indeed, the Pharisees themselves, recognized this : “ That he was the man who knew ! ”

If you have ever been at a resort for invalids, you have noticed how each one comes to live in a little circle of thoughts and attentions, of which he is the centre ; everything is looked at, in its relation to himself ; the world revolves around him. Is it the weather, diet, society, recreations, whatever subject is uppermost, it is looked at as bearing upon the personal comfort of the various persons present. And if one recovers his health, that recovery is more to him than the recovery of all the rest. Everybody knows the value of health to himself.

This blind man knew the measure of his affliction. He had been born so. He had taken the measure of it all his life. Though God gives to all men liberally ; he gives understandingly. He knows how much he gives. I always feel, too, that there is a peculiar tenderness in the manner in which such a fact as this is stated in the Gospel narrative. “ Blind from his birth ! ” The sacred writers seem to take the whole case in from the side of the sufferer. When the Saviour meets the funeral procession just going out of the city of Nain, how, with a single stroke, the case is laid before us : “ The only son of his mother, and she was a

widow." That was the dead man they carried out. The personal bearing of all our sorrows and afflictions ; yes, we feel it, and God feels it, too. "Blind from his birth!" The whole history of the man, we see at a glance.

Take the sorrow home to your own household ; that will make it more real. A little child of yours comes into the world with his eyes sealed up to the day, to the light of love in your own eyes. Make it your last-born little one. And try, too, to realize that instead of its being, at a period of the world, when the blind can be taught many a mechanic art, many an accomplishment ; can be educated and occupied ; can find positions of honor and influence ; that the only possible lot for him, was that of helplessness ; the only possible occupation, that of begging by the wayside ! This it was to be born blind. And, then, think how all his life up, this man had been at disadvantage. He could not compete with other men in the struggle for a livelihood. That he was gifted beyond ordinary men ; that he had the moral courage, of which heroes are made, this scene clearly shows us. But he was kept back and suppressed by his great affliction.

"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind ; now I see." The power of the Lord Jesus to work miracles, was a thing sufficiently attested to multitudes who did not experience it. But, to those who did experience it, it ever afterwards remained something private and personal. Just as the physician receives his patients, one at a time ; just as he looks at the symptoms of each, and prescribes differently for the wants of each ; so when men came under the power of the Lord to heal, the transaction was a personal one. It gave new value to their lives. It gave new dignity to themselves. True, all that Jesus had done

was to spit upon the ground, make clay, anoint the poor man's eyes, send him to the pool of Siloam, and the work was accomplished. But, always afterwards, he was known as the man born blind, whom Jesus had healed ! It was so of all Christ's beneficiaries.

You remember the statement respecting Lazarus, after he had been raised from the dead. It is said that "much people came to Bethany, not merely to see Jesus, but to see Lazarus, also ;" and that the chief priests consulted how they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him, many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus. This was because every fact of healing performed by the Lord Jesus, became personal to him on whom it was wrought. This blind man went about a living epistle, with this inscription : "One thing I know ; whereas I was blind ; now I see." Lazarus, wherever he went, said this, by the very fact of his presence : "One thing I know ; whereas I was dead, now I am alive again."

If we look at this narrative carefully, we shall see that it was partly the personal force of this fact, that the Jews wanted to break. They could get rid of the miracle, if they could only get rid of the man behind it ; as they wanted to get rid of Lazarus. Here was a man who had been born blind. For long years, he had been a familiar object ; an object of compassion. He had disappeared. Another man, so the Jews wanted to believe, had come in his place. And so they looked the man over. They found some resemblance ; but they doubted his identity. And so they take the man to his parents with this question : "Is this your son, whom you say was born blind ?" They wanted, if possible, to make it appear that there

was some failure of identity. Because it was in its relation to him, as a person, that the value of the miracle, as a testimony, would appear.

The fact that you or I are Christians ; have found forgiveness and peace at the foot of the Cross, is of general aggregate value, in the progress of Christ's Kingdom. We count so much in the statistical tables. But, it is of personal value, as affecting our own judgment of the power of the truth as it is in Jesus ; as affecting the judgment of those personally acquainted with us. There was a time, when we did not appreciate the value of spiritual things. Those were the days of our blindness. But our whole inner being has been revolutionized. We, the same persons, who once did not see, are now able to see. And our testimony is valuable, just in proportion as the fact claimed is a personal fact ; a fact, attached to persons whose identity is unshaken. Men say of the Christian religion, "Give us a fact !" Well, every man, whose eyes have been opened to spiritual things, is a fact ; is a personal fact ; a fact, not to be gainsaid or resisted.

III. A spiritual fact is just as much a fact as a material one. Accurately speaking, is far more a fact ; just as spirit is far more real than matter.

A fact, I have defined as something done. The opening of the eyes of one born blind ; no one would doubt that this is a fact ; to be made able to see, where before one could not see. Talk to this man. Tell him that it is all a delusion, this idea that he can see. Try to make him return to his old life of sitting by the wayside, begging. He will laugh at you. Try to convince him that the anointing of his eyes with clay, had nothing to do with the change. He has but a single answer for you :

"This one thing I know ; whereas I was blind ; now I see." The whole realm of things visible has been thrown open to him. It is as if he had stood before a double-barred gate, where were enclosed the most beautiful of all sights, and, all at once, that gate had been flung back. Before, he had heard the song of birds ; but now, he sees their bright plumage and their wings flashing in the sunlight. Before, he had felt the texture and form of the lilies of the field ; but now, he sees them in all their glory, which shames the glory of a Solomon. Before, he had often yearned to see the face of parent or child ; he had often wondered what his dearest ones were like. Now, all this new world is his own. Imaginary, is it ? It is the solidest fact of which he can think.

The healing of physical blindness, yes, men admit this to be a fact. They take the testimony of the one born blind. But, how about the healing of spiritual blindness ? Here is a man, who up to yesterday, found nothing but uninteresting, commonplace, if not disagreeable matter, in the Bible. Now, he sits poring over it from morning till night. It is as fresh to him, as the last novel to you. All the beauty there is in the character and teachings, in the life and death of the Lord Jesus, his mind's eye has been holden to it. The other day, there was no book for him like the last book of science, or poetry, or history ; nothing like the last daily journal. To-day, there is no book, like the book of God. Ask him about it. He will tell you this : That the Holy Spirit, a Divine Person, has been convincing him of his sins ; has been showing him that it is hard to kick against the pricks ; has been brooding over him in the silent hours of the night ; has been persuading him to meditation and

prayer ; so that, finally, there have fallen, as it were, scales from his inward eyes, and a new realm has been opened to his vision. Is this any the less a fact, than the other ? Here is something which has been done. You say, " No, this is not a fact ; this is an illusion. The man has imagined it ; he has dreamed it. Or, it is something he has wrought upon himself."

Did you ever think that the most real thing about a man, is the unseen image of God within him ? that there is no outward change in a man, which can be so deep and thorough, so real, as his coming to see things as God sees them ? When you and I entered God's House this morning, there was one estimate, which was formed of us by looking at our outward appearance ; by thinking over our personal history, as man knows it. But, there was another estimate, which was formed of us by looking at the hidden man of the heart. Which was the correct one ? A man dies, and is carried to his burial, with great outward pomp. His history is sketched by the pen of a friend. This is the estimate, which he wanted men to form of him. Is it correct ? Is this sketch of his life, fact or fiction ? Ah ! the most solid fact about you and me, and all men, is the fact which only the eye of God can see ; is the fact that, put into the balances of God, we are or are not wanting ! And if, coming to the sanctuary, as to an infirmary, we have been operated on by God's Spirit, so that we begin to see men, as trees walking ; begin to find that the realm of spirit is a real one, and that we have to do with it ; this is a greater thing, and a truer thing, than if Jesus Himself had touched our eyes with the clay, which His tender hands had mixed, and sent us to the Pool of Siloam to wash.

There are in these days, a class of poor fools, who call themselves *agnostics*. They take this Greek label for the old Anglo-Saxon epithet: know-nothings! They know when they are hungry; when their habiliments are shabby; when they make a good bargain; on which side their bread is buttered. Indeed, touch anything of time and sense, touch the realms of material science, and they are the wisest men of their period; they are gnostics. But, whether there be a soul or no; whether there be any future or no; whether there be any such thing as sin, or judgment for sin; whether there be any God; they know nothing about any of these things. With them, the only fact is a material fact; a fact that grows out of the soil, or crawls upon it, or has flesh and blood.

Is it not strange for a man to deny his real self? to call the house he lives in, the tenant? Follow the principle home, and they know quite as little about material things, as about things spiritual. For, it is not the eye which testifies to the form and color of outward objects. The eye is only the window, out of which something with intelligence is looking. "To Newton and to Newton's dog Diamond, what a different pair of Universes; while the painting on the optical retina of both was most likely the same." So says Carlyle. And when that thing with intelligence spreads its wings and takes its flight to God, who gave it, the eye is like the window of a deserted household. No one looks out from it. It no longer sees. It is as expressionless as glass. And as to whether he knows anything or not, the testimony that he knows nothing, is testimony from something which is immaterial; and which often has more sense, than he gives it credit for.

The soul of this Christian festival; that which has made

it live nearly two thousand years; that which has drawn sinners to celebrate it; is this, too, something material? The people who gather here gather in the strength of a fact. It is like the fact of the blind man: "This one thing we know; whereas we were blind, now we see!" Tell them that they are only practicing delusions on themselves; that this thing, which they call sin, has no existence, save in their imagination; that these things which they call forgiveness of sin, and fellowship with the Father, are only other delusions. What is their answer? Their answer is the re-statement of a fact! A fact which they have found to be true. The testimony of a hundred witnesses, that they did not see a criminal commit a crime; can this outweigh the testimony of *one* that he *did* see it! The ignorance of men respecting spiritual things, does this prove that spiritual things have no existence? I do not think skeptical men appreciate the unreasonableness of their position respecting spiritual things. Their ignorance of these things proves nothing as against the fact that hundreds of other men testify that they know them to be real. An agnostic, a know-nothing, is only a witness who has no testimony, because he has seen nothing.

IV. A spiritual fact goes upon record in eternity, as a material fact goes upon record in time. The books shall be opened, and men shall be judged out of things written in the books; and the basis of this judgment will be spiritual facts.

All facts are facts indeed. And all facts that relate to us personally, are facts with which we shall have to do when we give up an account to our omniscient Judge. Read on a little farther in this account, and you will dis-

cover that in the experience of this blind man, there was something more than the healing of his blindness; there was the recognition on the part of his inner nature, of the Being who intended that outward act of healing as the occasion of the introduction of new life to his soul. Any, the least testimony to Christ, He is quick to recognize and reward. And when Jesus heard that they had cast this man out, He searches for him, and finds him, and asks him this question: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" This was his answer: "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" And Jesus said unto him, "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." And he said, "Lord, I believe;" and he worshipped him.

The healing of those blind eyes was a material fact, and related to time. To see with those eyes, furnished this man for his duties and enjoyments in this life. But, the fact was a temporary thing. By and by, old age would come, and death. Life's working days would be over, and the man would sleep in the grave. That terminated the bearing of the material fact upon him. But, the opening of his inward eyes; the power to apprehend the Son of God, as a personal Saviour, this was a fact recorded in the history of the soul; to go into eternity with him, and to be the source of joy and blessedness forever.

Every man has his soul-history, as well as his life or earth-history. And the soul-history often makes him out a very different man from his life-history. Indeed, if you should see these histories printed separately in parallel columns, you would not believe they related to the same person. And, really, the life-history apart from his

soul-history, is no more a real history of the man, than the history of his last suit of clothes, or the last house which he lived in.

If, as we sit here in the house of God, we should all be smitten with blindness, as were the men sent by the king of Syria to arrest Elisha, the prophet, that would be a fact which would have bearing only upon the three score years and ten, which we are to live in this world. It would seal up the organs by which this beautiful world communicates its qualities to the unseen tenant within us. We could not see the unfolding of the springtime; the luxuriant greenness, which Nature puts on as God says again, "Let the earth bring forth!" We could no more see

"Day nor the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose;
Or flock, or herd, or human face divine."

But, we could see God, perhaps, better than now. The seen world would not get between us and the unseen.

There is many a young man comes to this city to make his fortune. The various steps upward, which he takes; how he meets with recognition and advancement, this is recorded on earth. But his inner history; how the angels of God meet him, in youth's morning; how the God of his father speaks to him, in night's silences; how the Lord Jesus reveals Himself to him as an Elder Brother, and he confesses him in his heart, to be the Son of God; these things are written in Heaven. And when all the earthly facts of his history are forgotten; have fallen away from him; these will remain!

There are a great many men, who have experienced spiritual benefit from this Jesus of Nazareth, who forget that this soul-history is registered in Heaven; that there

are archives in the Kingdom of God, where everything is written down as minutely as this record of Christ's healing the blind man. Because an experience is between us and God, do we think it has no registry? Because an experience is spiritual, do we think that God makes no note of it? Why, the truth is, that judged by the standard of eternity, weighed in the balance of eternity, spiritual experiences; experiences which relate to the inner man, are the only ones which are real; deserve recording at all! It is as spirit, that God knows us. Read that story which the Saviour told about the Rich Man and Lazarus. Here was one man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. Did that tell the kind of man he was? Did that give us God's estimate of him? Here was another man who begged for the crumbs which fell from this Rich Man's table; who was ministered to by the dogs which clustered, half-starved around the Rich Man's door. Did that tell the kind of man he was? These earthly conditions did not determine anything, which went on record in Heaven.

There is a great deal said in these days about a man's war-record; that is, about his loyalty and fidelity, and courage; where he was, and what he did, when his country was in peril. This record does not concern itself with such questions as his personal freedom from bad social habits: from intemperance, profanity, Sabbath-breaking, truthfulness, purity of life. It only concerns itself with his service to his country, as a soldier in the field. It is a record, which relates to one thing. A man's life-record, that which would go into his biography; such as the biography of Carlyle; that is, where he lived; what books he wrote; what pictures he made, or what poems;

what battles he fought ; who his parents were, and who were his children ; where and how he died, and where he was buried ; these things are only incidentally recorded in Heaven. But, his soul-life : how he used this world ; how he fulfilled his obligation to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself ; what he did by prayer, by gift, by effort, to fulfill the petitions which our Elder Brother has taught us to offer : "Thy kingdom come ! Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven ;" this is his soul-record ; and this is recorded in Heaven.

V. The benefit of a spiritual fact in religion, is the property of God, and the Kingdom of God.

If God has ever done anything to clear my vision, so that I can see eternal things, that fact is not my property. It is God's property. He has anointed my soul's eye with eye-salve, so that I can see. There is a sense in which a man's religious experience ; what he has found out respecting the truths of the Bible, is his own. And there is another sense, in which to suppress it, is to imperil it ; because it is not his own. A tree does not manifest its life, by uncovering its roots ; but by putting out its leaves, and blossoms and fruit. And without this putting out of leaf and blossom and fruit, there is no life for it. I do not care where are the roots of a tree, if I can see that God's life is in its branches. Let a man begin with the inner circles of his social life. Can a new-born soul keep the secret of what is passing in his bosom from the being, with whom in God's holy ordinance of marriage, he is one in the Lord ? Can he keep it from his children, who gather in his arms, and clasp him about his neck ? Can he keep it from his partner in business ? Can he keep it from all of his acquaintances ? Ah ! he has to begin an

account of his religious experience with the words, "Know all men by these presents!"

A man who believes that his sins have been forgiven for Christ's sake, has received a benefit which he has no right to keep to himself. Common humanity would forbid it. That is the lowest plane upon which he can stand. He owes that fact to all the rest of mankind. If he remembers the time when he was anxious and restless; if he remembers the time when he was perplexed with doubts and difficulties; and if he has come to a place, where this is wholly changed, common humanity, sympathy with those with whom it is not so, should lead him to tell of his experience; that some one else may come to share his experience with him. So that, in this sense, every man's Christian experience belongs to every other man whom he knows, who needs the same experience.

All this might be said of an outward benefit, such as that of the recovery of one's health. But, a man may recover lost health, and keep the secret of the remedy, or the treatment, or the physician, and do no injury to his own health. His health of body does not depend upon his sympathy with those who are out of health, as he once was. But, his health of soul does depend upon his anxiety to bring to others to enjoy what he enjoys. Many Christians are sickly, for the very reason that they do so little to publish God's love for them. Their estimate of this love has depreciated, according to the standard of their silence. In one of our hymns, we used to ask that God's blessings might not be lost in unthankfulness. They may be so lost. Just as a man may lose the knowledge of a language, taught in his childhood, by neglecting to speak it; just as he may live upon the beneficence of a

friend, and take it all as a matter of course ; so, the infinite mercies of God may depreciate in his possession because he never thinks of them ; never speaks of them.

But, turn away from the relation of this duty to other men ; to himself. Turn to the relation of this duty to God. I say, every spiritual fact of healing and forgiveness, of which God is the Author, belongs to Him ; that is, to God ; belongs to God in Christ Jesus. These Jews tried to persuade this blind man that the benefit which he had derived, could not have come from this "Man that was called Jesus." "Give God the praise. This Man is a sinner." But, he not only knew the person, to whom he was indebted ; but he intended to give him the credit. What a rebuke to the pride of modern times ! The time is come, when men define Christianity itself as something dissociated from Christ Jesus ; and especially, Christ Jesus, crucified. They have the effrontery to claim for civilization, as they call it, the triumphs which have come through the Light, which lighteth every man, that cometh into the world. They even plant churches and call them Christian, when not a distinctively Christian doctrine is taught within them, from one year's end to the other. "Give God the praise. This man is a sinner." "Give philosophy, or science, or art ; give civilization the praise. This Jesus of Nazareth ; this preaching of the Cross, the world has outgrown them."

There are men and women, in every Christian Congregation in the land, who are suppressing facts which belong to God and the Kingdom of God. They have had their eyes opened by the touch of infinite love. "Will a man rob God ?" Yet, they are robbing God. They have not the moral courage of this blind man. And so, they only

get so far. Not confessing Jesus, He does not confess them. They have all the enjoyment which one, who is not true to his inmost convictions, can have. But, oh, how much they lose !

My Brother, my Sister, do not forget this one thing : The power of a fact in religion ! “Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.” But, what we have experienced in Christ Jesus ; what we have found out of God’s love, as revealed to us sinners, in the Cross of His Son ; that abideth forever. And to be persuaded of this fact, makes us strong in the Lord, and the power of His might. For, though Heaven and Earth pass away, he that doeth the will of God, shall abide forever.

IX.

SATAN AMONG THE SONS OF GOD.

JOB 1: 6.—“Now there was a day when the Sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.”

The book of Job is a great dramatic poem : the greatest of all dramatic poems. Its theme, the problem of evil, and God's solution of it. This great man of the East, rich beyond all his competitors ; with a happy home, full of children ; with a great household of servants ; with the hills and the valleys covered with his sheep and oxen, his camels and asses ; this great man of the East is as good as he is great ; a phenomenal man in any age ! He does not forget the things not seen. He will not let his children forget them. If they have had social festivities in each other's homes ; if, perchance, some of them have for the moment forgotten God, or been irreverent toward Him outwardly ; or, even in the hidden man of their hearts, this priest and father offers sacrifices that they may be forgiven. He is just as much blessed of Heaven as of earth. He is too shining a mark. In spite of his riches and his honors, things which so often disturb a man's equanimity, he is still perfect and upright ; he still stands there a kind of beacon light, to show that sometimes a rich man can inherit the kingdom of God. The tempter seeks to overthrow him, but is worsted in

the encounter. The Lord blesses his afternoon more than his morning.

The supernatural machinery, or frame-work of this poem, may, or may not, be exactly true to fact ; to actual events ; this personal interview between Satan and Jehovah, for example. But whether true to fact or not, it is true to nature. We do not know what transpires in the supernatural world ; more probably than we think. We doubt, for example, whether when the angels of God came into His presence for worship, the great Arch Tempter did actually appear as long ago, before his apostasy, among them. It is, however, a doubt which may spring from our ignorance. For there is a proper sphere for agnosticism. There are things that belong to God. But this we know to be true, that he comes into our places of worship ; that he sits beside us in the pews ; that he manages to work his way into the choir-gallery, and sometimes secures a hearing in the pulpit. But he never does this directly. All his successes come from indirection. He hates an open field and a fair fight. He never appears here in *propria persona*. It is always transformed into an angel of light. It is said that pickpockets greatly affect ministerial conventions, and that they get themselves up in most approved ministerial style ; in swallow tails and white neckties ; and that only the skillful detective can tell the pinchbeck from the genuine article. And probably the greatest hypocrite in any Christian assembly, is somebody who tries to carry himself as the greatest saint ; whose walls are very white with the white-wash of pretence, put on with his linen and his necktie, fresh every Lord's day morning.

The subject which I shall discuss this morning, I shall

give a general title, and yet a limited bearing and application :

SATAN AMONG THE SONS OF GOD, OR THE FALSE PRETENCES
OF THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC.

I regard the liquor traffic as the devil's masterpiece. When he invented it he looked upon it with complacence, and pronounced it very good. It is not original sin, much as I believe in that ; and really, as the first mischief lies there. This is not his masterpiece. It is not in eating the apple or giving it to Adam. It is in grinding the apple up into pulp, expressing the juice out of it, and letting it stand until a legion of little devils has got into it, as a man finds out when he gets to the end and has *mania potu : drink-mania !* Satan has discovered that the role of a fruiterer, commending to humanity fruit which God has forbidden, does not pay half so well as the role of the distiller, the brewer, the liquor-dealer, who transform the fruit into liquid form, and ruin both soul and body at one stroke. He has shifted his point of attack, but a great many good people have not found it out ; a great many Sunday School teachers, a great many parents ; some few ministers. They think the Tempter still stands in the Garden of Eden extending the fresh-plucked apple ; while he stands at the side-board, extending the cider-tumbler, the wine-glass, the beer-bottle ; behind the bar, extending whiskey, brandy and gin. But then, he does it with his old time grace. He commends his own goods, " In the day thou drikest thereof, thine eyes shall be opened, and thou shalt be as the gods." Is there not a slang-phrase of the bar-room, an eye-opener ? Would that the eye were opened

to the nature of the traffic, and the woes that wait upon it! For there are things about the liquor-traffic, which do not look well; which have to be explained away; or glossed over. Like its original inventor, it has horns and hoofs which do not at first seem to belong to an angel of light, even though the wearer crowd himself in among the sons of God.

I. The Liquor-Traffic puts on the guise of a great industry; the greatest industry of the nation.

On Tuesday, the 9th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1882, one of the Honorable Commissioners of this District, a territory under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States Government, appointed to office by President Rutherford B. Hayes, and confirmed by the United States Senate; a man to whom in the division of labor, had been allotted the duty of presiding over and fostering the School-interests of the District, as another Commissioner (who shall be nameless here), presides over and fosters the Liquor-interest; a man who with his brother Commissioners, represents the type of civilization which prevailed in Washington, when there was a death-dealing canal flowing with its stagnant waters through the city; when the drainage was all above ground, and the hogs roamed unchallenged as street scavengers; when the voice of the slave-auctioneer was heard under the eaves of the Capitol, and the crack of the plantation-whip within its sacred precincts; this man, by God's ordinance, intended to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to those who do well, thus welcomes The Brewers' Congress of the United States, for the first time in its history, assembled in the nation's Capital-city: "I welcome you as the representatives of an industry which yields more

toward the support of the Federal Government than any other." These, then, are the gods which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt; beer and whiskey barrels! This, then, is the guise in which this Beer-devil appears to the Honorable Commissioner, appointed to office by President Hayes, and confirmed by the United States Senate; saddled upon a population of 180,000 people without a single right for which Faneuil Hall was once made vocal, or the great Washington unsheathed his sword!

Let us step up to this Beer-devil whom the Commissioner thus introduces, and challenge him as an industry; challenge also the Spirit-devil whom he represents. What is an industry? Strictly speaking, it is an employment in which men are diligent and pains-taking. In this sense, I suppose, the Commissioner's classification is correct. There are in the United States, 11,138 persons at work in breweries; 3,566 in malt-houses; 15,660 in distilleries, and 10,000 more variously employed as workmen, in and around these places. There are 21,828 persons employed in wholesaling; 322,288 in licensed, and 161,144 in unlicensed retailing. This makes a total of 545,624 persons employed in this business. All these people are diligent and pains-taking; and in that sense, industrious. This is an army larger than the number who fell in defence of their country in the Slaveholders' Rebellion; and whose dust sleeps on every battle field between Gettysburg and the Gulf. Surely, that which gives employment to more than half a million men, women and children, deserves to be called an industry. But in this sense, the business of the counterfeiter is an industry. Does not that give employment? Does not

that yield support? The work which the counterfeiter does on the steel-plate, is just as honest work, considered merely as work, as that done by the Government-engraver. We must go a step farther. Nothing is properly an industry, which is not productive; which does not confer a benefit; which does not give some equivalent for the money expended in its purchase; for supporting it. If society does not need the thing produced it is no industry, but a fraud. The little dead-broken newsboy comes up, and says, "Please help me out!" You have read his papers and have no use for them. A man can not set up a business and say, "I must live in some way; and this is the only way I can live; so you must patronize me." We talk about creating an industry. We mean by this, not the making of an unnecessary thing, necessary; of an artificial thing, a reality; but a new and original method of meeting an old want! the taking of material now wasted or thrown away, and transforming it into such shape that men demand it for their necessities. That is creating a new industry.

There is scarcely anything more sacred than an industry; than the method by which an honest man seeks an answer for himself and his wife and children, to the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is the sacred shrine on which he lays himself for the sake of his dear ones. No matter how humble it is; if he cobbles old shoes, or patches old clothes, if he is a coal-heaver, or a hod-carrier, or even a rag-picker, or a slop-man, he does something for his race. His work has worth; brings him dignity and honor; brings him God's benediction. Let him live; let him hold up his head among men; let him kneel down before his Father and our Father, and

give thanks. God has given him dominion here, as His own representative. This is his kingdom. For this cause God sent him into the world. But, if instead of contributing to the well-being of his race, he turn his activities, and energies, and ingenuities the other way ; why, the more diligent he is, the more pains-taking, the more industrious, the worse for mankind and womankind ; for children and babes. His industry may descend with maledictions upon the race. In this sense, who is so industrious as Satan himself? These 545,624 persons who are engaged in converting what God has given us in a wholesome and nutritious form ; in the form of apples, and grapes, and hops, and grain, and potatoes, into that which is the source of temptation, and misery' and crime; or who are dealing out this vile stuff from early morning until the hours of midnight, for the mites of the poor, they complain of us because we are interfering with a great industry ! They say, " This is our means of support. You tailor, or shoe-maker, or trader, or grocer, or milliner, or minister, or whatever you are, if you interfere with our business, we will interfere with yours. You take the bread and butter from the mouths of our children, we will take them from yours. If you will not sign our application for license ; if you will not stop your craze and loud ranting about the evils of our business, then you shall preach no more sermons for us ; you shall make no more coats for us ; no more shoes for our children ; we will buy no more meat, or potatoes, or butter, or flour, or whatever you have to sell, of you. Besides, this industry of ours in addition to giving support to more than a half a million persons, this very last year of our Lord, brought \$80,854,216 into the United States

treasury ; in the last nineteen years, has brought \$981.-967,218 there." Here they take their stand with the Honorable Commissioner.

These things are said honestly, no doubt. This Honorable Commissioner of the District of Columbia, nominated by President Hayes, and confirmed by the United States Senate, believes in this kind of logic ; has never looked at any other side of the question. It is the atmosphere he has breathed ever since his birth. Let us be charitable to him. But let us not pin our faith to his views. There are very few physicians who would think it a paying business if they were compelled to pay \$5.00 for a hack to ride to a patient, when they could charge only \$1.00 for the visit. And if a great-hearted American gentleman, as some of them are, should do it 365 days and earn \$365, he would hardly think he was making much money, when his hack-hire had cost him \$1,875, and he was \$1,510 out of pocket. He would hardly call his business a great industry, though perhaps, the livery-man might so regard it. The United States Government is in the position of this philanthropic man, who expends \$5.00 for the privilege of earning \$1.00. For the \$80,854,216 which have been paid as revenue into the United States treasury during the last year, the people of the various States and Territories have expended, at least, five times that amount to pay for work-houses, reform-schools, asylums, jails and penitentiaries, made necessary by the Liquor-Traffic. So when the Honorable Commissioner of the District of Columbia writes down the \$80,854,216 which have come into the United States treasury, during the last year as revenue from this traffic, let him also write down the \$404,271,080, which the

traffic has cost the people ; and it will appear that the people have suffered themselves to be taxed \$321,416,864, for the sake of granting the 545,624 persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of the different kinds of liquors an opportunity to pursue this greatest of all the American industries, on which is so largely built the prosperity of this great American Republic.

Let us look at this greatest of all the American industries, so far as the support of the Federal Government is concerned, in another light. There is no factor which enters so largely into the question of good times, or hard times, in the money-market, as the annual products of the earth. Let Nature put her full hand into one scale of the balance, and the other kicks the beam. Let it be known, then, that 40,000,000 bushels of grain are yearly taken from the bread market of the country by this manufacture ; taken from the tables of the poor ; from the mouths of the hungry ; its life-giving principle exhausted, and a death-giving principle substituted, what then ? That, at the average of fifty cents a bushel, is \$20,000,000 to be deducted from that sum of money which goes into the United States treasury ; or, to be added to that sum of money which the people of the United States are willing to tax themselves for the sake of having the Federal Government so generously supported by this great American industry. Add to this the loss to the productive industry of the country from taking the \$700,000,000 now spent for liquor from the legitimate articles of traffic ; of taking the half million persons now engaged in making and selling liquor from the pursuits that are proper and legitimate ; a loss equal to not less than twice as many dollars as the persons en-

gaged : yes, and of taking from the sum total of human labor ; of human productiveness, the efforts and the earnings of 300,000 of the poor, decrepit, broken-down, staggering, blundering, dying men and women who are the victims of the Liquor-Traffic ; and we begin to see that the falsest and most delusive of all claims, is the claim that the Liquor-Traffic is any industry at all ; is anything among the industries but Satan among the sons of God !

II. The advocates of the Liquor-Traffic, and especially the advocates of what are called the lighter liquors, profess to be the only true temperance reformers. "Men will drink," they say. "Let them drink that which will harm them least. Let them drink moderately. Tempt them not to indulgence by the enactment of sumptuary laws." This is on the principle, that Adam and Eve would never have thought of eating the apple, if God had not said, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

The carefully reflecting mind of the Honorable Commissioner of the District of Columbia has not overlooked this argument. This is another guise which the Beer-devil assumes to him. Not even Gough, or Murphy, or Bain, was ever such a reformer. And so the Commissioner welcomed the Beer Congress, not only as the representatives of the great American industry, but also as the advocates of temperance. And this as it seems, is not a mere theory. The distinguished Moderator of the Convention, Mr. H. B. Scharmann, of Brooklyn, in an address which followed the welcome of the Honorable Commissioner, actually proves it to be a fact. This Beer-devil is no devil at all, but an angel of light. He has a

right to be with the sons of God ; is among the tallest of them. Mr. Scharmann says, that in 1827, about the time the Temperance reformation began, the average use of distilled liquors was 3.94 gallons for every man, woman and child in this country. Now, it is less than one gallon a head. And Mr. Scharmann attributes this change not to Temperance reformers, but, to the increasing use of the lighter liquors ; closing with these words, " Wherever malt liquors are not driven out by prohibitory laws, which do not, and can not drive out the more portable liquors, the community has prospered, business has improved, pauperism has decreased, and crime been checked ; " especially, we may add in the State of Maine !

Robert Burns once said in verse,

" O, wad some Power the giftie gi'e us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

So it often throws a new light upon a practice to know how its advocates regard it. These Beer Gardens, then, are the true Gardens of Eden, where man may regain his lost virtue and holiness ; may recover from the apostasy of the first fatal garden ; may guzzle himself back into lost communion with his Maker. And these richly painted wagons, behind well-groomed horses, which go thundering about our streets, with harsh sounding German names blazoned on their sides ; and which make up so large a part of the procession, when the great industries of the Nation's Capital city are paraded ; these are the commissary train of the great army of industry, intelligence and virtue. And the men who send them out deserve to be written down in the Temperance calendar

with Father Matthew and Neal Dow. Every barrel, and keg, and bottle of beer is a missionary reformer full of active eloquence to dissuade the people from habits of intemperance ; while the United States Brewers' Association should be classed with the great benevolences of the day ; and is doing by stealth, the very thing openly but awkwardly attempted by the thousand and one Temperance organizations of the land ; and every dollar of the thousands set apart to counteract the activities of prohibitionists and other Temperance fanatics, is as good as though spent for Bibles and Temperance-pledges ; for preachers and Temperance-orators ! Certainly, this is what the Germans would call a new stand-point ; stand-punkt ! And here we see these men as they see themselves ; as the Honorable Commissioner sees them ; "the advocates of true temperance !"

A moment ago we were asked to consider the Liquor interest as a great industry ; to think of these half-million men, women and children as a great army of diligent and painstaking ones, giving themselves up to add to the national wealth ; like so many busy bees in their hive ; like so many restless ants, each bringing his grain and laying it down upon the common pile. That was original enough. Now we are asked to regard those of them who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of the lighter liquors, as deserving to be associated with the great company of reformers in the land ; to look upon the Brewery as a kindred institution with the church. Why should not it have a tower and spire as well ? Do we not all try to help men upward to God ? we through the church and they through the Beer-Saloon. These are very startling revelations. Indeed, they increase in

brilliancy. These advocates of the Liquor-Traffic are all the time, day and night exerting themselves to prevent the national exchequer from running dry. They never let the breweries or distilleries cease operation. They keep their saloons running from Monday morning to Sunday night, law or no law, license or no license. And all in the interest of the United States Treasury! But this is not all. Every brewery is a quasi church, and every beer-garden is a quasi school of temperance, virtue and prosperity.

There was once an old adage—I think it may never have got into the German language—"the way the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." According to the United States Brewers' Association, according to the Honorable Commissioner who welcomed them to Washington city, it should read, "the way the twig is bent, the tree is disinclined." If you want to arrest the tide of melancholy victims who are marching to death at the rate of 60,000 a year, begin with the children. Let them get good old Scotch ale with their mother's milk. Teach them the way to the larger-beer saloon. Teach them the alphabet of the beer-garden. Teach them fondness for the lighter liquors. Pickle them in beer, and saturate them with wine. The more familiar you make them with these drinks in their early days, the more likely they will be to use them moderately, the surer you will be to prevent their dying drunkards. If you meet a poor man begging for a crust and the prayers of Christians; a man dismantled of the image of God, and scarred all over with his life of indulgence; take him to the beer-saloon, take him to the wine-cellar. It is the hair of the dog which will cure the bite. This is the new Gospel of

Temperance, according to Commissioner Dent, and the Congress of the United States Brewers.

I do not know so much about Germans. I suppose many of them live and die what is called moderate drinkers. Like the old Dutch vessels, they seem made to carry a great deal in the hold. They are never half seas over. They keep the sea in bounds, well barreled in with hoops and staves. They do not seem to drink as Americans do. They do not drink to get drunk, but just for a comfortable fuddle ; to see men as trees walking. They sip, and talk, and laugh, and sing, and eat, and smoke, and shoot, and to-morrow they are waddling around, with a jolly face at their work again. But it is not so with Americans, or Irish-Americans. They take the wine and beer degree early ; and then enter for degrees in brandy, whiskey and gin. They always take all the degrees ; just as they do in Free Masonry. They do nothing moderately. Whatever their hands find to do, they do it with their might. Drinking grows upon them ; drinking tells upon them ; drinking makes them ashamed of themselves ; drinking makes them desperate ; makes them cruel and brutal ; makes them curse the day on which they were born ! To give American-born children the lighter liquors moderately, and not expect them to form the drinking habit, is like giving a boy a wooden horse, and expecting him to sit riding there when he has grown up to be a man. He has acquired a taste for equestrianship which you can not put off in that way. If there is any living thing which he can ride ; if there is any fleet thing, he will find it, and mount it, and ride it within an inch of its life, and his own life.

This one thing I have noticed to be true : So far as

the Temperance cause is concerned, the moderate drinker is a man who has given himself away. He has not got even thirty pieces of silver for himself as Judas did. To drink moderately ; to drink a little whiskey with quinine, even for the chills ; to take rock and rye for a cold ; to use liquors medicinally, just demoralizes a man, as an advocate of Temperance. Ask a minister who is in the habit of doing such things, to preach to his young men on the duty of total abstinence ; a minister who goes about apologizing for the smell of his breath, because he has a physician who has no better prescription for him than a stimulant ; ask him to show his young men, that if for no other reason, yet for the sake of "the weaker brother," they should abstain, will he do it? He has accepted a retainer on the other side. Ask the public man in Washington who takes his wine at State Dinners, to give a little talk when the Congressional Temperance Society has its anniversary meetings, he can not face the men he takes wine with ; he knows he is playing the hypocrite ; he holding his seat there by the votes of teetotalers ! The moderate drinker the friend of Temperance? He is the decoy-duck which the Arch-Tempter keeps floating on the surface, that he may have a chance at the men who do not drink at all ; of which, in our opinion, the Honorable Commissioner of the District of Columbia is one ; and the members of the Brewers' Association are several ; though of course, they do not mean it ; they do not know it.

The intemperate man carries his own antidote ; the drunkard needs no flagging. He is himself a train running wild ! But take the man who professes to be upon the track, freighted with interests immortal ; confronting

two eternities, into one of which he will soon sink out of sight of spectators forever ; the man honored by his fellow men ; so much so, that he sits in one of the highest legislative bodies of the land ; is chosen to make laws for a nation of 50,000,000. Do you tell me that when he drinks he keeps his drinking all to himself?

III. The advocates of the Liquor-Traffic, and especially the advocates of what are called the lighter liquors, profess to be the only true friends of a wholesome social life ; the only true friends of friendship and good neighborhood. These prohibitory laws, they urge, are unwholesome and unnatural things ; the product of bigotry and Puritanism. They dry up all the better qualities of human nature ; take all the juiciness out of it.

There is something rather fascinating in the idea of good fellowship, which you get from such a poem as "Auld Lang Syne." You are led unsuspectingly along from pictures of running among the braes, and pulling the gowans, and paddling in the burn in boyhood, until in the last stanza, you are confronted with this :

" And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine :
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

Because they have such sweet memories of boyhood, it is proposed that they begin with a quart of old Scotch ale, or something stronger, reciprocally paid for, in appreciation of it ; that is, just befuddle their brains, and fill the night air with songs and clatter, as described in "Tam O'Shanter." So when Horace invites Maecenas to his Sabine farm ; and when he welcomes his friend home from the wars in Spain ; and when he celebrates

the death of Cleopatra, the "cup o' kindness" figures largely in his verse. I say, this is all heathenish and barbarous. It belongs to a period when the higher virtues and purities of Christianity were not known. These pagans had a god of conviviality; we have not. As our Longfellow has said,

" These are ancient ethnic revels
Of a faith long since forsaken ;
Now the satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.
Then with water fill the pitcher,
Wreathed about with classic fable ;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' table."

Think a moment, of what is implied in the fact that when liquors were introduced to the banquets of our fathers, it was regarded unsuitable for ladies to remain; things indelicate might be looked for. We talk about a man's being disguised by liquor; why liquor strips the disguise off. Then, though he does not see himself as others see him, others see him as he is. If a man has any coarse grain or texture to his nature; if he has any lewd story or profane jest in his memory, it will come to the surface when he is in liquor, as surely as cork will rise in water. And all these hours of social dissipation demand their awful compensation. The man who last night set the table in roar; at whose wit and eloquence the glasses clicked against each other, and the banquet-hall rang with cheer and laughter; for his wife and children and domestics, for his superiors and inferiors, the next morning, has nothing but snaps and snarls, as though he were a rabid dog, who required a chain and a kennel, and not a man endowed with reason and the divinest instincts.

I want you to remember this, that the central social organism in this world, where God gives man fellowship with man, is not the secret society, nor the club-house, but the family. I know men, and you know men with wit and eloquence, with power to make a sparkling address, to fling off bon-mots, like electric sparks, who are invariably carried home from places and scenes of conviviality, in a state of drunken stupor. That is what comes to them from this sociability which liquor promotes. Then comes the week's debauch in secret. Then comes the mania-potu, perhaps. And then the slow and painful recovery, under the prayers and ministry of patient wife, or sister, or mother; nausea, headache, heartache, worse than either. This is the compensation of a single night's revel. The most brilliant men socially, are the most likely to be the victims in such cases; ay, the most divinely gifted men; the men whose souls have been kindled with the spark of celestial fire called genius; these orbs, lighted at the central orb, and intended to revolve near it, and around it. I do not believe there is a single State Dinner, whether at the White House or the residence of other public officials; I do not believe there is a single great liquored banquet, with speeches and songs, at which there is not likely to be some such tempted son of Adam. And every time he falls, it seems as though he spurned Heaven and kicked away the ladder into it.

You talk about the sociability promoted by the use of liquor. Can a man conceive of two greater fools than two men who step up to a public bar and drink each other's health in liquid fire, which flies at once to their heads, makes their steps unsteady, their speech double;

if it is not the first spark of an inward burning, which, for a time, unfits them to see their friends, and makes them the personification of wretchedness and woe. This is their sacrifice on the altar of sociability and health ! Sociability indeed ! Health indeed ! Why, except in bitter irony that should be chosen, in which sensible men pledge each others' physical well-being, that liquid which is sure to undermine it ; and why that should be chosen to promote sociability which soon sets one or both into thick, inarticulate speech, and ends with making the sign-language of no use to them ; and silence like the silence of death-slumber, their last case, it would take a wiser man than I am, to tell. I have known too many men fresh from great banquets, which were feasts where they sacrificed themselves to make sport for the Philistines who cheered them on ; fresh from a casual meeting with an old Army friend ; who were left wallowing in the depths of a solitary misery, of which no tongue can adequately speak.

“As the fool thinks, so the bell clinks.” Ah ! if I should select the greatest enemy to society, between man and man ; that which most breaks up man's confidence in man and respect for man ; that which sunders the employee from the kind employer ; that which tempts the clerk to be untrue to his noble master ; the son to chafe under the authority of his father, and fling away as a worthless weed, the love of his mother ; that which promotes unfaithfulness to the vows of pure love and the covenant of marriage ; that which keeps the hopper of the divorce-mill full of applications for release from that which seems a body of death ; I should say, that it was this drink-custom ; this habit of putting something into a man's

mouth which steals away his brains, poisons his best affections, and hardens his heart against human love and love divine ; makes him feel like shutting himself up in his chamber, and putting a bullet through the desecrated temple, of which God has made him the tenant. Isolation ! That is the word ; not sociability. The time often comes when this victim of the sociability which drink fosters, can not bear society such as this world gives ; has to withdraw himself, immure himself, wall himself away from the fellowship of his kind, as behind iron bars ; when he has to treat himself as though he were an insane man and needed a keeper ! Ah ! how often do men reject the divine Keeper, to find that they need, and must have a human keeper ; one who has keys, and shuts them up with the sound of a great iron bolt, shooting into its relentless socket ! How many broken-hearted mothers there are, into whose heart a sword pierces, every time they think of a son ; how many sad-eyed wives, every time they think of a husband who can not be trusted to go alone among their fellows, because this practice which promotes sociability, compels them to go whither they would not !

IV. There is another claim, which is sometimes put forward by Liquor Dealers, that the use of these articles which they manufacture and sell, is medicinal. The Honorable Commissioner of the District of Columbia thinks light liquors better than tea and coffee ; besides, we should save the revenue on them, which now goes out of the country as import duties.

I admit that there must be some tie between the Liquor Dealer and the druggist. There must be some touch of nature or of chemistry, that makes them kin. For I find

the druggist has recipes for compounding almost any kind of liquor ; he wants neither apple, nor grape, nor grain ; and that he often runs his establishment, if you get at its true inwardness, quite as much in the interest of respectable tippling, as of physicians and their patients ; that he has a corner, or an office, or a den, or a hole-in-the-wall, where young men can congregate on Sunday nights and other nights, and take a social glass of what, before he mixed them, were, if they drink port wine : pure spirits, sugar syrup, vinegar, tincture of gum-kino, tartaric acid, German cherry-juice, port-wine oil, malva-flowers, and strained water ; if they drink sherry, sherry-oil, instead of port-wine oil, and the gum-kino and malva-flowers omitted, the rest as above ; if they drink cognac brandy : neutral spirit, crude tartar, acetic acid, raisins, tincture gum-kino, cassia buds, prunes, infusion bitters, honey, alcoholic starch ; if they drink—well, I might go over the list of Madeira, Malaga, Lisbon, claret wines ; of gin, rum, whiskey, and what not, and they have only to order them, and he has all the ingredients behind Latin labels, in his draws or on his shelves. He is the true magician. He can call spirits from the vasty deep ; and they come when he calls them. They come and answer to their names. They come from the banks of the Rhine, from Austria, and Fayal, and Sicily, and The Teneriffe. And he calls them all by name : Bordeaux and Burgundy, Hockheim and Johannisberg, Malaga, Malmsley, Sack, Sherry and Tokay. Not one of them faileth.

I have often thought, that great as are our American Poets, they have failed in one respect : they have written no songs in praise of modern liquors : that there are no

true successors to Anacreon and Horace and Burns. I must make one honorable exception, and this I presume, less because he is a greater poet, than because he is also a physician. I mean : Oliver Wendell Holmes. You all remember his lines, half in irony, half in earnest :

“Come, fill a fresh bumper ! For, why should we go
While the logwood still reddens our cups, as they flow :
Pour out the decoction, still bright with the sun,
Till o’er the brimmed crystal the dyestuff shall run.
The half-ripened apples their life-dews have bled ;
How sweet is the taste of the sugar of lead !
For, summer’s rank poison lies hid in the wines ;
They were ground by stable-boys smoking long nines.
Then a scowl and a howl and a scoff and a sneer,
For strychnine and whiskey, and rats’ bane and beer :
In cellar, in parlor, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant, which masters us all !”

As to the use of liquors as medicines, I admit that there sometimes seem to be occasions, when the administration of them appears to restore circulation, and call back departing life. And we find some justification of this use of them in the Bible : “Give strong drink unto him, that is ready to perish.” But, apart from these extreme cases, where immediate death is threatened, think of the frequency with which, in one form or another, achohol has been, and still is administered by some of the medical faculty, to those who are not ready to perish. Indeed, there is a new disease, called alcoholism, which largely owes its origin, as does the opium-habit, to the doctors themselves.

A physician in Washington told me, the other day, of a case of this kind ; it is probably one of ten thousand : A mother had a nursing babe. Ale or beer was prescribed by her medical attendant. It was very offensive to her. But, by dint of using water and sugar, she soon came to

like it ; came to depend upon it ; and, at last accounts was drinking it straight, at the rate of five bottles a day. Ah ! only after-life can reveal its effect upon her babe. And little do we know the tales which could be told by the men who drive those beautiful wagons through the streets of our cities, as to the habits of some of our most respectable men and women. After penning the above paragraph, a lady of the highest intelligence and respectability, who has resided more than a half generation in the same city, told me, that for some disease of the nerves, she was first treated by her physician with hyper-dermic injections of morphine, until they were no longer available ; and then was recommended to take wines, to promote sleep, and that her medical adviser seemed to have no conception of the peril to which he was exposing his patient ; a peril from which she believes she barely escaped, as by the skin of her teeth.

And, then, when you go out of the regular practice, and think of patent medicines, in which liquor is the principal ingredient ; and think how many people there are who keep liquor in the medicine closet ; who never think it safe to travel without a brandy-flask ; who think their babies may need it in colic, or they may need it cholera ; who take it in the spring of the year, with their bitters ; who are persuaded that even the water of countries where they sojourn abroad, being foreign to them, is not safe without it ; it is very evident that, somehow or other, this drink-devil has taken out a diploma in medicine ; has got in among the sons of God, the physicians.

The laity, of course, do not look at this subject scientifically. But, certainly, we may entreat our guardians of the medical profession, not to prescribe for us that

which may make our latter state worse than the first. For, surely, it is better to die now of a disease which nature is heir to, than a few years hence of one, which has been superinduced upon us by prescribing that which enslaves and imbrutes us, so that when the great change comes, we shall go drunk with alcohol or opium, into the presence of God.

V. There is only one more plea, that the Liquor Traffic and its advocates can make. And strange and unexpected as it is, they do not scruple to make it. It is a great industry; yes. Here are a half million of sleepless workers; with the most industrious of all at their head. It is a great reform; yes. It reforms men from vice, by teaching them the ways of vice. It promotes human happiness through the social virtues; yes. It ends with unfitting a man for the society of his fellows. It is good, too, for the health of the body. Yes. It originates diseases of its own. These claims we have considered in their turn; seen how utterly worthless they are. A single one is left. It is higher than any of these. It is more blasphemous. It is, that the moderate use of liquors is more Christian; more according to the law of Christ, that a man please not himself; denotes a better-balanced character; is nobler and more creditable, than the practice of total abstinence. Total abstinence is well; but moderate drinking is better. Christ pleased not Himself, but the follower of Christ may, a little. Yes, they would fain steal all the livery of Heaven. They claim that the God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose heart divine feels every anguished heart-throb of sin-accursed humanity; who sees how unequal, at the very best, is the struggle between many a weak and tempted man and his appetite, and

his confederated foes of two worlds; who hears the cries and moans of women, whose husbands the law of Christ would make to love them, as He Himself has loved the Church, but, who are sold under bondage to this sin of drink, and love only it; who sees the rising generation of drunkards' children, spawned in sin of which they are not guilty, crowding forward with a legacy of appetite, and a tendency to degradation and crime, which increases in a geometrical ratio, generation upon generation; they claim that this Man, Christ Jesus, who sees all this; He, who came here to redeem humanity, and transform those who wear it into his own likeness; yet smiles complacently, not upon the so-called Temperance fanatics, who are trying to pledge everybody against the drink-evil; who teach their children to touch not, taste not, handle not; who are working for prohibition and constitutional amendments as for very life, theirs' and the nation's; but upon the great interests of the liquor-traffic, and the carriage of the men and women who drink moderately of this good creature of God, made by the Brewers and Distillers under His inspiration. If this is so, well may we say, "They have taken away our Lord!" They have taken away the Christ-idea. They have taken away the Cross itself. They make the no-God mightier than the God. They have brought back the old Gospel of a lost world, that a man live unto himself, and not unto his neighbor, and not unto the Lord who has bought him.

I spoke of the liquor-traffic as the Devil's masterpiece; and this is his final touch upon it. Here is where he lays on his last color. It only needs the acceptance of this plea, to see how complete is his art. He has the imprimatur of the Government. If he can get the imprima-

tur of the Being, who has so loved the world as to die for its redemption; if he can get His seeming approval to a theory of Temperance, which is to Intemperance what the sowing of the seed in the spring time is to the harvesting of the grain in the autumn; what the twist in the sapling, is to the crook in the tree. Satan has fastened his chains upon the race, beyond the power of deliverance. They are there in the name that is above every name! Let the Christian Church adopt this interpretation, and she pulls down faster than she builds up; she saps and undermines her own foundations; and all her propping will not save her walls. She attempts to do what the Jews charged against the Saviour: She is trying to cast out Beelzebub by Beelzebub! and there is no word of charm that will do it. He does not go out, by any such cheap magic.

“Look, eighteen hundred years ago, in the stable in Bethlehem; an infant laid in the manger! Jesus of Nazareth, and the life He led, and the death He died, does it teach thee nothing? Through this, as through a miraculous window, the heaven of martyr heroism, the divine depths of sorrow; of noble labor, and the unspeakable, silent expanses of eternity, first in man’s history, disclose themselves.” This is Carlyle’s interpretation of the Man Christ Jesus; the great Scotch Cyclops, working away, as at the forges of truth in the under world. Let us look through this miraculous window, a moment. The highest and first in Heaven; thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, He becomes of no reputation; the associate of publicans and sinners; thieves and robbers preferred before Him, on earth; going out of the world, nailed to the cruel wood. And you and I,

in this nineteenth century after his Bethlehem-birth and Calvary-death, are Christians: Christ-ones! He is no longer here; He is there, reigning, giving gifts, blood-bought. But, we are here; ah! yes, we are here, to stand for Him, and speak for Him, and suffer for Him; to fight His battles and win His victories; at last to sit with Him there, enthroned and crowned. And we look at the great majority, who are saying "Our Lord delayeth His coming!" who are eating, and drinking, and making merry; who treat their three score years and ten, as one prolonged picnic-excursion; a holiday affair; where flowers are to be gathered and garlands to be woven, and the sound of tabret and the harp is to be heard; who make their livelihood, some 500,000 of them, by slaying their tens of thousands; who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; who mean to pluck tempting blossoms, even upon the very verge of the pit. And we forget that Jesus came here to quench the fires of hell; to make men holy, and pure, and stainless; to make happy homes where a blessing comes, night and morning, as the angels ascend and descend upon the ladder of prayer; where the breaking of bread is always a sacrament; and where children climb up the knees of their fathers, not to smell on them the smell of that fire which is never quenched, which destroys both soul and body; not to hear from their lips, the words which a child's ear should always be spared; came here to overthrow and exterminate everything, which exalts itself against His Kingdom of peace and joy. We forget how full the prison houses are of sighing prisoners; the streets are of the homeless; the world, of the lost. And we, standing and speaking in Christian pulpits, sitting in the pews of Christian Churches; on our

picnic-holiday of life, take up the refrain of the brewers and distillers, that Christian Temperance is moderation, not Total Abstinence. We are like the switch-tender who holds out a false light, when the living freight of creatures immortal, is winging its way into the open jaws of darkness and death. "There!" we say, "go there! There is safety!" we, who are here, not as train-wreckers, but as safety-employees! to whom God has given to know the signals.

A great deal is said, in these days, about "the survival of the fittest!" However true this might be, in a contest for life among brutes and brutal men, it is not a law in the Kingdom of God. The corner-stone of this Kingdom is laid on quite a different law: the sacrifice of the fittest! Who was fitter to live than Jesus of Nazareth? Which, of all the great men, and the good men of the generations of time, could compete with Him here? The survival of the fittest, indeed! Did not this Man, immaculate; this Man, princely among men; whose lips dropped wisdom, and whose hands distributed healing, as He walked among His flesh-invested brothers; whose will was one with the perfect will of God, and who did it on earth as it is done in Heaven; did not this Man, in whom for the first and last time humanity had its bloom of perfection, deserve to survive? deserve to live our three score years and ten? Who was this Barabbas, that he should be preferred before him? should, in the competition, survive him? Who was this Annas, that he should condemn Him? this Pontius Pilate, that he should deliver Him up to die? Survival of the fittest! Pilate and Annas alive, and the Sinless One dead at their hands! No, indeed! As the law of Christ's Kingdom, the death of the fittest,

for the survival of the unfit ! Did the fittest to live give Socrates the hemlock ? Was Nero better to live than St. Paul ? Ah ! the great Livingstone, whom Africa wanted, and stretches out her hands for ; and the world wanted, and mourns and will mourn ; why should he die, and the blatant blasphemer, fat and oily, live to fill out his years !

Ah, my brother, in the metropolitan pulpit ; my brother in the metropolitan pew ; my brother clergymen and laymen ; for, if we are Christ's, we may exhort one another ; if you and I think that we are in the Church of Christ as a kind of safety-society, a kind of accident-insurance guild, against the perils of six wine-courses at State dinners, or the whiskey-flask in our summer life in the woods ; and that the hand of priestly blessing put upon our heads in baptism, when in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we are sealed to God and the uses of His Kingdom, is put there as a benediction of the Church of Christ, upon our life of luxury and self-pleasing, while the two great armies of Christ and Anti-Christ, are daily and hourly in deadly conflict, and we give no sign that our sympathies are with the good against the evil ; or profess to be only spectators, looking on from afar, from our Olympus heights of safety ; nay, worse, if we go down to the battlefield and cheer on, in the name of God's Kingdom, the half-million who keep up the distillers' fires ; who keep full the brewers' vats ; who nightly trim the basilisk eyes of the saloon ; who say peace, peace, when there is no peace, all over this fair land of ours ; think you, that we have ever looked into that miraculous window, where we may see the Man Christ Jesus laying the foundations of His Kingdom on Mount Calvary ? or were ever builded thereupon ?

And thou, my Christian sister, who art above all law, except the law of love, who art the crowned queen of society, and who dost legislate there for generations unborn ; who mayst say to all the modern concoctions, inspired by one Arch-Alchemist, whose name is legion, but whose origin is one, and whose tendency is one, and whose consummation is one ; these concoctions, standing to-day on thy side-board, or summoned up like spirits in prison, from the cold deeps of thy husband's vaults ; who mayst say to them, in the language of Longfellow :

“ To the sewers and sinks with all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer ;
For a poison malign is such Borgia wine,
Or, at best, but a Devil's elixir ;”

and yet dost refrain thy voice ; dost suffer the tempter still to give its color in the wine-cup at weddings ; still to figure in the banquet hall ; still to be to thee and thy guests the emblem of good cheer ; wonder not, if thou too, mother, sister, bride, whosoever thou art ; thou, too, or thy daughter, shalt some day come to fathom, through long years of suffering, of heart-ache and hand-wringing, the meaning of the words : “ At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

And thou, O man, in the place of power, at such a time as this ; put there by the choice of men thy fellows, who want the fostering of legitimate industries, out of which comes life and not death ; and who want to save their sons ; who want to save their country ; who would not have her so staggering like a drunken harlot down to the hell of nations ; who want legislation unbiassed by great \$700,000 subsidies, put where they will do the most good ; dost thou, O man, in the place of power, dost

thou love thy country, or only to feed at thy country's crib ; to still-feed there ? Dost thou think this great incubus which weighs the country down ; this malarious marsh which needs to be under drained, and the reptiles driven out ; this perennial national debt to the brewers and distillers, increasing year by year, and lately asked in the form of a loan ; this banco-playing, which always ends in the tune of \$1.00 in and \$5.00 out ; dost thou think this is becoming in a great free Republic, where every man may speak his mind, and cast his vote ; in a great free Republic, sometimes called Christian, in the 19th century of the Christian era ? and where thou, too, art sitting in her high places ? O man in the place of power, drinking thy wine at State dinners, and at Brewer's banquets ; talking with thy befuddled logic of great industries and threatened rights ; while thy country, for which thou art set to legislate, is fed upon by a half million leeches, crying Give ! give ! thou shalt yet give place to a new generation of law makers ; a generation of law makers who will protect the lambs and not the wolves ; who will put a price upon the head of the robbers of the fold, and not of the sheep.

“ Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.” What we want more than anything else, is to strip the Liquor-Traffic of its disguises ; to take away from it, its fallacious pleas ; to let in upon it the light of God's eternal day ! to show it up just as it is. A great monopoly of vice and woe, of unthrift and profligacy and death, eating into the body politic like a cancer ; undermining industries, corrupting morals, dictating legislation, ready for a life and death grapple with the

kingdom of God! I know its power; its increasing power. Every year adds to the volume of it. And here in the city of Washington, is the seat of its power. Think of the amount of money invested in a business, the bare revenue of which the last year, has been nearly \$90,000,000. And what does not money do and undo in the way of legislation, in a day like this? And what methods will not men adopt who can look such a business all over, and yet defend it, speak of it as their right. Think of the effrontery of such a request as this: That because in the manufacture of an article, not only in most instances wholly unnecessary for man's welfare, but the very embodiment of all that is injurious to him; the cause of four-fifths of all his woes; because in the manufacture of this, the makers in their haste to become rich, have gone forward in excess of the demand, have made it faster than their poor victims could drink it, Government shall hold this excess untaxed, until they can have time to turn it into money, to do their work of death on its citizens. It reminds one of the verse in the Acts: "And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." And the distillers laid down their clothes at a young woman's feet whose name was America. We see who it is, and what it is that stands backer to the Liquor-Traffic. It is the Government of Fifty Millions of Free People; a people trying to solve the most difficult problem a nation ever had, and therefore, needing to be rid of every hindrance with which humanity has ever been bound; running a race in the eye of the whole world, and yet handicapped by her own law makers! It is this Government, saying with the poet,

"Ivy for my fillet-band :
Blinding dogwood in my hand ;
Hemlock for my sherbet cull me ;
And the Prussic juice to lull me ;
Swing me in the Upas boughs,
Vampyre-fanned, when I carouse !"

As though God's laws had been suspended, or He had left his throne ! As though the spectres of nations lost, were not already saying in anticipation, "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, Son of the morning ! Art thou become as one of us ?"

Far be it from me to say anything which is intemperate on such a subject ; as if poor, broken down human language ever could half depict the truth ! There are necessary evils with which the kingdom of God has to contend among men ; sin original, and sin imitative ; weakness, idleness, what not ? Is it the part of a Christian Civilization to add to these evils ; to give a quasi endorsement to the one head and shoulders above all the rest ; to authorize it and make it respectable, under the seal of that Government which says upon her gold and her silver, "In God we trust !" when that God hears the sighing of all the prisoners, and puts the tears of widows and orphans in His bottle, as a testimony against those whose business makes them ? But this thing I do say, "If you and I and all other Christians in this country are silent, ; or are content with our personal or State security ; are content with our secret thinking, while this sapping and mining process goes on, we or our children will awake and find that our great free Republic has been blown into the air ; and all the occupants of the eternal silences, will say, Amen ! I do not believe any such catastrophe is before us. This question has only to be

carried home to the Christian conscience of the Nation. One after another, let the sisterhood of States fall into line with Maine, and Kansas, and Iowa, and before we know it, the work will be done. Let our watchword be that of our Christian sisters, "God, Home, and Native Land!" And we shall see Heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and He that sits on him, called Faithful and True ; and in righteousness shall He go before us ; and shall He judge and make war. And the Beast shall be taken and bound in chains, and cast into the bottomless pit, that he shall deceive the nation no more ! And all the people shall say Amen !

X.

SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY.

MATT. xviii: 25.—“But, forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had; and payment to be made.”

A bankrupt is a man who can not pay his debts: literally, a man whose bank is broken. The old time treatment of the bankrupt was cruel; made him a kind of criminal. The early law in Rome, gave the creditor the right to take the person if not the very life of the debtor; to send himself, his wife and his children away into slavery. It was so among the Greeks; it was so in the East. The theory was, that the person who borrowed money, or who went into debt, pledged himself and his family for the obligation; that a contract was a partially completed conveyance. The practice of imprisonment for debt, is a remnant of this barbarism. The most senseless of all punishments which could be inflicted on an honest man who is insolvent, would seem to be to shut him up in the debtor's prison, where he could not earn anything if he would; and where he must be supported at public expense. How exactly the text reproduces the state of things above described! “But, forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.”

I do not mean to imply, that it is never criminal to be a bankrupt. I think it is not only criminal, but it is sometimes the very height of meanness. A man would rather suffer from a thief, than a swindler. I have known men, you have known men, who were professional bankrupts ; who, without a single cent in their pocket, or the reasonable prospect of one, have had the effrontery to rent houses ; to run up bills at groceries, tailors' shops, milliners' stores, livery stables ; yes, to take sittings in churches ; indeed, to incur debts wherever they or their family had wants real or imaginary. They did it as though they were honest men, and had the prospect of money. They kept their children in the best schools, and in the best society. They drank the best wines, and smoked the finest cigars ; they drove the fastest steeds ; they frequented the most expensive places of amusement, and the most fashionable churches. And yet, they had not a single cent nor the prospect of one. Bankruptcy was their means of livelihood. By and by there came a collapse, and like the magician's coin, they appeared in other scenes ; or a crime, and the dishonest pantomime was ended. For this class of men, imprisonment with honest thieves, is better treatment than they deserve. They belong to the Wilkins Micawber species, and the only cure for them is Australia, and hard labor there.

The theme which I shall discuss this morning is

SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY ;

that condition in which a man is, who has lost all hold of the great powers of the world to come ; who no longer draws upon them, as resources ; who is no longer under their sway, as the source of impulse or inspiration ; who

is drifting on life's currents, like a log ; and who, when he dies, like that log is lost in the depths of the chasm beyond. There is such a condition ; nor is it in our day an uncommon one. Let us study it.

I. Let us consider what this spiritual bankruptcy is. It is to have one's spiritual resources broken ; God gone, prayer gone ; nothing left but time and sense.

The way in which the Saviour made a Christian was to take a man wherever he found him, and say to him, "Follow me ;" was at one stroke to lay upon him duties, and endow him with graces. That was in part a literal following, and in part, a spiritual one. It implied that wherever Jesus went, this follower, this disciple, should go ; that the words which Jesus taught, this follower, this disciple should receive and carry out into practice ; that whatever Jesus commanded, this follower, this disciple should do. And when Jesus withdrew from His earthly mission, and left His disciples in the world, the spiritual part of this following was as before. He left His teachings, His precepts, His commandments, binding upon all His followers. There was this kingdom of righteousness in their own and in other men's hearts, to be maintained ; there was this golden rule to be carried out. And the disciples who did this, prospered ; grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Lord. But not only this, they were little by little, peculiarly endowed for the responsibilities which pressed upon them ; they grew strong for the burdens they bore ; according to the promise, "To him that hath shall be given." And it has been so, from that day to this.

A man gets spiritual thrift, very much as he gets temporal ; by husbanding littles ; by beginning small and

growing up to greater things. Take this picture of a young Christian: He has all a young man's enthusiasm in his religion. He is found at meetings of prayer and sacred song. He speaks and prays and sings there. At a period in life when things which perish with the using are very fascinating; when life's morning sunshine falls upon everything; when life's every plant is in blossom; when life's every tree has its song-birds; he consecrates himself in all his young ardor and strength to the Lord. It is one of the noblest sights the sun shines on.

Do you think it strange that Jesus loved the young man who came kneeling, and asked the question, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" Well, such a young man, beginning as this young man did, with this young man's question, but not going away sorrowful when he gets the Master's answer; this young man, maturing year by year, and honored by men and by God, as he matures; not only taking his father's and mother's God to be his God, but taking upon himself original and personal duties, such as the times demand, and such as they have never performed; establishing in due time a Christian family of his own, where God is daily worshipped; not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; such a young man, little by little comes into large spiritual possessions. He has large spiritual possessions in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. He has large spiritual possessions in the kingdom of God, as it is moving forward among men; in the cause of Christian education, and Christian missions; in the church of Christ, of which he is an honored member; in the Sabbath School, where he teaches or studies; in the covenant of God's grace, with reference to his children. His most

sanguine purposes and desires, he gives these directions. He invests his best energies in these enterprises. Because they are the Lord's, he makes them his.

Little by little this is changed. It seems to him that he has waked from a dream. There is nothing but chaos and confusion around him. The covenant which he made with God and the church of God; the Christian baptism which he gave his children; the money which he has expended in fostering religious institutions at home, or promoting them abroad; all these things seem now to have sprung from a delusion. He has lost very dear Christian friends. He supposed that they died in the Lord; he heard their dying testimony. He parted with them as though he was to meet them again. But that, too, has all passed. So far as the eternal world is concerned, it is all as blank as though nothing were there; it is as black as night.

Read here what a man who once preached in an orthodox and then in a Unitarian pulpit; who once administered Christian ordinances, writes in answer to the question, whether he is still a Christian: "For the life of Jesus, as set forth in the Gospels; for His personal purity, fine enthusiasm, poetic insight and impulse, as well as for his superb ethical passion, we have the sincerest admiration. For His teachings, we have, in the main, a high degree of respect. In many regards they have proved impracticable; and in some respects they discover narrowness and vindictiveness. But in so far as they tend to elevate pure morality, kindness of relation between man and man, and to purify human conceptions generally, we admire them, and seek to follow them. We inform our correspondent of our complete rejection

of the supernatural foundation upon which the Christian system rests. From the earliest to the latest myth of the entire collection, we without any reservation of any kind, confess our inability to accept a single tale. Let our correspondent then understand, that for every admirable ethical conception contained in the New Testament, or in any other testament; for every noble sentiment expressed, we entertain only the most profound respect. And that for all vindictiveness, for every unworthy threat of a perpetual hell; for all race-bigotry and narrowness, as well as the supercilious claim of Divine favor, set up by the writers of the Testament, we have the most profound contempt." So writes in *The Alliance*, which he edits, George C. Miln of Chicago, once Pastor of an orthodox church in Brooklyn, and last Pastor of the church of the Unity in Chicago, and now upon the stage of the theatre.

Such a man is a spiritual bankrupt. To him the Bible is no more God's Book than the Vedas of the Hindoos, or the Zenda Vesta of the Persians, or the Koran of the Turks; Christ is no more the son of God, than was Buddha, or Zoroaster, or Mohammed; Christian prayer is no more worship of the living Jehovah, than is Brahmanic asceticism, Persian adoration of the sun and moon, and the forces of nature, or the prostrations of the Moslem when he hears the Muezzin's call from the minaret of the Turkish mosque. Once he lived, and moved, and had his being amid things not seen and eternal. Now they have all vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision, burst like the bubbles of his childhood. He regards them as puerile; things for women and children, but not for a man who has come to full years.

Think of the change. A man deliberately gives up personal fellowship with God, as revealed in His Son Jesus Christ ; the purifying, elevating and comforting influences of God's truth ; the society and sympathy of God's people ; the solemn sweetness of God's ordinances ; the benediction that descends upon his children through their familiarity with the character and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ, and so far as that is possible, remands himself back to Buddhism and Mahommedanism, back to spiritual conditions such as spring from the wisdom of mere man, groping his way in darkness, to find the God lost in the first apostacy. I am afraid that could you get at the truth, there are not a few nominal Christians more or less in this state. They may not be quite aware of it. They still keep up many Christian habits ; are floated by Christian life-preservers. But they confess in their inmost souls, that with respect to many things once highly esteemed, once believed in, and depended on, they are bankrupt. They doubt them, they disbelieve them, they reject them.

II. Let us consider what is the origin of spiritual bankruptcy.

1. Spiritual bankruptcy comes from the neglect of little things, of hidden things in the Christian life. There is no drying up of a mighty river, without the drying up of little mountain springs.

In 1881, there were between five and six hundred traders in this country, who failed, and the amount of their liabilities was \$81,155,932. In 1878 there were more than ten thousand ; and the amount of their liabilities, was \$234,383,132. In 1881, one man in every 153 who was in business made a failure of it ; in 1878, one man

in every sixty-six. Of course, there is no one reason why these men failed. Some of them failed because of secret vices ; because they gambled away money honestly earned ; because they and their boon companions drank expensive liquors ; because they had blooded horses. Some of them failed because others failed. Some of them failed because of extravagant tastes, in themselves, their wives, and their children ; because they would not be distanced by other people in the display of fashion. Some of them failed because they did not know much about their own affairs. They were as much surprised as any body.

In spiritual matters, I think that God has made possible the success of all who will honestly and perseveringly seek it ; who will honestly and perseveringly adopt the conditions of success. And I believe that as in literal bankruptcy, so in spiritual, the secret of failure is often between the soul and God ; comes from the neglect of little things. No man knows the secret but the man himself. It is very true, that you may take a church-record, and look over the names, and say that in all probability, one in so many members will make a failure in the Christian life. Take the year 1870, there was a bankrupt in every 120 traders in the United States ; the next year, one in every 163 ; the next year, one in every 130 ; the next year, one in every 108 ; the next year, one in every 103 ; the next year, one in every eighty-three. Here is the Calvinism of trade ; the law of election, as applied to merchants. The fittest survive. God knows, of this church, how many spiritual bankrupts there have been ; there are. God knows, how far I who preach here, in Christ's name, and you who hear ; how far you

who teach in the Sabbath School, and you who are taught there, believe in the eternal verities; fall back upon them as the ultimate things which are never to pass away. This material cosmos is to be dissolved. Material science shows that this is possible, and may be at the door. Revelation declares it to be certain. God knows how far you and I, who, at His fiat came into being, and who are to give account to Him for the deeds done here in the body, believe in the eternal verities which so nearly concern us. And if we have fallen away from them, if we are in any sense spiritual bankrupts, it has been by degrees; because we have neglected that kind of prayer which is known only to Him who sees in secret; we have dried up the little mountain rills which feed the great river of our Christian life; we have neglected that kind of reading of the Bible in which it is to us as God's voice was to Samuel; when our spirits say, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."

2. Spiritual bankruptcy comes from taking too great speculative risks. For the Christian, speculation is exposure. The Psalmist prays: "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins." The presumptuous sin of our day is that which will allow God no secret things. The spirit of modern inquiry is an irreverent one; a presumptuous one. Take as an illustration, the words I quoted from the man who has stepped down and out from the pulpit, to take his place on the boards of the theatre. I say nothing in depreciation of his character, or his honesty. But, think of the self-conceit of one, who, after having studied and preached the words he criticises, could dare say of that Being who was led forth as a lamb to the slaughter, and who, amid the horror of the death on the

Cross, prayed with reference to His murderers : " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," that His teachings were characterized with vindictiveness. And I say, the spirit of modern inquiry so-called, is an irreverent one ; and a man can not subject his mind to it, without running the risk of becoming himself irreverent.

Here is a man who is well established in legitimate business. His investments bring him in a slow but sure return. A sanguine friend comes to him with the scheme of a silver mine, and urges him to take some of the stock. It will bring him in its fifty per cent. against the five or six per cent. of his present investments. That is guaranteed. It will, if it does ! But if it prove to be like the mines with which some of us and our friends have been acquainted, he will do well to hesitate a little. This new theory, that instead of God's having made the world and peopled it, it has peopled itself ; that inorganic matter without life, located on an orb, which is one globe of fire, has developed into organic matter with life ; nay, more, into a being that can think, and feel, and aspire ; that there is no personal God superintending events, but a certain trend or tendency toward human betterment ; making for righteousness ; this new theory may prove a spiritual investment like those silver mines ; may prove to be only, what many a silver mine is, a deserted hole in the ground, for fools to wonder at ! may not continue to make dividends.

There is no doubt of the mischief done by largely subjecting one's mind to this kind of speculation. It is sure to result in the Tempter's saying to a man, " Yea, hath God said, In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth ?" There can be no conflict between the

revelation, which the Creator has made of Himself in what is called Nature, when we get at it, and in what is called Revelation. If such geologists as the late Hugh Miller, as Professors Dana and Guyot are not troubled with the statements in Genesis, as compared with the record of the rocks, why should you and I be? "I have read," says Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard University, in his lectures on Ideality and Science, "I have read an attempted explanation of the process by which consciousness could be evoked out of unconsciousness, the necessary problem of the evolutionist." It seems to me a gross violation of the principle of the necessity of an adequate cause for the production of an effect. Without some more lucid explanation, notwithstanding my most sincere respect for the high authority from which it emanated, I must place it in the same category with demonstrations which I have in vain striven to understand, of the possibility of perpetual motion; and of the falsity of the law of gravitation; or of the earth's curvature. It leaves us at the mercy of vague speculation, and deprives philosophy of its soundest instrument of research." To Prof. Pierce's mind, the evolutionist whose world is made without a maker, is like the perpetual motion man, whose motion originates without a mover.

3. Spiritual bankruptcy comes from neglecting to take frequent account of one's actual condition; and to keep a proper proportion between one's faith and his works.

There is a great deal said in the Bible about watchfulness and self-examination. None too much. It is not for the purpose of making a man uneasy; it is too keep him safe. Even in the spiritual activities, there are great perils. Spiritual activities have their special perils. It is

often a good remedy for a man, who complains of want of faith, to give him something to do ; that by his works his faith may be made perfect. But, he may also go to the other extreme ; that is, he may undertake to do more than he has faith to sustain him in doing. He may go on enlarging his spiritual activities beyond his spiritual capacity ; just as a man may try to do more business than he has capital or capacity for. There is spiritual bankruptcy in that direction.

The Saviour says, that in the last day, "Many shall say to Him, "Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" to whom His answer will be, "I never knew you!" This illustrates how people may take upon themselves spiritual responsibilities, for which they are not fitted. A great many professed Christians are like people sailing in a fog. They want to keep up all sail ; and they do not want to take the trouble to make frequent soundings, to see where they are. Suppose a man should sometimes say to himself, "Here I am with this Sabbath school class of young men or young women under my instruction ; what is the measure of my faith? I teach this Bible ; do I actually believe what I teach? Here are actual results, life or death, every Lord's day, reached ; what are they?" Do you not think it would be a helpful thing?

God forbid that I should say anything discouraging to any one who is engaged in Christian work. This should not be regarded discouraging. But the longer I preach the Gospel, and the longer you teach it, without the faith commensurate for our work—if we ever do this—the more risk we run of ultimate spiritual bankruptcy. It is

not as it is with many a man in his business; "He has just so much money which he can put into it." In Christian work we are limited only by our unbelief. The prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief," is always appropriate to us. The men who go on preaching the Gospel year after year; teaching the Gospel year after year, without faith proportionate to their work, are the men who ultimately come to disbelieve it. How often you hear this remark, "Did you know that such a man, the President of such a Philosophical club, was once an ordained minister? Did you know that such a woman once a teacher in the Sunday School, had become a spiritualist? or a medium? Infidelity and spiritualism often administer on the estates of bankrupt Christians. There is sound philosophy in such a result. You and I who handle God's truth, must either see some fruit of our labor, according to God's promise, or we shall lose our faith in that truth.

4. Spiritual bankruptcy comes from neglecting Christian ordinances and Christian activities. "And he went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents."

The Apostle exhorts the Hebrew converts not to "forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is." It seems that then, as now, there were people who thought they could be just as good Christians out of the church as in it; when they neglected God's public worship, as when they attended upon it. How much a man's religious life is dependent upon a regular and faithful attendance upon God's House, and the study of God's truth, we may best gather from the multitude, who, when they remove away from the vicinity of the sanctuary, or, when they are lost in the depths of

a great city, suffer their religious life to decline ; as well as from the fact that other things being equal, the best Christians are always most regularly attendant on public worship, and most actively engaged in Christian work.

Christian morality is largely owing to public and social ordinances. Let there be one day in the week, when in any community, the Sabbath bell rings ; when the sanctuary throws open its doors ; when men hear the words of the Gospel, " Come unto me and I will give you rest," and the other six days in the week can not be so wholly godless, as they would be otherwise. Call it superstition or what you please. This is the fact. New England civilization rests upon the proper observance of the Sabbath. The other day, when a Massachusetts Senator, recreating in a Maine wilderness, proposed to the young people of the camp, that they abstain from the usual avocations of hunting and fishing, and he would conduct the worship of God, it was a testimony to his belief in the value of the Lord's day, and of the duties that pertain to it. I am satisfied that there are few cities of its population, where there is such general outward observance of the Sabbath, as in Washington. The churches, too, are well attended. But, notwithstanding this, there is quite a population of non-church-goers. And some of these, have been communicants at home. They do not come here intending to be negligent in these matters. But instead of reporting at once ; instead of casting in their lot with some religious organization, and making it their spiritual home, they begin by going around from church to church, like spies, to see where the grapes grow largest. So far as any home-feeling is concerned, it is like taking one's meals at an eating-house. It baerly keeps them alive, and that at a poor dying rate. The

truth they hear does not come from the lips of their own Pastor ; has not been prepared for them ; is not received as so intended. And, going from church to church as strangers, they come to conclude that no church has a welcome for them, and so they get alienated from all churches, and soon fall into the way of giving up the Sabbath morning to the perusal of the gossip of the Sunday newspaper, and lounging away the sacred hours at home ; while the habit of a Sunday-night excursion down the river soon follows. I hope I do not speak to the experience of any who are here to-day ; but I know it to be the experience of not a few who come to this city, as Christians in good and regular standing. They become spiritual bankrupts, by neglecting the regular public worship of God on the Lord's day ; by leaving off the study of the Bible.

5. Spiritual bankruptcy comes from the conscious neglect of some duty, which one's conscience commends ; or from the habitual doing of some act which one's conscience condemns.

When a man loses confidence in the sincerity of his own Christian character, he is in great danger. The prime thing in Christian character is the belief in one's own honesty. He may struggle along for years, and make very poor headway as a Christian, but if his heart is fixed upon God's commandments, as his aim ; if he feels all the time that he is sincere, and that God knows him to be so, he will not be easily discouraged ; he can not become bankrupt. But, let him begin to say and do things that are not sincere ; and he is in danger of utterly breaking with his conscience ; and then his moral descent is sure.

The habit of running in debt, with no prospect of be-

ing able to pay ; the habit of borrowing money, never intending to return it, and yet, always with profuse promises, must be formed very gradually. At first, doubtless the man thinks he is sincere ; means to be honest. But little by little, he becomes what we call demoralized, and his word is worthless. Spiritual bankruptcy comes in the same manner. There is something with reference to which the man knows in his own heart that he is not sincere. He does not like to think of it when he is praying ; he ignores it. And if there be that one thing which is wrong, it vitiates everything else. "Save me if you can," said a minister to his physician ; "but I can not give up smoking." The man loved this habit of smoking better than his health, his life. So there is some favorite thing which sometimes keeps the Christian insincere ; something which he can not surrender ; even if his spiritual welfare depend upon it. Said quaint George Herbert in one of his sonnets :

"Lord with what care hast thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reasons, holy messengers ;
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin ;
 Afflictions sorted ; anguish of all sizes :
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in ;
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises ;
 Blessings beforehand ; ties of gratefulness ;
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame, within, our consciousness ;
 Angels and grace ; eternal hopes and fears.
 Yet all these fences and their whole array,
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away."

III. Let us inquire what is the remedy for spiritual bankruptcy.

1. The first remedy is a strange one ; but it is to become conscious of it. You remember the message which

the Spirit sent to the church at Laodicea : " Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not, that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Knowest not ! Here is unconscious bankruptcy. A man may be a literal bankrupt for years, and not know it. His death discloses it. The settlement of his affairs shows it. At any time, say for ten or fifteen years, he could not have paid dollar for dollar. He had large landed property ; large interests in steamboats and railroads ; men believed him worth far more than he was ; gave him all the credit he wanted ; in a word, he has traded on his credit. I think it is so with some men who are spiritual bankrupts. Unless God sends them some season of sickness in which they have time to look at their spiritual affairs in the light of probable death ; unless He takes away some idolized object of their affection, or their ambition, they are in danger of drifting on, and drifting on without any clear conception of their spiritual condition, until they awake to their bankruptcy, in another world. I think this is possible.

How often it is said of a man whose estate is settled up by others : " He died bankrupt ; but if he could have settled up his own affairs, it would have been different." That is he would not have died bankrupt, if he had settled up his business before his death. There is one way, in which a Christian can become conscious of spiritual bankruptcy. It is to compare himself now with what he was at some season of especial privilege. The patriarch Job said : " Oh, that I was as in months past ; as in the days when God preserved me ; when His candle shined about my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness ; as I was in the days of my youth, when the

secret of God was upon my tabernacle ; when the Almighty was yet with me !”

There was a time, my Brother, when you had some such experience as this. It is recorded in the annals of your past life. It is recorded in your memory. It is recorded in Heaven. Take your present spiritual state ; take your daily life, as you live it, and compare it with that record. “Oh,” but you say, “I was young and inexperienced ; I was ignorant and enthusiastic then.” But you did have large possessions in God ; did you not ? You did have great comfort, and great power in prayer ; did you not ? The commandments of God, and the promises of God, how literally you took them. There was no speculation there. You may be a great deal wiser than you were then ; but are you even according to your own judgment, so much of a Christian ? Do you believe as much of what Jesus taught ?

2. The second remedy, when you are conscious of your spiritual bankruptcy, is, take the advice of the Holy Spirit to the Christians at Laodicea : “I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich !” There is still time for us to go to them that sell and buy for ourselves.

Men who have become bankrupt in worldly business, sometimes sit down utterly unmanned, and discouraged. They sometimes go to other parts, where among strangers they can have heart to begin again. They sometimes seek to redeem themselves right there, where they have made their business failure. But always they must be content to be what they actually are ; they must begin in a small way. It is not an easy matter to regain confidence in one’s self ; it is not easy to regain the confidence of others. But little by little it can be done.

So if a Christian has lost his confidence in God and the things of God, his recovery may be very slow. But that he may recover, the Bible certainly teaches us. This is the drift of this whole passage addressed to the church at Laodicea. It is an exhortation to recovery from spiritual bankruptcy. And in it occurs that sweet and tender, and yet authoritative passage, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock! If any man hear my voice, and will open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

There is a beautiful scene from "Domestic Life in Palestine," by Miss Rogers, whose brother was British Consul at Damascus, which James Freeman Clarke quotes in his volume: "*The Ten Great Religions*." He is showing the impression made upon Moslem women by Miss Rogers' devotions. She was in the apartments of the Governor's family. They had all kissed her, and bade her good night, when she knelt by her bedside as was her custom at home. She then tried to compose herself to sleep, but she could not, for the whispering of the women. At last, she felt a soft hand stroking her forehead, and heard a voice say very gently, "O beloved!" As she did not answer, her face was touched again, and this time, she felt a kiss on her forehead, while a voice said, "Miriam, speak to us; speak to us, Miriam, darling." Miss Rogers could resist no longer, and turned to see the Governor's wife leaning over her. "What is it? what can I do for you?" "What did you do just now, when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?" Miss Rogers sat up and said very solemnly, "I spoke to God!" Then all the women and the slaves gathered around her; and there was perfect silence, as she went on to explain farther. The next morning, Miss

Rogers found the women from all the neighborhood, had come to hear the English girl speak to God. "Now," said the Governor's wife, "Now, Miriam, darling, will you speak to God?" Miss Rogers adds, "If I had only said I was saying my prayers ! or I was at my devotions, it would not have impressed them."

They were accustomed to hear the frequent call to prayer, and to heed it. But it had wholly slipped out of their notion of prayer, that it was speaking to God ! Possibly it may be so with some of us. Possibly, if we should speak to God about our having lost the sense of His presence, and the meaning of His love ; of the barrenness, which there is to us in prayer ; if we should speak to God a little about these things, instead of saying our customary prayer, it might have a new effect upon us ; before we knew it, it would be with us as in the days that are past.

My dear Brethren, are we not all of us more or less in the condition of the servant in the parable ; owing so much, and yet having nothing to pay ? having such infinite resources at our command, and yet so impoverished in Christian graces ; helpless, and yet availing ourselves of God's help so little ? saying with the Laodiceans, that we are "rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," when, according to God's standard, which is so unlike ours, "we are wretched and miserable, and blind, and naked?" Let us thank God that there is forgiveness with Him, that He may be feared ; that His treatment of us is so gentle, and patient, and kind ; that there is One who has paid our debt for us ; and who has said, "Deliver them from going down to death ; for I have found a Ransom." And let us forgive man, as God forgives us !

XI.

THE LONELINESS OF LIFE.

I COR. II: 25.—“For, what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man, which is in him? Even so, the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.”

There is no being made more for society, needing society more, than man; and yet in the last analysis, there is no being more lonely. Here is a city, for example, whose population is numbered by hundreds of thousands. Think of them, as they turn out to behold some grand parade; swaying back and forth in the streets like living waves; crowding the windows and the roofs, the balconies and church towers; voicing forth their cheers at the passing of the brilliant pageant; silent and tearful as they witness the funeral cortege of a hero borne with measured tread to his last home. They look into each other's eyes. They touch each other's elbows. They call each other by name. Their accents blend in similar utterances. But no two of them are alike. They are drawn together, as atoms are; they repel, as atoms do. Their stature, faces, figure, voices, professions and employments are no more different than they are different within. And that difference makes them lonely. They are husbands and fathers; they are wives and daughters; they are teachers and pupils; they are neighbors and friends; and yet, within, they are just as much unlike and alone, as though the city's limits were an island in the

depths of the Pacific Ocean, and each one trod it like some shipwrecked Alexander Selkirk, known only to himself and to God.

“For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so, the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.” God made man in His own image, and after His own likeness. And in his own lonely individuality and unlikeness to every other being upon the face of the earth, man is like God. We think of the loneliness of God. There is something which corresponds to it in man. The fact that he is an individual, isolates him to himself; to his own life, to his own accountability, to his own future. Talk to me about the solidarity of the human race; I admit that wherever you find man; in whatever latitude, under whatever sky, he shows that he has died in Adam; he shows the scar of the apostacy; the mark of his alienation from God, and the things of God. But on the other hand, he shows that he is himself and no one else. There are indeed cases of mistaken identity. There are people whom seen separately you can not distinguish from each other, but who together are not at all alike. But this temporary confusion arises from outward resemblance; and outward resemblance indicates nothing as to inward. There never was, there never will be, any mistaken identity as to souls.

THE LONELINESS OF LIFE.

This is the subject which I shall discuss this morning. “For what man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit of man, which is in him?”

I. What is loneliness? It is the sense of individual

insufficiency ; the feeling that one is not enough for himself and his surroundings ; needs a counsellor, a guide, a comforter ; needs somewhat, something to supplement himself. "Every man alone, is sincere." This is what Emerson says. That is, every man alone catches a true reflection of his own image ; takes the measure of his own altitude ; weighs himself in the balances of truth. And it is this reflection of himself, this taking of his own height and weight that makes him feel lonely ; feel insufficient for his lot, his destiny. Society covers up our deficiencies ; or, supplying them, supplementing them, causes us to forget them. If a man is alone, he is content to pass for just what he is ; that is an open secret between him and himself ; he thinks within his own bosom, thoughts which he never thinks when in the presence of another. If he is with a confidential friend, one whom his heart can touch on every side, there are thoughts kept back from all the rest of the world, which he tells to him. Make the circle larger even by one, and his heart shuts up as some flowers do in the daylight.

Why does the child cry in the nursery at the absence of its mother ? It is not sick. Its lusty voice sufficiently proclaims this. It is lonely. It feels a sense of its own insufficiency. Why does it still cry when the nurse comes in to soothe it ? It is not lonely for the nurse ; it is lonely for its mother. Only its mother is sufficient for it. Let its mother sit by its side, her foot upon the rocker of its crib, her voice singing some familiar lullaby ; why do its little eyelids droop again, all its troubles forgotten ? Its insufficiency is supplied. The thought of its mother there glides into all its dreams.

It is not being without society, it is being without con-

genial society, society which is society, companionship to us, which makes one lonely. The boy, sad thought to us, perhaps, outgrows the society of his humble home ; of his tender, careful mother, of his old-fashioned father, with his blunt words and uncouth ways. These dear ones, dearer, perhaps, than ever, are society no longer. He has come to study books. He finds more society in Virgil, in Homer, in dreams of College studies, and College honor. He hears the trumpet-call of the Future and must go forth to battle.

“ The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature’s priest ;
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.”

In College, in the Professional School, with his books, and his teachers, and with or without a single bosom friend, he is less lonely than ever before in his life. And so, as his horizon widens, he goes on making and meeting new demands ; outgrowing old social conditions ; taking on new ones to meet the proportions of his latest social insufficiency.

The division of humanity into sex is the Creator’s device against loneliness. “ It is not good for man that he should be alone.” It is humanity’s law. The husband needs the wife ; the wife the husband ; the parent needs the child ; the child the parent ; the pupil the teacher ; the teacher the pupil. When the other day, your son took a bride, and pledging each other by the hand, they said in the presence of God, and before many witnesses : “ Until death us do part !” when amid flowers variously grouped and wreathed, and woven into mottoes, they stood up in your home to receive the congratulation of

friends, and then sped away as on the wings of the wind to some distant city, or to the wilds of some new territory ; you thought, perhaps, that it was only your selfishness which made you grieve ; which made your home desolate, and the night-watches sleepless. It was your sense of insufficiency to live without your child. A beautiful staff had gone out from your life, upon which your soul had leaned. And it was his sense of insufficiency which made him go. He yearned for society which he had not ; duties which he had not ; enlargement which he could find only elsewhere.

Looked at in this light, life is one long effort to escape from one's insufficiency ; to supply ourselves with that which as incomplete beings we want ; to make ourselves whole in the society of others ; to find those who will cheer us, comfort us, help us, supplement us on life's journey.

"A peculiar feeling," says one writing a kind of autobiography, "a peculiar feeling it is, that will arise in the traveler when turning some hill-range in his desert road, he descries lying far below, embosomed among its groves, and green, natural bulwarks, and all diminished to a toybox, the fair town where so many souls, as it were, seen, and yet unseen, are driving their multifarious traffics. Its white steeple is then truly a star-pointing finger ; the canopy of blue smoke seems like a sort of life-breath ; for always, of its own unity, the soul gives unity to whatever it looks on with love ; thus does the little dwelling place of men, in itself a congeries of houses and huts become for us an individual ; almost a person. But what thousand other thoughts unite therto, if the place has to ourselves, been the arena of joyous or mournful experi-

ences ; if, perhaps, the cradle we were rocked in still stands there ; if our loving ones still dwell there ; if our buried ones there slumber." This is Carlyle, in Sartor Resartus, speaking perhaps, of his own Ecclefechan.

Thinking back to such a quiet country birth-place as many of us may ; playing again with the boys and girls in its maple-shaded streets ; answering again with books under our stripling arms to the Academy-bell calling us to school ; some day taking the old stage-coach, which daily ran with its warning horn, and its stirring tumult into the town where the College was ; four years absent, and then back again for a fresh start ; teaching, studying a profession, establishing a home of our own ; tugging, striving, moiling along to middle life ; then back there again. All the time, from the day when we first felt the swelling of boyhood hopes, to this day, when we compare our dreams with the reality, struggling toward completeness, inward and outward ; trying in all things to be rid of this sense of loneliness and insufficiency. This is our history. It is the history of humanity.

II. Let us inquire the source of this loneliness. Why is it that a man is not sufficient to himself?

1. Because of his ignorance. His first limitation is that of knowledge. He does not know enough to like to be alone. We spoke of the loneliness of God. He is that He is. There is a loneliness which comes from entire sufficiency. Such is the loneliness of God. The eagle mounts alone to the sun ; watch him far above the highest crag, on which is his eyrie, with his strong wing and clear eye, he traverses alone the pathless air. We lose sight of him ; a speck, a nothing against the sky ; but he is still there, sufficient to himself. The brave swimmer

strikes out into the leagues of water which lie between him and the goal he seeks on yonder shore. We should drown a thousand times, shrieking for help. The very thought of such a venture causes a sinking within us. First in this posture, and then in the other, now floating for rest and then plowing his fearless way, he reaches the solid earth. He knows his art ; he knows his power.

A little child left alone in a dark room ; a man unused to the forest, hopelessly lost at night in its wilds ; hearing creeping sounds like the coming of some beast of prey ; looking up to the distant stars for society ; this is humanity. It is the style with a certain class of minds, who think they know more than all the rest of mankind, to say of certain great interests which pertain to the race : "I do not know." Ask them if there is to be any hereafter : "I do not know." Ask them if the Bible is the inspired Word of God : "I do not know." The more ignorant a man is, the more lonely. Give a man books, and they are society, if he knows how to use them. Give a man knowledge of trees, of flowers, of birds, of insects, and they are society to him when he is alone with them. He greets them like old friends. The farmer's life is often a lonely one ; so we think. And it may be. But yet, he lives amid the great processes of Nature. Nature is teeming with change, and life, and movement. She is a chemist, and he is privileged with admission to her laboratory. He is her pupil, if he will only go to her school. Said the patriarch Job, "Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee ; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee ; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee ; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee."

And the poet Emerson has written of the flowers and the birds :

“ Ah ! well I mind the calendar,
Faithful through a thousand years,
Of the painted race of flowers ;
Exact to day, exact to hours ;
Counted on the precious dial
Yon brodered zodiac girds.
I know the trusty Almanac
Of the punctual comings-back
On their due-days, of the birds.”

The poet Burns, too, calls the mouse, whose nest his plowshare had disturbed, his fellow-mortal ; apologizing to her in these words :

“ I’m truly sorry man’s dominion
Has broken Nature’s social union ;
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
And fellow mortal.”

And then, after sympathizing with her in her losses, closing with words of consolation :

“ Still thou art blest compared with me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But oh, I backward cast my e’e
On prospects drear !
And forward, though I can na see,
I guess, an’ fear.”

And Emerson in prose, agrees with Emerson in poetry, when he says : “ What is the farm, but a mute gospel ? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun ; it is the sacred emblem, from the first furrow of Spring, to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields. The moral influence of Nature upon every individual, is that amount of truth which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this ? Who can

guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman? how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the open sky, over whose unspotted deeps, the winds forevermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain? how much industry and providence and affection, we have caught from the pantomime of brutes." To illustrate this, read Emerson's poem, "The Titmouse," or Wordsworth's "Daffodils."

2. Man is lonely, is not sufficient to himself, because of his weakness. Man is surrounded by infinite possibilities. Is it strange that he feels inadequate to meet them? That may grow out of his act, or his failure to act, to-day and now, which may go on, and on, forever! What he does to-day may result in his being crowned with glory, as a son of God; what he neglects, in his losing that crown. When a poor creature feels himself walking in the shadow of some desperate act to which he is tempted, he asks not to be left alone. He cannot protect himself: against whom? against himself! He is as weak as that.

We frequently speak of woman as the weaker sex. And yet God intended woman as man's complement; to fill out his insufficiency. Have you never seen a strong man who was really as unsafe out of the sight of a little heroic woman, as a babe out of the sight of its mother? God knew what was wise when He said, "I will make a help meet for him." Peter talks about his right to lead about a wife. In these days the thing is often reversed. I sometimes hear of men made in the image of God, who can not get their wages home without wasting them on places of drink; who spend their money betting on what number will draw prizes in a lottery; who act more like lads who know nothing about the value of money, or that

others have rights in it as well as themselves. Yes, we speak of woman as the weaker sex ; meaning, I suppose, that man has a more masculine look, has a heavier step, a louder voice, and gets more wages ; and ought to be, where God put him, and would have him, crowned with creation's crown ; ought to be where he can bear all the heavy burdens, and take life's hard knocks, instead of making the burdens and the knocks heavier for her. There is a kind of life-saving service carried on by the women of these Christian Temperance organizations, where men wrecked by intemperance are picked up as from the hungry maw of a great sea, and the hands of the wreckers who frequent the shore ; to be saved, if possible, from that sentence of the Judge of all the earth, who does right, which excludes the drunkard from the kingdom of God. It is done by this weaker sex to save the stronger. It is woman that mans these life-boats ; that defeats these wreckers.

I do not advocate marrying a man to save him ; because he is too weak to withstand temptation alone. This is a sorrow which marriage does not divide. The wife gets more than her share. The rather, I warn you, young woman, that the man with drinking habits, the man who will come into your pure presence with the drink-effluvia upon his breath, and the drink-devil within him, is a being to be shunned, when he speaks of such a thing. Marriage is an ordinance of God. He a suitable party to it ! I pity the drunkard's wife, and the gambler's wife, who are such, from no fault of their own. But the young woman who encourages the addresses of a wine-bibber or a beer-taker, is planting thorns in her own pillow as a wife and mother. The wreath of orange-flowers which

will decorate her brow as a bride, will be trampled under the foot of base appetite ; will be torn into tatters over and over again. Many a time before her hair has a single silver thread, will she long for death, as those who watch for the morning ! Many a time will she wish that her children had never been born ! 'A drunkard's wife ! The mother of a drunkard's children ! I know it is said, "that such a man has but this one fault ;" as though this sin against self, and woman, and child, and society, and God, were of private interpretation. One fault ! It is the sum of all faults. "He is noble-minded, he is free and generous, he is affectionate to wife and children, he is gifted in thought and speech," But I say, "The nobler he is, the baser ; the more inexcusable ; the more God-defiant ; the more under the condemnation of God. That one appetite desecrates all his highest possibilities." Splendid vessel this which you are invited to take passage in ! Every cord in its place, the sails as white as snow, colors flying from the masthead ! Ribbed of heart-of-oak ! Yes, but whose hand is at the helm ? The law of God, and the law of man make the husband the head of the wife ; the law of God provides that the wife reverence her husband. To try to maintain a household according to God's pattern, with a drunken husband at the head of it ; it is a mockery of God, whose idea marriage is ; and who is Himself our Father in Heaven !

3. Man is lonely, man is insufficient to himself, because he suffers.

The true humanity of the Son of Man was shown when he took Peter and James and John with Him into the Garden of Gethsemane ; His true divinity in that He trod the wine-press of agony alone ; in that for man's

sake He endured that the mysterious fellowship between Himself and the Father should be disturbed. That cry upon the Cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was the loneliest cry ever uttered beneath the heavens. It was the cry of the only begotten Son of God for the society of the Father: his Father.

Sir Thomas Browne says, that "an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided, as, if not indivisible, at least, to become insensible." And it is, if perhaps, they may divide their sorrows, that men want society in trouble. What a mysterious thing this sympathy is. A young man comes to you, your own son perhaps, and tells you in broken accents, how hard it is to do right. He thinks your battles are all fought, and that you are on the retired list. He does not know that you too still tread pathways where there are thorns that wound your feet. Some victories you have won, but not all. And you take the sacred confidence he gives you into your own bosom; you who see him encompassed about with the same infirmities which once encompassed you, and fighting on your old battle fields. You take the sacred confidence of your noble boy, who is putting on the armor of God; you shed your tears with his tears; you pray with and for him; and he goes forth feeling his burden divided; his victory half won.

That is a fortunate young man, a young man favored of God, who has a father who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities; who feels in a certain sense responsibility for his son's weaknesses, inherited perhaps from himself; at any rate, who covets taking his share of them. All suffering from temptation must be lonely. It is so in the very nature of the case. Temptation is

the soul led forth into the solitude of the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. That is a fortunate young woman, a young woman favored of God, who keeps back no secret thought from her mother ; ay, who has a mother to whom she cleaves as did Ruth to Naomi, saying with her, "My people shall be thy people ; and my God, thy God !" If mother and daughter meet at the altar of God, nothing on earth can separate them.

4. Man is lonely, man is insufficient for himself, because he is a sinner.

There is no such isolating power in all the universe of God as sin, because the whole universe of God is up in arms against it. There is society in Nature. I have reminded you of this. Nature has been cursed by sin ; still Nature is one with God. There is Agriculture, Nature's Free School, of which Adam was the first graduate, with all its object lessons for the man who is a farmer ; lessons in light and heat, from tree and plant, from bird and beast. You may well ask, "Can man be alone, when Nature constantly moves forward her varied panorama of sights ; her varied processions of products, right under his eye ? Can a man be alone with the sky peopled with worlds above him ; with the earth teeming with life animate, and life inanimate around him ; with the mountains raising their heads like altars of sacrifice ; and the tides of the great deep lifting up their eternal hymn, the voice of many waters at his feet ? If he bears the burden of sin unrepented of, and sin unforgiven ; if it is the language of his spirit to the Being who made him, "Against thee and thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight ;" he may be alone anywhere,

everywhere. Nature has no society with him ; no fellowship for him ; because he has broken with her Master.

The man lost in the trackless wilderness at midnight, knows that the worst thing which can happen to him, is to feed a few days on berries, and then, death, or perhaps, deliverance. This solitude which is so overpowering, this uncertainty of life, and hold upon life, can not last forever. The man who is such a victim to physical appetite, that he curses the day in which he was born, thinks that in some of these fits of delirium, the whole, long, sad catastrophe may be ended. He flies from the ills he has, to those he knows not of. But the man whom sin isolates, whom sin makes lonely, and insufficient to himself, what escape from solitude has he? It has become the law of his being ; in this world, in all worlds.

Sin eats like an acid into the very nature of the soul. It scars the body ; but it eats through the body into the soul. For every sin against the body is as much more a sin against the soul, as the soul is higher than the body. It seems to be a law of God in Creation, that the part sinned against shall bear the scar of the sin. There is a temporary, casual retribution for sin in this life. Joseph comforted his brothers with the thought, that though they had betrayed him, and sold him as a servant, God had brought good out of their evil. But there were those long years of treachery toward their venerable father ; there was the conscious alienation from God because of unforgiven sin ; what was to be said of these? Did God's bringing good out of their evil contemplate relief from them? There is no remedy for sin but forgiveness. God's overruling it does not relieve man of its guilt ; of

its burden. God overruled the greatest sin ever committed against Himself, against His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord; so that it is the greatest blessing ever conferred on the race. But the man who committed that sin went out and hanged himself, to escape from himself; and from his sense of that burden of solitude, which sin had brought upon him. Over against the cross lifted up to draw men to God, is that other picture of a man casting down those thirty pieces of silver, and crying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood!"

The cruellest thing that sin does, is to make a man lonely; so lonely that he would flee into other worlds to escape from it, to break his relations with all other life. Have you ever watched the workings of crime with reference to this matter of trying to escape from society? Why from society? Because the man no longer has any fellowship with it. Every man's hand is against him. An American criminal gets upon foreign shores. Why does he not stay there? Why can he not be happy there? Why does his heart yearn so for his native country, that at last he prefers giving himself up to be punished for his crime, coming back under arrest, in hand cuffs, to that life of isolation and loneliness? It often happens so. He escapes from society; and yet, his punishment of loneliness is so great, that he prefers to return and take the penalty of the law of man, which is, society with men like himself; men who have broken with society as he has done!

III. Let us ask what Christianity has to offset to this loneliness of life? If it has nothing, it is a failure. It has:

I. Knowledge for man's ignorance. Revelation is a

declaration of the truth, respecting God and man in their relations to each other ; respecting man's origin, his possibilities, his destiny. It is about the very things we want to know, to get rid of our loneliness. If it is not that it is nothing ; it is worthless. If, after all that the Bible has revealed, we have yet to go to human science and ask whether there be any God ; and what kind of a Being He is ; when, how and where man originated, and what and where will be his hereafter, then Revelation is a failure. It is complete in and of itself, or it is nothing. It is worse than useless.

I believe that Nature and the Bible agree as far as Nature goes ; but Nature never goes beyond the Decalogue, beyond Thou shalt not and Thou shalt ! I believe with Ralph Waldo Emerson : " That sensible objects conform to the premonitions of Reason, and reflect the conscience ; that all things are moral, and that in their boundless changes, they have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is Nature glorious with form, color, motion, that every globe in the remotest heaven ; every chemical change, from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life ; every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf to the tropical forest and the antediluvian coal-mine ; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man, the laws of right and wrong ; and echo the Ten Commandments. Therefore, is Nature ever the ally of religion ; lends all her pomp and riches to the religious sentiment. This ethical character so penetrates the bone and marrow of Nature, as to seem the end for which it was made. Whatever private purpose is answered by any member, or part, this is its public and universal function,

and is never omitted." This is all true, and in harmony with the Bible. God had put the Decalogue into the natural laws by which He governs the world, long before He ever gave it to Moses. But alas! this is not enough. It is still the Old Testament and not the New. Its voice is the voice of Law and not of Love. "They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens." We sit in our observatories and watch the flight of the mysterious stranger that goes careering across our heavens. We know that it is bound by sweet influences to the throne of a God whose name is Love. To us the flight of a comet is no more than the flight of the water fowl, and we can say of one, as of the other :

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast :
The desert and illimitable air :
Lone wandering, but not lost."

The economy of God's love ; how God can be just, and justify him that believeth ; the Bible teaches us all about it. True, we are lost, but in Christ Jesus, God has sought us, and found us. We are the lost, found. All things work together for good to us. There is not a promise of God, nor a fraction of a promise, which is not fulfilling ; which will not be fulfilled. The little flower fades, its stalk perishes, and returns to the dust. Do we believe that a single atom of it is lost ? True, it is invisible ; but it is also indestructible. Float where it will, God is there ; God's law is there. And, if God will, it may come back again, atom for atom, and bloom there a hundred years from now. Is it any harder for God than its first coming ? And can we not believe that as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive ? Is the sec-

ond life harder for God than the first? Wherefore, if God so care for the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more care for you, O ye of little faith?

2. Christianity has society for man's weakness. Men may be very weak, and yet entirely safe, if they keep in the society of God. God's strength is made perfect, has an uninterrupted play; chance in human weakness. This truth of God which the Bible contains; this offset to human ignorance; this corrective to human error; this compendium of God's wisdom; this reservoir of God's power; how can it be so arranged that it will always be ready to comfort us, to caution us, to confirm us in the pathway of life, so that we can draw upon it at sight? The Author of it, He moved by whom holy men of old spoke it, wrote it; and who now interprets it, is omnipresent; can be with you and me, as really as He was with Isaiah and John; can speak to us in it, as he did to them. And He brings the things of Christ to our remembrance. This is the only gift ever absolutely promised in answer to prayer: the Holy Spirit!

The word Emmanuel means God with us. Not God with us as He is in Nature; but as He is in Christ Jesus. He is with us in Nature. I have known sensitive natures so overawed by climbing up high mountains, that though perfectly safe, they seemed crushed to the earth by their surroundings. I have known men, unconverted men, who have said, that in such places they felt impelled to uncover their heads, as in the presence of majesty: were instinctively moved to prayer. God has written there His power and godhead. And this society of God, the Creator, man may always have, wherever he treads God's

earth. He finds there echoes of the Ten Commandments, as Emerson says. But strictly speaking, this is not society. Society means the company of a companion or fellow. This is not the presence of a companion, of a fellow. It is the presence of the Mighty Worker, who "spake and it was done ; who commanded and it stood fast ;" whose word brought the upheavals of mountains, and who laid the beams of His chambers upon the waters. Only in Christ Jesus does God come down into companionship with us. What a life would that man lead, if it were always with him, as it was with the two disciples in their walk to Emmaus. That was an illustration of the meaning of the word Emmanuel : God with us.

This world is very full of loneliness, because of perils and sorrows. It is not lonely for us because we can not have the society of God. These perils and sorrows are one reason why Emmanuel came ; and there is not one of them in which God would not have fellowship with us. This sense of insufficiency, this effort to supplement one's self, comes from being without God. We do not dream that it is so. But just in proportion as we are without God, do we go on, trying this thing and that thing, to rid us of our loneliness. But we still keep the aching void. We say to ourselves, that school-life will do it ; that College-life will do it ; that a profession will do it ; that married life will do it ; that public position will do it ; that to win some great prize of honor will do it. And here we are at the end, just as lonely and discontented, as when in our youth, the voice of Jesus said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest !" And we preferred

to go on in our loneliness. Fellowship with God is what we want ; and this Christianity gives us.

3. Christianity has sympathy for man in his sufferings. Here is One walking with us human ways, who became perfect through suffering. This One Christianity gives us.

The sense of loneliness which comes from being sick in a foreign land ; in a hospital, where you hear only a foreign tongue ; the feeling that though you have friends, they are divided from you by leagues of ocean ; that the hand of a mother, a wife, a child, which you would most like to have smoothe your pillow for you, or give you a cordial to drink, can never bring you ministrations of love ; do any of you know anything about this ? This is yearning for something beyond society. We have society ; we want sympathy ; we want society in suffering.

The incarnation was the only solution of this problem. Before the incarnation God could give us society in Himself, but not society in suffering. Says George Eliot, " Adam Bede had not outlived his sorrow ; had not let it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us ? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling, if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it ; if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted lives, the same feeble sense of the Unknown, toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us the rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us, as an indestructible force, only changing its form as forces do, and passing from pain to sympathy ; the one poor word, which includes all our best insight, and our best love."

“From pain into sympathy!” From suffering into society with suffering! This is the process by which we too are made perfect, as our Master was. And while this process is going on in us, we need His sympathy; and we have it. “We have not an High Priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.” The word translated touched with the feeling, means sympathy. It is the Greek from which our word sympathy is derived.

Look at life as mortals live it. Here is a mother whose life is fast ebbing away, with a little speechless babe clinging to her breast; here are parents watching the going out of life's tide in the person of a darling daughter; here is a man in advancing years, entering upon those shadows which are to deepen more and more, till comes the night of death. I sometimes think that if there is one thing needed more in this world than any other, it is sympathy; it is society in suffering; it is this Christian idea of bearing each other's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

4. But what has Christianity for man in the loneliness of sin? Ah! here is where Christianity does its transcendent work. “But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.” In that moment of supreme agony on the Cross, when the Man Christ Jesus uttered the exceeding bitter cry. “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me,” it always seems to me that He went to the very verge of that suffering which comes to the soul when it goes away from God forever; that the shadows of that awful eclipse of being, which is described in the words, and “these go away into everlasting punishment,” so far as they consist of loneliness, for the moment encompassed

His soul. Perhaps, that is what the Apostle means, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." Perhaps He was thrust off into that utter loneliness of woe, that the soul of the sinner, even there, upon the edge of the awful gulf of despair, might look to Him and be saved.

"We may not know, we can not tell
What pains He had to bear :
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
He died that we might be forgiven ;
He died to make us good ;
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven and let us in."

I love to think that there is no isolation of sin, which this Man Christ Jesus can not penetrate. Lonely art thou, poor sinner, forsaken of man, under penalty of that death which has passed upon all men, because that all have sinned ; lonely art thou ; left to a solitary old age ; to failing faculties, to failing senses ; thought, perhaps, by thy dearest ones to have outlived thy usefulness ; the few weeks counted with impatience, until poor, begrudged ministrations of nursing and care shall cease ; I love to think there is shelter beneath the Almighty wings for thee ; that if thou canst but utter the prayer, "Cast me not off in mine old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth ;" He will send His hand from above and take thee ; He will comfort thee, as one whom a mother comforteth.

My brother, for you, for me, life has loneliness, in which we need all that God can give us ; all the knowl-

edge, all the sympathy, all the society, all the help that can come from Him, infinite as He is. And there is that last supreme moment, something more than a physical change ; when our "earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved ;" shall go back to the earth from which the great Alchemist compounded it ; when this union of body and spirit shall be broken up, until after the great Day ; that supreme moment when we shall go forth alone, unless He who has tasted death for us, shall come again to receive us to Himself. "As the ebb-tide discloses the real lines of the shore, and the bed of the sea ; so feebleness, sickness and pain bring out the real character of the man." And as with him at Elberon, so with us all, there is the ebb-tide which comes not back ; when the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it. My brother, which is before us, then, the loneliness of the unforgiven, or the society of Him at whose right hand are pleasures forevermore ?

XII.

THE UNKNOWN POWER OF GOD'S ANGER.

PSALM XC: 11.—“Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.”

The Bible speaks of God, as like man. Man is an anthropological revelation of God. Nature reveals God through what He has done; man through what he is. There is no other method of teaching that which a man does not know, than through that which he does know. If the ant had intelligence, you could teach it the providence of man, through its own providence. Man knows himself, but he does not know God. God says man is made in His image and after His likeness. Man may know God through himself. Every drop of water is large enough to reflect the sun; so, every soul of man may hold inorbed in itself the image of God.

You have seen Michael Angelo's majestic conception of Moses, the greatest man of the old dispensation; a figure with colossal proportions; rays of light still radiating from his Jupiter-like brow, as though his face were shining with reflections caught from the face of God, the God whom he had just left amid the thunder and lightnings of Sinai; amid the quakings of the mountains, and the smoke that went up like the smoke of a furnace. Imagine this Moses as he descends from God's presence to the encampment beneath, and the scene of revelry and idolatry enacting there, bursts upon his vision; first upon his ear, and then upon his eye; when stirred to the

depths of his meek, but great and reverent nature, at the ingratitude and sacrilege of those people of God, fresh from the Red Sea's baptism—wrested by God's hand from their Egyptian masters—he hurls the tables of stone written by God's finger to the foot of the mount, and dashes them to atoms; takes the Egyptian god, which they had worshipped, grinds it to powder, strews it upon water and makes them to drink it; and then irradiated with that divine wrath, which had in it less of man than of God, stands in the gate of the camp, as God's representative, saying, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me;" while at his command the children of Levi, like the avenging angels in that night in Egypt, go through the camp with the drawn sword, slaying three thousand of the idolaters. Ah! well might a man who had seen Moses fleeing from the wrath of Pharaoh which he had prematurely provoked, keeping the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law, in the wilderness; urging that God would excuse him from undertaking to be a leader to His people; or who should hear him to-morrow, pleading that God would forgive the very sin against which his soul now so rises up with indignation; ah, well might such a man say in Moses' own words about God, "Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath."

The topic which I shall discuss this morning, is

THE UNKNOWN POWER OF GOD'S ANGER.

I. I remark, that anger is just as legitimate and honorable a sentiment as love; is the effect of rejecting love.

There is no such thing as light in a picture without shadow. And the shadow is just as essential to the picture

as the light ; and is produced by the apparent extinction of the light. In order to be seen to have any being, or body, love itself must cast a shadow, if any creation should cross its pathway that does not reflect it, or transmit it ; that extinguishes its rays. God is love. But when love falls upon the pathway of Cain, the murderer, it casts a shadow. A shadow is the absence, the obstruction, the extinction of light. You can not conceive it otherwise. It can not be otherwise. Love says no longer to Cain, "Thou art very good !" But this : "What hast thou done ? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now thou art cursed from the earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." After that murder, love has indignation, has a curse for the murderer.

There is a sort of weak sentimentalism which has grown up in our day from pressing to the extreme, certain anthropological conceptions of God: those derived from His fatherhood alone ; a sentimentalism which attempts to conceive of light as something which does not cast a shadow, even when meeting with opaque objects which obstruct or extinguish its rays. This sentimentalism would like so to revise the Bible as to get rid of all expressions like the text : "the power of thine anger." It thinks they belong to a ruder and more barbarous age ; to a conception of God once needful, but needful no longer. The idea that there is something in God which corresponds to that feeling which Moses had, when confronting that camp of idolaters, he cast down and shattered those tables of stone, on which was first written the commandments the Israelites were so madly breaking : "Thou shalt have no other gods before me ; thou shalt

not make unto thee any graven image ; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them ;" this idea is repugnant to them ; wounds their delicate sensibilities ; seems to them unworthy of such a Being as is revealed to be a God of love.

The opposite is true ; must be true ; is implied in this very passage. God says, "I love them that love me." The Son of God says, "He that is not with me, is against me ; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." Is there no discrimination of character here ? And the Psalmist writes, "I hate them that hate thee. I count them mine enemies." Is that man a bad one or a good one, who hates the haters of God ? The government of man is more or less modeled after the government of God. It is a thing of lights and shadows. In its theory, at least, always in its perfect illustration, it is a terror to them that do evil, and a praise to them that do well. It punishes ; it rewards. It makes our streets and our homes peaceful by providing penitentiaries for the transgressors, and the punishment which it inflicts is just as honorable to it as the reward. Nay, the punishment and the reward are needful to one another ; they are lights and shadows of the government. When I see a poor man go through the streets under arrest ; the dignity of humanity lost, the sanctity of home destroyed ; when I find him behind an iron grating ; his wife and children permitted to see him only in the presence of a keeper ; when I see him called to stand up in the midst of an eager throng, and answer, "Guilty," or "Not Guilty ;" when I hear the sentence of the Judge debarring him for so many long, sweet years of life, from the face of Nature, and the society of his dearest ones, it grieves me to the heart. I

can not help it. I pity him. But I would not have it otherwise. I would not lift a finger to liberate him ; nay, should he escape, I am bound to help deliver him again to the place of confinement. I know that the security of human property, and of human life ; I know that freedom of government ; I know that the best institutions which God has given to man : school, home, church of Christ ; were impossible without courts of justice, ay, without prison-walls ! These do not make criminals ; they only discourage them, and isolate them.

Of course, I mean to teach that there is nothing in God's anger which is imperfect. It is a sentiment which is not only consistent with, but which is necessary to the perfectness of His nature. You remember that wonderful saying of Richard Hooker, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity :—" "Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God ; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in Heaven and Earth do her homage, the very least, as feeling her care ; and the greatest, as not exempted from her power." "Not even the sparrow falleth to the ground without my Father." "He taketh up the isles as a little thing." Law includes not only the rule of correct living ; the peace and joy of health, of being under law, and living in harmony with law ; but also the pressure of penalty. Law, without a penalty, is only advice ; is not law at all. Reward is retribution ; is the suffering of good, because of the keeping of the law. Law has this duality : that to obey it, is for one's good ; no harm can come to him, only benefit ; while to disobey it, is for his injury, just in proportion as to obey it is for his good. These stand one over against the other, like Ebal over against Gerizim. The alterna-

tive presentation of the truth: "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," are parts of one whole. One is just as true as the other; just as much a necessity. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson: "The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world, persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that all things are arranged for truth and benefit; but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass; commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods, the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You can not recall the spoken word; you can not wipe out the foot-track; you can not draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of Nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief." And again, "We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy, and does not come to a crisis or judgment, anywhere in visible Nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he, therefore, outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him, he so far deceases from Nature. In some manner, there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account."

Who is to enact any different legislation from this, in the world to come? Will the putting off the earthly house of this tabernacle enable the transgressor to outwit

the penalty which has followed him so inveterately here? Can he take on some new alias with death? Ah! let him take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; God's law is there before him, to lay the stripes of its penalty upon his back. Let him ascend up into Heaven; the light of the eternal throne shall only reveal the black malignance of his brow. For, shall he not see as he is seen, and know as he is known? Let him make his bed in hell; he shall be like one whose soul is tossed upon a sea of eternal unrest. For, if God is there, God's law is there. And every time that law falls upon him, it leaves him in the shadow of the second death.

II. At present, the power of God's anger is an unknown quantity. "Who can know the power of thine anger?" It is a sword sheathed in the sheath of His love. It is a thunderbolt stayed by the hand of mercy; the pierced hand of mercy. He will not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

The penalty of God's law is just as much the expression of His love as anything else. It is the light of His love extinguished in the soul of a transgressor. There is where we make a frequent mistake. We do not like to hear about penalty. It is a hard saying. We want to hear smooth things. My Christian sister, you have a little lad, your only son. You love to take him in your arms, and put the locks back from his manly brow, and look into his earnest and truthful eyes, and seal him yours with a mother's kiss. It is your holiest earthly ecstasy. You remember the poem of Miss Mulock: "Philip My King." It often voices your thoughts to that boy. This is some of it:

"Look at me with thy large, brown eyes,
 Philip, my king!
 Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden:
 I am thine Esther, to command
 Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
 Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth, up to thy brow,
 Philip, my king!
 The spirit that lies there sleeping now,
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one Heaven-chosen among his peers.
 My Saul! Than thy brethren taller and fairer,
 Let me behold thee, in future years!
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but of palm! One day,
 Philip, my king!
 Thou too must tread, as we trod a way
 Thorny and cruel, and cold and grey;
 Rebels within thee, and foes without
 Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
 Martyr and monarch! till angels shout
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
 Philip, the king!"

When you think of what there is in this world; the pitfalls that are set around his boyhood; that are set around his budding youth and his early manhood; when you look at the men, in whose faces wicked passions have been deep graven by indulgence; when you see weak men, wicked men, who seem to mock God their Creator, whose footstool they tread; who seem to dishonor the creatures of God, whose fellows they are; and think that possibly your son, like these sons of some mother living or dead, may fill out such an outline; may meet such a destiny; is there not just as much of tenderness and love in your words of admonition and reproof, as there ever

was in your hours of sweetest dalliance? Do you love only when you speak the words of love? You know the consequences of breaking God's laws. You know the Bible does not say one word too much about the fearfulness of falling under the penalty of God's broken law. And when your son goes away to College, you put the Book in which is depicted the only Ideal Man, and the only way to become like Him, into his trunk; you put it there, not as a charm, but as his spiritual armory; you ask him to promise you that he will not forget to read this Book; to go where it is preached in its fullness, nothing added to it, nothing taken from it; to try and make his conduct square to it. This is all serious; but is there, or is there not love in it? Ah! in the tear of your love there is a rainbow like that around God's throne. You know well enough that as youth is tempted to look at life, this unknown power of God's anger is likely to be neglected, or forgotten. He does not see it as you do. And you never loved your boy more, than when you say to him in effect, if not in words: "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

There are some people who do not see power in anything but what are called feats of power; that is, acts which are especially intended to display power. There is many a farmer's boy who will walk a dozen miles to attend such a display of power as the circus brings on its annual round, who seems never to dream that he himself is stronger than any such exhibitors; he himself brought up to fell trees, to break colts, and steers, to guide the plow, to shoulder bags of grain, to load hay; in a word,

to take the brunt of the battle between the earth and man, and to make her submissive to his feet. There is more good, wholesome muscle in that arm of his, in those limbs of his, than in the strongest of these gymnasts. It is just so with God's display of power in this world. He uses it for ordinary things ; to benefit mankind. It takes so many horse-power in an engine to pump up water enough into a reservoir, or to force it into a stand-pipe, to supply the wants of a city. But in yonder forest, every tree is all the time noiselessly at work supplying itself with moisture from the ground. Think of the hydrodynamic power there. The men with the pile-driver and the donkey-engine create disturbance enough, wheezing and pounding as they make framework for the new lands of a city ; while the coral-insect, without disturbing the water a ripple, builds up an island of rock from the depths of the ocean ; the corner-stone of a new continent. The calm revolution of Nature as of some great machine enclosed in glass, whose motion is only seen and not heard ; the succession of the seasons, under law ; the stately march of the heavenly bodies make less impression upon us than the temporary blaze of a comet, or the falling of a meteorite ; than a freshet or a thunder storm. A man just as surely loses his life by violating natural laws ; just as surely comes under the penalty of violating these laws, when, because of intemperance or overwork he dies of softening of the brain, as when he is drowned, or when he is crushed in a tunnel of a railroad. But the drowning and the railroad catastrophe make a great deal more impression upon us.

There is great power in the sense, the knowledge of the fact, that power is reserved ; is behind the power ex-

exercised. All the best and wisest government of the world to-day, is through the sense of reserved power. In this great Republic of 50,000,000, so heterogeneous, so mobile and changing; the very spirit and genius of which, is independence, there was in 1879 a standing army of only 27,489; in 1861, by the arch-traitors in the Cabinet, it had been reduced to 12,931; and between the years 1784 and 1789, while the army consisted of a small corps of Artillery, this corps was commanded by a Captain. And what is the United States Navy! It is the laughing-stock of our own people. There are in the naval service, 7,500 enlisted men and boys; with 2,038 officers of all grades; or about one officer to every three men and boys; there are 57 vessels, mounting 1,033 guns in efficient service. These, with a maritime coast, perhaps the largest of any country in the world! But, do this Army and Navy represent the military and naval power of this country? No more than the Potomac River in summer represents the dynamics of the territory through which it flows. Why, between the years 1861 and 1865, we had under arms 2,850,132 Union soldiers. While during the same period, our regular army was never more than about 43,000. It was the reserved power of the nation; the strength and valor that were expending themselves on the farms, in the shops, and the other great industries of the country, that pressed to the front and put down the Rebellion. It was the reserved power of the nation; 279,376 Union soldiers that laid down their lives for the country. And it was the reserved power of the nation, that after the war was over, returned again to the walks of peace; and that having done all stand there to-day!

The upholding of the present constitution of things by the power of God ; His moving on of His undisturbed affairs ; so that every part fits into another part ; so that there is no spasm, or jerk, or jar ; so that there is no power squandered or lost ; this going on, century after century, as though things were to last forever ; while really, the proof of secret and irresistible strength of power and godhead, is not so understood by man. The Apostle Peter says, that "there shall come in the last days, scoffers walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming ; for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation." It is this continuance of all things ; it is God's upholding all things by the word of His power, which is the proof of that power. Suppose you are on one of those mammoth steamers in mid-ocean, moving magnificently along ; its engine making never a stroke too many, or a stroke too few ; defying wind and wave, night and day. The very silence and steadiness of your progress deceives you as to the power in exercise. But let some portion of the machinery give way ; let a crash come, making the whole vast fabric tremble, then you think of power.

III. How can we estimate the value of this unknown quantity ; the power of God's anger.

There is a department in mathematical science which seeks to discover the value of unknown quantities from their known relations to known quantities. When the mathematician says, "Let such a letter represent the unknown quantity," he proposes to himself to carry this letter, in its representative capacity, through all these known relations to known quantities, and thus, at last,

to confront it with its real value ; its equivalent in number, and say to it, Here you are ! This unknown quantity, the power of God's anger, has known relations to known quantities. I have already alluded indirectly, and for other purposes, to some of these relations. The Apostle Peter has them in mind, when he continues his discourse about the scoffers of the last days : " For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the Heavens were of old, and the Earth standing out of the water and in the water ; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished ; but the Heavens and the Earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Here he alludes to the power of God in creation ; to the power of God in the deluge ; to the power of God in upholding the present constitution of things. These are, in a sense, known quantities. It does not make any difference how remote in our philosophy the Creator's relation to these events, if this relation was and is real and personal. The same algebraic method in theology, if I may so express it, is in that other passage from St. Peter : " For if God spared not the angels which sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness to be reserved unto Judgment ; and spared not the old world, but saved Noah, the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly ; and turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemned them with an overthrow, making them an example unto those that should after live ungodly ; and delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked ; the Lord knows how to deliver

the godly out of temptations ; and to reserve the unjust unto the day of Judgment, to be punished." Here also are known quantities : Here are the angels that sinned in Heaven ; here are the inhabitants of the antediluvian world ; which the Roman Catholic theologians think had another chance to repent, when, as they teach, Christ preached in the abodes of the dead ; and here are the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, presented to us as illustrations that " God knows how to reserve the unjust to the day of Judgment, to be punished."

The Psalmist says in the text : " Even according to thy fear " ; that is a Hebraism for the fear thou dost awaken ; " so is thy wrath." These historic events to which the Apostle Peter alludes ; this emptying of Heaven of the rebel-spirits, who were there ; this sweeping off the face of the earth of the godless antediluvians ; this licking up with flames from Heaven of the cities of the plain, show us the temper of God's retributive economy. The rebel-angels and their loss of Heaven ; the cotemporaries of Noah, and the earth depopulated by flood ; the cotemporaries of Lot, and the ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah ; these are all known quantities, to pre-intimate to us the power of God's wrath. " Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath."

This Government in order to save its life, adopted certain war-measures ; that is, certain measures to show the power of its wrath against its foes. It let loose certain thunderbolts beside the thunderbolts of war. It liberated 4,000,000 slaves. It stripped the owners of so-called property to the amount, say of more than a billion of dollars. It made 4,000,000 human beings its friends ; and it took a billion of dollars from its foes. ' This queen

of the States beyond the Potomac, this State of Presidents; this State of Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe; all of whom were twice selected for the highest place in the gift of the people; this State whose honored sons sat sixty, out of the best sixty-four years of the natural life in the Executive Chair; this State whose greatest military genius led the armies that rose up to destroy us, and whose Capital aspired to be the Capital of a rival Republic, was dismembered; her mountain regions, rich in the ores which God had stored up there for Freedom's uses; were set apart to constitute a new territory of Freedom, against the day when the nation should need her help. And now it is seriously proposed by a great Statesman, to take money out of the United States Treasury, and pay back to our erring sister the amount of mountain treasure she lost. It certainly is not the kind of economy that God has administered in the government of this world. When the great battle-fields of the war shall give back their dead to father and mother, to wife and children, weeping over their sacred dust; when all that our boys in blue suffered in camp and hospital, in prison and on the march; when all that this Government has expended, and is expending, and is to expend, because of the war, shall be blotted from the page of history, and shall appear as a distempered dream, then, and not till then, let Virginia come forward and be pensioned at the hands of the United States Treasurer, for what she lost in the war. I do not say this in any unkindness to Virginia. I rejoice that she has such a future before her. But, I believe, that every war-measure was an act of moral necessity, as well as military; was a part of the pressure of God's hand of retribution upon

the heads of all who had been in complicity with the system of slavery. And the man who undertakes to lift that hand, will be likely to find it a heavy one.

It has often struck me as a strange phenomenon, that a nation of men, who have themselves witnessed such proofs of God's retributive presence in current events, should ever doubt whether His economy is a retributive one. But that is the trend of theological opinion to-day. The Saviour says, "Or those eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them, think ye, they were sinners above all others, because such things happened to them?" The tower of Siloam fell, doubtless, because its structure violated God's natural laws, just as slavery fell, because its structure violated God's moral laws. These men who were killed by the tower of Siloam, were not sinners above all others, but as all others. And their death from the falling of that tower, bore the burden of the penalty of all sin; had relation to the unknown quantities which we seek. For the Saviour answers His own question: "I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Not by the falling of the tower of Siloam, but by falling into the hands of the living God. So the penalty which came on those who fell in the civil war, bore also the burden of a retribution to come.

The power of God's wrath, I find it all along the pathway of the ages; in modern times as well as ancient. Men sometimes deny the records of ancient times. Let us for the moment pass by them. Take the man Napoleon. He was not a mythical character. Think of him, with the whole world at his feet; here, there, everywhere with his victorious legions; the stars seeming to fight with him. Then think of him, as caged like an eagle

with clipped wings on the island of St. Helena ; an outlaw, eating his own life away in solitude. Does he teach us nothing ? Is there no known quantity here ? " His notions of the world, as he expressed them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so ; that he is flung out on the rock there, and the World is still moving on its axis. ' The world was not disposed to be trodden down under foot ; to be bound into masses, and built together as he liked, for a pedestal for France and him. The world had quite other purposes in view. Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But, alas, what help now ? He had gone that way of his, and Nature had gone her way. He had to sink there, mournfully, as man seldom did, and break his great heart and die, this poor Napoleon ; a great implement too soon wasted ! ' "

Did you ever read the sexton's account of the annual visits which the writer of these paragraphs about Napoleon paid to the grave of his wife ? All the way from London to Haddington, this old man, gaunt, shaggy, weird, verging on to the nineties, to this grave of Jane Welsh ! " The last time, " says the sexton, " the last time he was here, I got sight of him, bowed down under his white hairs, taking his way up that ruined wall of the Old Cathedral, and around there, and in here by the gateway, till he tottered up here to this spot ; standing awhile on the grass, and then kneeling down, and staying on his knees ; then bending over and kissing the ground, ay, kissing it again and again ; still a long time kneeling, and at last, tottering out of the Cathedral to the gate where his niece was awaiting him. " Is there no last act of a tragedy in this ? Does this teach us nothing ? He

too, went on, as Napoleon did, in his own way ; writing his essays, and translating Goethe, and building up his literary pedestal, and getting on it, so the whole world could see him forever, and Jane Welsh dying of a broken heart ! “ Thus,” writes his biographer, “ thus matters drifted on to their consummation. The stern and powerful sense of duty in these two remarkable persons held them true through a long and trying life together, to the course of elevated action which they had set before themselves. He never swerved from the high aims to which he had resolved to devote himself ; she, by never failing toil and watchfulness, alone made it possible for him to accomplish the work he achieved. But we reap as we have sown. Those who seek for something other than happiness in this world, must not complain if happiness is not their portion. She had the companionship of an extraordinary man. Her character was braced by contact with him, and through the self-denial which the determination that he should do his very best, inevitably exacted of her. But she was not happy. Long years after, and in the late evening of her laborious life, she said, ‘ I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him ; and I am miserable.’ ” Ah ! was not that weird pilgrim from London, looking at life as Napoleon from his rock of the sea ; was not he too, miserable ? Was there no Nemesis in this ? He had gone that way of his, and Nature had gone her way.

The law of God's economy in this world, is health and happiness. The penalty of sin is suspended. The suffering ones, at any time, are the exception, not the rule. You can find them, if you will seek them where they have

left the herd. Sir Thomas Brown says, "To enjoy true happiness, we must travel into a very far country, and even out of ourselves; for the pearl we seek for, is not to be found in the Indian, but in the empyrean ocean." Did he forget that the kingdom of God is within us? Did he forget that Heaven begins below? We sometimes think as we breathe the pure air of an autumn morning; as we stretch away mile after mile on a walk by ourselves, or with some congenial friend, enjoying the elasticity of every muscle, thrilled by the perfect play of every joint in its socket; thought flashing upon thought with electric rapidity; at peace with Nature, at peace with man, at peace with God; we often think that the Creator was right when He pronounced it all very good; this earth He had made, the people He had put upon it. It is so. Happiness is the law in spite of sin; in spite of our being born unto sorrow as the sparks fly upward. But how suddenly the scene may be changed! What capacity for suffering in a single nerve; the nerve of a tooth, the sciatic nerve! What a wilderness of woes may lie between two days, as you toss upon your couch in sleeplessness; as you bear some overwhelming sorrow, as you look over some deed of sin with unavailing remorse! It is in every department of our nature; this hand-writing of God against sin! This known quantity by which we may learn the power of God's anger; this fear which pre-intimates God's wrath.

IV. Let us try to take the measure of this unknown quantity of God's anger from the expression of His love, as he has shown it in Christ Jesus His Son.

I have tried to show you, that God's anger is only the shadow which is cast by obstructing or extinguishing the

rays of God's love ; that this anger is in the very nature of things ; that it can not be otherwise ; that it is at the other pole of His love ; that if there be a Heaven for the holy, there must be Heaven's opposite for the unholy ; that if "he that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not, must be damned."

Ralph Waldo Emerson never has been accused of orthodoxy. But I think he has the gist of this matter in him. You let me quote to you what he says about Compensation in one of his essays : "Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of Nature ; in darkness and light ; in heat and cold ; in the ebb and flow of waters ; in male and female ; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals ; in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal body ; in the systole and diastole of the heart ; in the undulations of fluids and of sounds ; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity ; in electricity, galvanism and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle ; the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the South attracts, the North repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects Nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole !" He might have written this, or the text : "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."

There is just this polarity in the nature of man ; there is just this polarity in the nature of God whose image man bears. A man who has a taste for certain pleasures, certain pursuits, certain people, certain truths, has a distaste for certain others, which are their opposites. You know it is so ; you have observed it in yourself. It is just as impossible to separate this distaste from the taste,

without destroying the man, as it is to separate one magnetic pole from the other without destroying the magnet. Just so, you can not separate love for the good, and hatred for the evil, whether in man or in God. I do not doubt that some people wonder why there was that great shadow of darkness ; that loneliness and sorrow which overwhelmed the Son of God in the Garden ; why there was that inward sinking down and oppression on the Cross. There is only one solution of it ; there is only one thing that suggests a solution of it ; namely, that Christ, our Saviour, somehow came under liabilities which sinners deserved ; that in Him, in some way, met not only love, but law. Over and over again, had there been this voice of the Father from Heaven : " This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased ! " And as the great sacrifice drew nearer, Jesus himself had assured His disciples of this : " Therefore, doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again." And now, as the consummation of the work which His Father sent Him to do, is upon Him ; what should we expect ? The gentle dove descending from the Heavens as at His baptism ? Why not ? The same voice of approval from Heaven again, as at His baptism ? Why not ? Instead of these, all the circumstances were of the most awful and oppressive character. It seemed as though Nature as well as the God of Nature, felt obliged to veil her face. The sun darkened at midday ; the graves of dead saints opened, and their occupants appearing to the living in the Holy City ; the quaking of the earth ; in a word, such portents as led the centurion and the soldiers that were watching there at the foot of the Cross, to fear greatly, and to cry out, " Truly, this was the Son of

God!" While the true interpretation was, "The Lord had laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" while the true interpretation was, that this was an expression of the power of God's anger.

Looked at in His person and in his office, the Lord Jesus never was so well-pleasing to the Father, as at this His second baptism, for which He had been straitened in heart till it was accomplished. Why then should the Father avert His face? Ah! the Lord Jesus was not there for Himself. He stood there for humanity. In some real sense, mysterious though it must be, it must be true, that He became sin for us! The Father so loved the world that "He gave His only Son" to do this; to suffer this. Here take the measure of God's love; but also take the measure of its opposite. Because of what extremity of ours was the Atonement needful? Would that love have put these liabilities upon the Saviour had they not been imminent? And if the Father, after making this provision of mercy for all who will repent, accepts the penitent only because of it, how must it be with those who do not repent? What is the sentiment which completes the duality here?

We have been looking about for the value of this unknown quantity: the power of God's anger. We have sought it in Nature and in Providence. We have now come to the Cross. We stand before the empty Cross, the Sufferer gone, the rabble gone, as that Syrian shepherd is represented in the painting. It is here alone; what is its meaning? If we were ignorant of the motive from which this tragedy sprang, what would be our conjecture? "We did esteem Him stricken; smitten of God, and afflicted." This is the solution which would

first come to us. It would be involuntary. A Being in such relations with God as to be visited with His judgments ; a Being weighed down and oppressed because of God's disfavor. Emerson says, "There is an inevitable dualism bisects Nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole." But these two things meet in the Cross, and make it whole : the power of God's love, and the power of God's anger. Does this remind us of what the Apostle writes to the Ephesians : "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us ; to make in Himself of twain, one new Man, making peace ; that He might reconcile both unto God, in one body by the Cross ; having slain the enmity thereby."

My Brother, I do not know how you look at the Cross ; whether you see in it the meeting of love and of wrath ; love weaving wrath's crown of thorns ; whether your joy here is ; to use an expression of Vinet ; like Samson's honey, found in the mouth of a lion ; sweet sprung from the bitter. "The King of Heaven," says the same great thinker, "can only sign a glorious peace. When He deigns to pardon, this can not be at the cost of His justice and holiness. The honor of His government may not suffer any infringement. A prodigious dispensation, an immense sacrifice, proclaim to the farthest limits of Creation, that the eternal laws can not be violated with impunity. In the work of salvation, condemnation bursts forth in pardon, and pardon in condemnation. God could not save us without putting on our nature, becoming one of us, and summing up all our misery in Himself. The Cross, which is the triumph of grace, is the triumph of law as well."

“Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.” When I read of the portents which accompanied the Crucifixion, I think of those other words which relate to the Judgment: “And the Heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island was moved out of its place; and the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man hid themselves in the dens and the rocks of the mountains; and said unto the mountains and rocks, Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?” And, I am glad of the portents here, because it is written: “Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of the Father, who maketh intercession for us.”

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